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Mormon Strang Item

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86°
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LAKE
HURON
Squaw Is.
Garden Is.
Hat Islands
Whiskey Is.
Straits of Mackinac
Trout I.
Hog Is.
Triangular Is.
Stony Is.
Gull Is.
Little
Beaver Is.
Big
Beaver
Island
LAKE MICHIGAN
30'
North Fox Island
South Fox Island
MAINLAND
OF
MICHIGAN
North
Manitou
Island
L.M.
45°
Little Manitou
Island
MAP OF
LAKE MICHIGAN
86°
30'
85°

THE MORMON

OF THE LITTLE MANITOU ISLAND

An Historical Romance

BY

THE KNIGHT OF CHILLON

OF SWITZERLAND

AND ASSOCIATES

[Hawkins, Nehemiah] 1833-
//

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Printed in the United States.
SEPTEMBER 1916

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This book is dedicated in loving memory to

ROGER WILLIAMS

the author of "Religious Liberty" of world renowned fame; and who in his day, lived among the Indians during the early settlement of this country.

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THE MORMON OF THE LITTLE MANITOU ISLAND

CHAPTER I

LIFE ON THE GREAT LAKES IN THE FIFTIES

In the year 1852 the people who composed the great tide of immigration, which for two hundred years had steadily pushed the borders of civilization westward, travelled in wagons drawn by horses and oxen.

Michigan, Indiana, Illinois were then on the border line marking the separation between refined and savage existence. If as a bird flies it would have been possible to have looked down upon the innumerable little caravans proceeding snail-like toward the setting sun, it could have been seen plainly that while the westward country might be "a good one for men and horses, it was a hard one for women and oxen." The gaunt frames and galled shoulders of the latter and the sad eyes and home-sick faces

Note—MANITOU, among some tribes of the American Indians, is the name of any object of worship. "The Illinois," wrote the Jesuit Marest, "adore a sort of genius, which they call manitou; to them it is the master of life, the spirit that rules all things. A bird, a buffalo, a bear, a fetich, a skin—that is their manitou." "If the Indian word manitou," says Palfrey, "appeared to denote something above or beside the common aspects and agencies of nature, it might be natural, but it would be rash and misleading, to confound its import with the Christian, Mohammedan, Jewish, Egyptian or Greek conception of Deity or with any compound of a selection from some or all of these ideas." The word was applied to any object used as a fetich or an amulet; even to an island.—Dana.

of the former confirmed the truth of that fact, which has passed into an adage.

But, there was far more luxurious mode of traveling to the new West for those favored by easy circumstances. Thus, from the then infant city of Buffalo, noble steamships, ample in size and appointment, made tri-monthly trips through the Great Lakes—Erie, Huron and Michigan, to the head of navigation upon the south shore of the latter. The distance traversed was a thousand miles, usually covered in a week's time. An occasional storm with its spice of danger alone interrupted the smoothness of the trip and the sociability which prevailed in the spacious saloons and promenade decks of the vessel.

In these times there were upon this route of travel polite, refined and cultivated men and women, contrasting with the rougher elements of society who traveled by wagons, as described before. In every steamer passage there were men upon whose shoulders rested the grave cares of state; capitalists, whose smile could make the fortune of many an anxious youth; there were great orators and politicians upon whose eloquent lips hung thousands of enwrapped and listening hearers, and sometimes princes of royal descent, from other lands traveling through "the States" upon trips of observation. All these classes were represented on every trip. The most refined decorum distinguished them, combined with a freedom of intercourse and speech, dispensing with the customary form of introduction, now unknown except on the stage lines in the far-off mountain West.

The captain of the steamship, and those of the somewhat similar crafts upon the Hudson, Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, was the polite host of the social occasions, as well as the ship master. He arranged the places at the cabin tables, assigned special waiters to each, looked after

the aged, sick and unattended, and always with a kindly tact guarded the lines of social standing. Thus, an awkward, untaught, albeit honest, settler going to rough it in the wild woods of Wisconsin was never placed at the same table with the graduate of Oxford on his way to take charge of an Episcopal church of Galena. No indeed; such a place was reserved for the handsome Kentucky dame on her way to Alton on the Mississippi, whose family of many noble generations showed in her sparkling eye and queenly manner. No matter if her tones were a trifle loud and her grammar somewhat defective, the wily captain knew at once that her place was at the table with even the most refined European. And lucky was the latter if for a whole week, at meal time and in cabin and on deck, he could experience the companionship, elastic spirit, and natural wit, united with goodness, of such a woman. These born ladies are the pride and glory of America—choice flowers developed by the freedom of the new land.

It was thus upon the steamer the *Great West* that Captain Sprott arranged his first-class cabin passengers at the table upon the last trip to Chicago for the season 1852.

To the courteous official the task was not a difficult one as none disputed his authority nor questioned the propriety of his decisions. The places were not over many and the passengers were crowding the cabins and decks. In fact, there were first and second tables, with a long interval of time between, to suit the exigencies of the kitchen.

"Will you be kind enough, Captain, to assign a place for Miss Pearl and myself?" These were the words used by a slender youth of nineteen, who looked as though he might be younger, but whose well modulated voice indi-

cated his years. He was in fact a college graduate. He had received his graduation papers, and this was his first trip to see the world, of which his school books had taught him so little. Miss Pearl had been placed in his charge for the voyage.

Captain Sprott ran his eye down a list of names and catching the one he was looking for, replied, "Mr. Jackson, Miss Pearl is in your company, I suppose?"

"Yes," laconically answered Mr. Jackson, "she is under my care."

"Will you ask Miss Pearl to step here a moment, I have not met her yet?" Kindly, but still a little thoughtfully, the Captain replied, wondering the while, what kind of a young lady should be traveling with so youthful a companion.

A moment later Mr. Jackson appeared escorting Miss Pearl, to whom he mentioned the Captain's name. "Captain Sprott, Miss Pearl." The Captain made a polite obeisance. He observed, with professional quickness, a young woman with stately yet lithe figure standing before him with the mien of a duchess. Steel blue eyes surmounted by dark eyelashes and brows; a full, shapely forehead and auburn hair, with cheeks a little wasted by recent grief or trouble, completed the pleasing picture.

In making his estimates of character Captain Sprott had a curious habit of discounting details of dress and style. "These vanish after an hour or two," he was accustomed to say, "but character as it is acquired or inherited, and what may be called breeding, is what I look for in picking out my first-class passengers. That lasts right through a whole trip."

"Good evening, Captain, I am glad to be acquainted with you," said Miss Pearl, and added with a half smile and in a rather low, hesitating and yet clear voice: "I am

not a very brave woman and already feel a little afraid of the perils of the sea. This is my first voyage on the lakes and if the weather should produce a storm, I am afraid I shall suffer from it and then I know you will take care of me."

Captain Sprott was a bachelor of more than two score. His bride, as he was accustomed to say, was the sea. The soft voice was not without its influence. He turned to the young man standing silently by and said: "Mr. Jackson, if agreeable you can sit next but one to me, at the table and Miss Pearl—if she does not object, shall sit between us." Then turning to the lady he added with courteous politeness, "Anything I can do to make the voyage a pleasant and safe one, you may be assured I will do. I will speak to the stewardess and she will relieve you as far as possible from the inevitable discomforts of the boat."

The good steamer the *Great West,* with her four hundred and seventy-five passengers and her cargo of assorted merchandise, sailed out of Buffalo Harbor at seven o'clock Tuesday evening, in the year named, bound for Chicago. It was the last Tuesday in November, and there was some doubt as to her being able to get through ere the Winter's ice should close the ports of her destination—Milwaukee, Sheboygan and Chicago—but on her course through Lake Erie, up the noble river which connects it with Lake Huron, through that lake; and beyond the Straits of Mackinac, the weather proved soft and favorable.

Miss Pearl and her youthful escort became most intimate and confidential. It was a pleasant sight to see the two faces so similar in expression and profile, so alike in youthful enthusiasm and so inexperienced in the world. Their favorite position was near the bow of the steamer,

where they could gaze upon the blue expanse of water and the wild and dreary shores of an almost untrodden wilderness. The steamer landed both freight and passengers at Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, and other settlements, receiving at all the points additions to the steamer's freight and passenger lists.

At Mackinac an especially long stay was made. The steamer arrived Saturday night and did not leave until Thursday afternoon. At all these ports young Jackson and his charge strolled about the streets and examined and commented upon the crude civilization making headway in the as yet untamed wilderness. It was most interesting to note the mingling of the dwellings of the newly rich landowners and the merchants, with the so-called shacks of the pioneers who had preceded them.

At Mackinac the youthful couple attended divine worship with a congregation made up largely of the officers of the garrison, and the services were conducted by the army chaplain. Captain Sprott had assured them as to the time of their departure, and with easy minds and thankful hearts these young people worshipped with the regular attendants.

Three times—at nine, at two and at seven o'clock, Miss Pearl and young Jackson met and conversed with Captain Sprott. The three dissimilar but congenial minds blended with mutual pleasure. The mariner had had a wide experience in life and he beguiled many an hour, not only at table, but when pacing the decks with them in the autumnal sunlight, or in the evening when sheltered and warmed by the huge smoke-pipes which pierced the decks as the trunks of great forest trees pierce the soil. In his youth the Captain had sailed upon a three years' whaling voyage on a noble clipper ship out of New Bed-

ford. He had lived ashore for several years at Havre, France, engaged in fitting out with rigging and supplies the large American fleet, which in the days succeeding the War of 1812 had its rendezvous at that port.

He had been in the East India trade and had also commanded a Hudson River steamboat.

In each position of life, Captain Sprott had borne himself with credit, and his grey-sprinkled hair had not gained its mottled hue without adding such wisdom and experience as to make him a most agreeable companion.

One day Miss Pearl ventured to ask him why he had never married. He replied by taking from an inner vest pocket a leather wallet with many folds, fastened together with a broad band of the same material. From the inmost fold he drew a faded slip cut from a newspaper. It contained a few verses, beginning: "Thou knowst I love thee with every *pulse that beats,*" and underscored in a simple girlish fashion all through the verses and at the end signed, "Your Gracie." While Miss Pearl was silently reading the simple verses, a tear gathered in the Captain's eye and rolled down his bronzed cheeks. "The hand that gave me that grew weak and lost its strength and cunning more than a score of years ago. It was the one prize won in my rough life's career, and I have never looked for another."

At the sight of the Captain's emotion the bright eyes of Miss Pearl softened and became dim with sympathetic feeling and she murmured softly.

"May God comfort you and may you meet again in Heaven."

From this time the Captain lost no suitable opportunity to join the little party, and he said more than once in his heart, "Oh! That my Grace had lived to be to me what this choice treasure will be to some other man. God grant

that he may be worthy of her." It was thus that Miss Pearl won an earnest and unselfish admirer.

It is wonderful how intimacy ripens in hours of travel and young Jackson and his charming companion were no exception to this general rule, however dissimilar in age and training. Little by little as the steamer plowed its way through the blue sweet water they exchanged confidences until ere the *Great West* turned its prow southward from the historic Straits, the life history of each—brief and simple as it was—was opened to the other. The following is what Miss Pearl learned of her youthful companion:

Edward Jackson was the son of a business man of New York City who had married late in life the daughter of a college professor. He had met her on a trip to the South. He had spent a month upon a friend's plantation, where the governess was a New England girl, who taught the planter's children for a generous stipend, which she was happy to use in the support of a father long past his age of activity. Jackson loved the generous girl and wooed and won her. The fruit of the union was this one son, who early developed a prodigious ability for acquiring knowledge. As he progressed from school to school his governess-mother kept pace with him and supplemented his industry with her own, so that when he was graduated at Harvard few had received their diplomas at a younger age than Jackson. While at Harvard his mother had engaged a cottage nearby and lived with and for him, the aged father consenting to the four years of almost total absence of those two whom he loved more than all the earth beside.

School and college days over, the young man, stirred by deep ambition and the restlessness of youth, had now taken his first journey away from home and parents at

the age of nineteen. At New York Miss Pearl had been placed under his care, and at the opening of our story they had proceeded as far as Buffalo. The details of their first meeting will appear hereafter in our story.

To relieve the tameness of this description and the early life of young Jackson, let us look ahead a single year and see him at New Orleans on the levee earning his living as a shipping and receiving clerk, at the age of twenty. He had grown both tall and broad. His blue eyes have become more blue, from contrast to a dark olive complexion; grown still darker by exposure to the fresh winds of the levee. In his pocket he keeps a thin packet of letters from his mother. She is still his guiding star. She respects his independent spirit when he declares that he will no more receive remittances from his father for living expenses, and so he toils for his bread on the busy levee, surrounded by rough men of all nations, but growing no rougher himself. He is still neat, polite, alert and clean of speech and action, and he is now learning other things besides Greek and Latin. He is receiving lessons in boxing, in wrestling, in shooting with the pistol and rifle; he is getting the knack and the dangerous twist and turn of the famous knife introduced by and named for Colonel Bowie, of Mississippi. Why these ugly and dangerous lessons? Because another year hence, when less than twenty-one years of age, he will be on the border of Texas, that battle ground of the most desperate fighting the world ever had seen.

Edward Jackson, the boy so carefully trained, so tender and so girl-like, listening at the opening of our story to the soft tones of Miss Pearl, and responding in tones almost as soft, and looked upon by all the passengers of the *Great West* as a feeble fellow destined to a quiet retired life, was to become one of the most desperate and

daring fighters in the Texan War, and finally to lie among a pile of his dead foes a martyr to freedom, as had been many of his New England ancestors.

Just before his death he wrote his mother—"It seems like a dream, the course of my life. I cannot account for it, except that it is a part of a great destiny for this blood-soaked soil of which I am irresistibly a part."

"My son, grant that the end may be according to this noble idea, I cannot see it through the smoke of battles, 'yet Thy Will, O God, be done!'" became the agonized words of the Spartan mother. Her prayers received an answer in the news of his heroic death. But, ere twelve months she also had gone to the great trysting place of all living.

CHAPTER II

IN THE FOG

To RETURN to our narrative—After the morning service at the chapel, Jackson and his companion ascended the hill back of the old fort, and looked upon the vast expanse of blue water and the wooded shores of both islands and mainland. A hazy sunshine overspread the horizon. Below them lay the *Great West* with its passengers and crew thronging about it, mingled also with several scores of Indians and half-breed natives of the little village situated at the edge of the water; the scene was one of primeval solitude, typical of the life of the new country.

After a silence of many minutes, Jackson said: "Do you realize, Miss Pearl, how far we are from civilized life at the present moment? If yonder vessel should steam away and no others pass here before Winter sets in, we should be left to the sole society of four or five officers in the garrison and perhaps half as many families in the fort and in the village; it is many scores, if not hundreds of miles before we come to any, even of the frontier settlements. The Indian and the trapper have the right to range all this vast region quite as unmolested as they were two hundred years ago. The watery pathway by which we have reached this spot will in a few days be closed by solid and floating ice and no vessel of any kind can pass the Straits for more than half a year."

"Yes," replied his companion, "I cannot but contrast it to the bright and sunny South to which you are journey-

ing, and even in St. Louis where I expect to pass the Winter, the contrast will be beyond description."

"Do you observe," continued Jackson, "how low the sun rests above the horizon? It is scarcely two o'clock and yet in less than two hours it will be twilight. We are far to the North and very near to the time of the shortest day of the year. This still sunshine is filled with haze, quite like a thin smoke; this is peculiar to the western country, which makes its appearance after the long Winter sets in for good. It lasts but a few days. This is the one characteristic feature of the Indian Summer."

"Come, Mr. Jackson, let us go down to the steamer and among the people. I am almost afraid to stay and talk of the distance we are from home, and Winter so near. I shiver to think of the possibility of imprisonment here. And yet," she added thoughtfully, with a deepened expression, "if one had even a single dear friend to share the solitude it might still be enjoyed. Winter and solitude have their charms and their use to a mind well stored with recollection of books and society; but," she added slowly, "to a mind with a remorseful recollection, how dreadful to live here through the dreary Winter."

Mr. Jackson's pale face lit up with a dubious smile, and he said, "Yes, let us go. I am too young to be such a friend as you have in your thought, and you have no deed in your life, I am sure, requiring the penance of an imprisonment here for the Winter. Let us not risk the possibility of being left ashore, for it may be that no more steamers after ours will pass the Straits this season of navigation."

Jackson held out his hand and Miss Pearl lightly placing one of hers in it, they skipped down the steep hill like elder sister and younger brother—two choice spirits of New England civilization about to mingle, although in

different locations, with the wild western life which was already stretching its influence about them; the mingled roughness and refinement of which was their personal destiny, as well as that of their race.

The two soon passed the group of swarthy fishermen and eager vendors of Indian curiosities who lined the narrow streets fronting the lakeside and lightly passed up the wide gangplank, ascended the main stairway with its polished brass lined steps, and located themselves on the forward deck immediately beneath the pilot house. Taking a couple of deck chairs, Jackson and Miss Pearl arranged themselves in a comfortable position to pass the closing hours of the Sabbath day. The steamer rounded gracefully outward with its prow turned directly south. Here after a few minutes they were joined by Captain Sprott, who cheerfully addressing them remarked: "This is the home turn. We are not at our destination yet, but when once through the Straits I begin to dismiss all anxiety. But before we lose sight of the receding village, fort and island, I wish to tell you of a sad occurrence which happened there last year. There was a young lieutenant attached to the garrison who had resided at the Fort for nearly three years with only occasional brief absences on leave from his company. In the village there also lived a French Canadian with an Indian wife, who had a single child—a daughter with dark eyes and hair and really a beautiful brunette. At the time of the officer's arrival she was a girl of fourteen or thereabout—half child, half woman— He to beguile the lonely hours undertook to teach her to read and write—a knowledge neither of her parents possessed. She was an apt scholar and the longer the lieutenant continued her instruction the more delightful became the task. It needs no prophet to tell the result. The high-bred officer became madly infatuated with his

dark-eyed pupil. It was a matter of course that his affection was reciprocated but in a spirit of the highest unselfishness the man, realizing the unsuitability of the connection, resigned his position in the army and literally tore himself away from the object of his affection, leaving the island and bidding, as he thought, a last adieu to his dusky-cheeked pupil. The effort to overcome his passion was in vain. After a year of wandering life he returned to find the one he so much loved the wife of another—a half breed like herself. In the shock of the single meeting which immediately occurred between the young wife and himself, the ex-officer's reason was unhinged and a pistol shot ended his unhappy career."

Thus far in our story we have introduced three personages. Let us repeat an anecdote of a young man, which will still further explain the cordiality which sprang up so quickly between the three.

In the story a young man calls upon a gentleman of prominence. On taking his leave the youth requests the privilege of asking a question. "Why sir," said he, "do you part with me with so much cordiality and warmth, when you received me with so much coolness?" "Ah!" smilingly replied his host, "we receive our guests according to their appearance, but part with them according to their behavior."

When both appearance and good manners exist, as it did in our new acquaintances, it will justify a further continuance in their society, and the relation of their unique experiences. The story applies principally to the odd characters, to be introduced hereafter, consisting of excellent people, but with rough and primitive manners, such as become Indians, half civilized, and frontiersmen.

While the Captain was reciting his history of the unfortunate officer, and during the rather long conversation

which followed, the *Great West* had passed out of sight of land, North, South, East and West. All around was a wide sweep of waters. The night was falling over all, and the stars began to shine forth, but ere they attained their customary brightness a deep fog arose seemingly out of the water and enveloped the vessel in its smothering folds. It was impossible to see half the length of the steamer.

Miss Pearl was greatly alarmed and turning to the Captain asked him if it were not exceedingly dangerous, and if the darkness was not portentous.

"No," he replied, "this is what is known as a Mackinac fog. It is peculiar to these great fresh water seas and no known reason for its appearance or disappearance can be assigned. Without warning, in the clearest weather and at all times, it arises suddenly and holds in its embrace for many hours all visible nature; but, as a matter of fact, all navigation is held up, or nearly so, and especially on the water all communication nearly ceases. Our line of steamers, however, are ordered to proceed at quarter speed and to have the line and lead thrown every five minutes, and a double lookout, to make assurance doubly sure."

These precautions were followed and during the whole night, there was anxious watching and not a little vexation as to the delay. Young Jackson arose several times during the night to watch the progress of the steamer. At one time he had a conversation with the Chief Engineer. The latter was standing near the upper cabin door and Jackson addressed him with a customary "Good evening," and finding him ready to converse, asked him if he considered the situation dangerous.

"Well, no," the engineer replied, "but we have to be very careful not to get ashore, for we should not only lose the ship, but before we could reach civilization, more than

four-fifths of the passengers and crew would perish in the forest, even if they all got safely landed."

The engineer was a thin-cheeked swarthy man of thirty and looked like a Spaniard. He made a remark which somewhat surprised young Jackson. "If anything does happen to the steamer I know one person that I should save."

"Who is that?" asked Jackson.

"The young lady that is with you; is she your sister?"

"No," said Jackson, "but why should you wish to save her, and is it really dangerous?"

"Well, I tell you, young fellow," said the engineer, evading the question why he would save Miss Pearl before anyone else, "these side wheel steamers are dangerous all the time. They are built too much like the river boats, and there are worse storms on these lakes than there are on the ocean. We are on a lea shore all the time. It is only a question of time when all these craft will sink and carry their crews and passengers down with them. Look here, see what I carry," and taking Jackson with him, the engineer showed him a contrivance something like a great hoop, over six feet in diameter, made of sheet iron, air and water tight. It had various cords and wires netted around and across it.

"There, young fellow, you see a thing that will ride any wave and three persons can sit on the edges of the circle with their feet inside and ride safe ashore. And then look at the place for hard bread. As for water, why the whole lake is full of the best in the world."

The word engineer comes from the same root that ingenious is derived from, and this ingenious man had produced a contrivance that in less than a year afterward had proved his salvation and that of a woman and her three children—the first mate's wife. The brave fellow

took his chances with the water-logged and disabled steamer. The circle of hollow iron outlived a storm so fierce that not only the vessel but all the lifeboats were wrecked and this inventor and his helpless companions were alone saved. The mate bade his wife and children a tearful farewell and bade Godspeed to his comrade. The engineer grimly remarked: "Oh! We are all right. Take good care of yourself, and say, John, I would let you take my place only I have a wife and some children who have a heavy mortgage on me and they cannot afford to lose me."

In those days newspapers were not what they now have become and this incident now first related in print found no chronicle; but the prophecy of this man has been fulfilled. Every side-wheel steamer then afloat or afterwards for many years, put afloat, found a resting place on the bottom of these great inland seas whose waves under the influence of cyclones and winter storms became great destructive masses. The *Lady Elgin* with its nearly four hundred passengers lost, and the *Sea Bird* with its near one hundred also lost make but two out of scores of disasters, until shortly this once thronged line of travel has been practically deserted.

The fog continued and at ten in the morning it still wrapped its folds about the *Great West* and its impatient passengers. At this time the sun was shining brightly overhead and the mass of vapor appeared to become less dense and to assume a yellow tint very beautiful, while very tantalizing. The steamer was creeping along at a snail's pace. The Captain and Pilot were both with the linesman near the bow. It was evidently a time of anxiety. The lead showed only twenty-four feet of water, while the steamer drew sixteen. It was impossible to tell whether another moment might not find the craft

fast on the sandy and shelving bottom, although the lead did not show any sign of the water becoming more shallow.

The Captain occasionally addressed a remark to Miss Pearl, who with her escort stood near him.

"We have now," said he, "been out of our reckoning for nearly twenty hours and the coast here is so near us on every side that we cannot tell whether we are in the shallow waters of the Wisconsin or the Michigan shores or on the other hand we may be near and passing some of the islands of the upper part of the lake. Hence, we have to proceed very cautiously so that if we do ground, we can, by throwing overboard some of our heavy freight, get afloat again. Luckily, these fogs, so very dense as they are, never occur except when the sea is calm and the waters still."

While the Captain was saying this, something occurred which struck all the passengers—for there was among them an apprehensive silence unbroken save by the tinkling of the signal bell or the low-voiced commands of the Captain—with still deeper apprehension. It was the sound of human voices coming out of the vaporous cloud, seemingly not over fifty feet distant; it might be aloft, at the side or directly ahead. The tone was round and commanding although low but the words were:

"Softly, men, softly," to which came a murmured "Aye! Aye! Sir!"

"Boat ahoy," called Captain Sprott in a relieved tone, at the same time signalling for the stoppage of the engines.

In another instant there appeared by the side of the steamer a voyager's canoe with eight or ten men rowing with paddles and a single erect figure in the stern steering, also with a paddle. As the two craft approached within

a few feet the latter stood up and saluting the Captain, asked:

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes," said Captain Sprott, "tell us where we are."

The stranger replied, "You are pointed south between the Big Manitou and the Little Manitou Islands."

"And how near the pier on the Little Manitou?"

"About a mile or mile and a half to the northeast. We are bound there and if you please to steer by our reckoning you can do so."

"Thank you," said Captain Sprott, "we will gladly do it. Call out once in a while and we will steer by your voices."

The *Great West* changed her course to correspond to the calls, "This-a-way, Here-a-way," occasionally uttered out of the fog by the steersman in the canoe. This becoming monotonous, he called out, "Give us songs, men, that will be better yet," and so the delighted passengers, and the no less relieved Captain, were guided into a harbor of refuge by the melodious tones of the Canadian boat song, following the catchy tune, both executed by a dozen sweet, but manly voices, none the less harmonious because tinged with a melancholy inborn to the children of parents of different blood.

The boatmen row, the boatmen sing,
The boatmen do most everything.
Sing high; sing low;
The boatmen row,
High ho! the boatmen row,
Sing high; sing low
The Boatmen do most anything.
(Begin again—Spoken by the crew)
The boatmen row, the boatmen sing, etc.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?—
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!
But when the wind blows off the shore
O! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
O! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

These were a party of trappers and hunters going from Montreal to the upper waters of the Wisconsin for a Winter's trading for furs and the hunting of beaver. They had been some weeks on their long voyage but would now soon be at their destination, Green Bay, where they would get their complete outfit. These men were following in the tracks set them by their ancestors who for two hundred years had braved danger and death, following their life of toil and privation. They were among the last annual voyagers, for soon the advancing tide of civilization destroyed the game

which produced the furs so highly prized throughout the known world.

But our story lies not with these brave fellows but rather with the man in the stern of the canoe, who by the aid of a little compass is guiding them to the Government Pier which makes a slight harbor dèfence for this island, which now becomes the location of the principal events of our narrative.

Half an hour brought both canoe and steamer to the pier.

The fog disappeared as they approached the long structure, built of rows of piles driven deep into the sand and covered with heavy planks, so as to make a walk or driveway nearly a quarter of a mile over the clear waters of Lake Michigan, to where a sufficient depth was attained so that steamers could receive and discharge their freight and passengers.

CHAPTER III

THE ISLAND

With the brightness which succeeded the forbidding fog, there burst upon the eyes of the passengers a view of cheerful activity, which ever remained in the mind of Miss Pearl as a beautiful picture of water and shore scenery.

The island itself, but a few miles across, was set like a gem of green in the midst of the waters. A little to the left of the pier there rose a tall stone lighthouse surmounted by a glass dome arranged for the guiding lights; a little to the left of the pier could be seen a house built of hewn logs two stories high and looking somewhat like a small fort.

Back of this and by the side of a little pathway were twenty or thirty cabins, one story each in height, built of logs and of the rudest construction. These were the summer homes of the men employed in getting out cordwood and timber, the principal products of the island. The larger house was the two-story home of the single contractor and trader of the island, and was both dwelling and warehouse. As a store it was unique in its arrangements. There was no door for the customers to enter. They did their trading through a long, narrow opening in the front of the house, and stood on a raised platform, and received their purchases through an opening in the building about two feet wide and extending the whole front of the structure. The lower edge of this space was extended into a sort of counter on which furs were

examined and exchanged. This plan was made necessary by the curious habits of the Indian customers who came to trade. The trader after finding out the wishes of his patron would lay a single article on the counter and do the business with that alone, keeping the remainder of his stock well out of reach of the itching hands of his untrained customers.

As this building is to become the theatre of some of the most stirring scenes recorded in our story, it may be said that the only entrance aside from the open counter, on the ground floor of the structure, was by a heavy oak door, fitted by iron stanchions, to its heavy frame. The upper floor was lighted by a window on each side, guarded, however, by heavy hinged shutters; and then, too, the upper story projected considerably over the first floor on all sides, and pierced with apertures for gun firing, in view of a possible attack by hostile Indians. It was in fact built on the plan of a frontier fortress, such as the settlers had for many decades built for safety against the savages, but this one unlike many others had the aperture arranged for trading, and the whole lower part fitted with shelves and places for merchandise of all kinds. But few fancy goods—unless gorgeous red cotton handkerchiefs could be so named—found a place in the assortment, but rather such articles as sugar, salt, flour, pork, vinegar, nails, and other heavy articles in barrels; and dried fish of all kinds, raisins, starch, and things of that description in boxes; and then, grindstones, scythes, pails, and hardware, interspersed with the boxes and barrels, making a large stock which filled the whole lower story of the building, which had a frontage of twenty feet and a depth of forty feet.

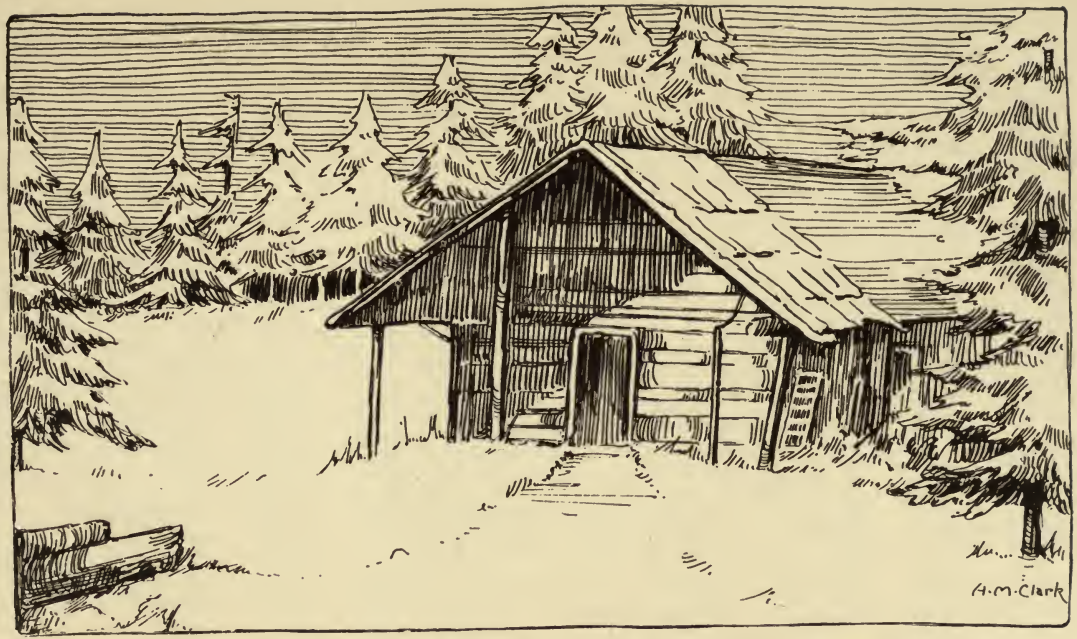
No paint or ornamentation was wasted on this unique house, but solid strength and durability was the main element sought to be incorporated in its design.

The Island, the Lighthouse, the Store, the little cabins all combined to make a picture of still life, but not so was it on the long pier. Here were almost inextricable confusion and excitement. Every living being usually resident of the island was there, it being the last trip of the steamer southward, and the business of the whole community was to be closed for the long Winter. The wood cutters, their families, when they had such, and household goods were to be carried away. All the oxen and horses were to be taken off to places where feed and shelter would cost less than on that far-off island.

The great steamer swallowed all this freight into its unseen depths. Miss Pearl watched with interest the great quantity of material the ship received into its system of storage, without apparent effect, as hour after hour the various things and people were stored in its ample recesses.

A little after noon Miss Pearl accompanied by her faithful attendant started for a stroll on the island, passing through the throng of passengers on the pier, but not neglecting to notice what they had observed before in their voyage, the extreme clearness of the water which permitted, even at a depth of twenty-five or thirty feet, the shells and sandy bottom to be clearly seen. The weather was again perfect, with its calm and hazy sunshine, and young Jackson observed that it reminded him of the belief that extended through the West, that this haze approaching the appearance of a light smoke was produced by fires lighted by the Aborigines to clear the prairies of the old grasses and plants, to be ready for the verdure of another spring time. This seemed quite plausible, but he added:

"This cannot be, because the atmospheric condition extends from one end of the western country to the other,



"The little cabin's all combined to make a picture of still life."—Chapter 3, Page 24

thousands of miles both North and South. I would rather ascribe it to some considerable internal cause, proceeding from the inward heat of the globe upon which we tread."

"And do you think, Mr. Jackson, that our world is a great ball of molten matter ready to destroy and devour us?" rather anxiously interrupted Miss Pearl.

"Undoubtedly," replied he, "except that in speaking of the world as a part of our stellar system it were well always to say, 'Our little world.' There are the fixed stars; we belong to the planetary system."

He continued, with a smile, "Perhaps I can convince you. During our journey I have noticed that you admired the smoothness and exact size united with perfect roundness of the lead shot you have seen exposed for sale for use of the hunters. This perfect roundness is indeed notable, but it is caused by melted lead dropping in showers from a high tower revolving long enough to—very much like our world—become perfectly round ere the different sizes fall at the bottom into a receptacle of water. The separation into the sizes you have noticed is another process, but the rounding of the little molten globes of metal is produced ere they lose their liquid condition, probably by gravitation."

Miss Pearl quickly responded, "And would not the slightest jar or concussion produce a complete destruction of the globe and all its inhabitants?"

"Not necessarily;" was the answer, "it might be true that a heavy mass, something like the moon, falling upon the crust of the world, could penetrate it as a cannon ball penetrates and disappears in the wooden side of an enemy's ship and find lodgment in the center without causing more than a local disturbance."

"Well!" responded Miss Pearl, "I hope that such an

event will not occur in my time or in that of any of my friends. I am satisfied to look at this charming sky and water and to feel the crisp soft autumn air. It is lovely enough to suit angelic beings."

"Yes, indeed!" replied Jackson, "angels could float about in it now, but, alas, in a day or two, or at most in ten days, how changed will be all this prospect. Stern and dreadful winter will shroud the island, the lake and the great northern wilderness. That is why, knowing what is coming, all these people are so resolutely at work on the pier getting themselves, their families and their goods aboard the steamer. You even observe that the Canadian voyagers, who piloted us so safely and opportunely this morning, have loaded their long canoe into the vessel and are going to take passage to Green Bay—so far to the South that winter will not set in there until some days later than it does here."

It was thus that young Jackson and his fair companion beguiled the time on deck and in the walks that they took together at the various landing places. Miss Pearl's nature was such that it called out the loftiest thoughts in the mind of her escort.

Years afterwards when lying beneath the stars of a Texan sky, surrounded by rough and hardy rangers, whose desperate deeds of valor excited the world's attention, and with his mind filled with recollections of his own personal combats, soft and tranquilizing memories of such conversations as these would arise in the mind of Jackson and draw him back with a firmer hold upon his lofty principles of honor and true manhood; these never deserted him until the hour of his untimely death.

A stroll of a third of a mile through a track kept clear by the passage of an occasional wagon, but which had originally been made by the heavy work of the Govern-

ment contractors in building the lighthouse, brought them to that structure. Out of the almost dead level of the island, and rising considerably above the tops of the trees, the lighthouse presented a massive, enduring appearance, which greatly interested our travelers and they determined to give it a more thorough examination.

In walking around it they observed that it had no entrance except by a small door, strongly iron plated, situated on the side towards the water, within ten or fifteen feet from the shore. Twenty feet above the ground the heavy walls were solid and without an aperture, except that over the door there were three narrow openings not large enough for an arm even, but sufficiently large for the protrusion of the long barrel of a rifle, which could command the approach of the entrance without exposing the owner of the weapon to any risk. At the height named there began a series of narrow windows, one above another, all, however, provided with heavy wooden shutters. These openings indicated a habitable interior, something like a three or more storied house, and at last surmounted by a glass structure which contained the lights, the safe care of which was the first duty of the family who should occupy the dwelling apartments of the tower.

Our young travelers circled around the base of the structure without seeing any signs of life and coming again to the plated door, the young man rapped vigorously upon it to call the attention of the inmates, if such there were.

A shutter opened far above them and the dusky face of a young woman appeared at the aperture.

"What do you wish?" floated down in a broken speech.

Jackson called up in response, "We wish to see the lighthouse."

"No you mustn't, it is forbid. No keeper here and nobody will come in." Saying this the woman was about to withdraw and close the shutter, when Miss Pearl stepped back a little way and holding up a long string of bright red coral beads, called up in a winning voice and with a smile which could not but have its effect: "Here, I wish to give these to you. Come down and you shall have them." Not a word about an entrance. Oh, no!

"Yes! I come quick," was the speedy answer as the dark flashing eye took in the lustre of the corals.

In a moment a half breed girl of sixteen, accompanied by a boy of thirteen stood in the narrow doorway. Miss Pearl said simply, "Here are the beads for you." The girl took them in her hand and was lost on the instant to all other things save the ornaments. She gave the long lengths a fold and swiftly put them around her neck and simply said, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, "Daniel, he like me in these."

Then with a blush she added, turning to Miss Pearl, "I you thank."

And now, most winningly, said that lady with a smile and a gay intonation of voice, "Cannot this gentleman and I see how you throw the light to guide the ships?"

The maid smiled half doubtfully and said: "That your brother be? He big! Yes, let ladies and boys come in! Me like you. You come on the steamboat? Yes, you passenger. I go sometime on the steamboat," and thus chattering the party entered the door, which was soon securely fastened after them by heavy cross pieces inserted in iron stanchions, both at the top and the bottom.

It was so dark within that for a moment or two it was impossible for Miss Pearl and her escort to discern anything but the outlines of the room. By the aid of two or three vivid narrow streams of daylight which pene-

trated the portholes in the thick walls of the lighthouse, already described as being over the doorway, they were able shortly to see that the room embraced the whole size of the structure, being round and thirty to forty feet in diameter. All about were to be seen coils of rope of different sizes, barrels of oil, pork and flour, various farming utensils—plows, shovels, harrows. In short, there was a collection of articles which showed that this first story of the lighthouse was used as a receptacle for all kinds of goods and materials, both for family and lighthouse use; there were even traces that a horse and cow had been quartered for a time in one of the recesses made by the heaping up of a lot of hay and corn as yet remaining on the cob, protected, however, by boards against their too free use by the animals.

In front of the room opposite the door there rose a flight of rather long steep stairs leading to the second floor through a trap door which, when closed, made the room a strong place of defense. That this was an object kept in view at the time of its building was made apparent by the thickness of the oaken floor and the fact that it was pierced by small openings suitably made, so that they commanded all parts of the lower rooms, especially the stairway.

The light streamed cheerfully into the second floor apartment. The whole story was made into one large room, lighted by several windows, from which, views of all quarters of the horizon could be had. Here it was evident that the inhabitants of the lighthouse lived their daily round of existence, as was to be seen by the cooking stove, chairs, tables, dishes both of wood and tin, arranged in neat rows upon the shelves surrounding it in various convenient methods nearly half the whole circle of the area. Opposite to the opening by which they had as-

cended was the stairway leading to still another story.

"Oh," exclaimed Miss Pearl, "how very pleasant, and is this where you live?"

"Lady, yes," replied her companion.

"And how many stories are there above this one?"

"Two, three; two sleeping, one glass for lights."

While this conversation was taking place and the lady was looking curiously about, Jackson and his boyish guide had already disappeared up the stairs, where they were soon followed by the young women, but it was in the living room that Miss Pearl first had an opportunity to observe how rarely beautiful her companion was. She was a pure brunette of the darkest type. Her eyes were large and dark and within their depths could be read a tale of coming romance, either of grief or joy or of both. Her form was perfect in all its details of limb and proportions. As she stood toying with the bright red corals she had just received, Miss Pearl thought she had never seen a more winning creature, but it was the beauty of a young and inexperienced animal, as you might admire the proportions of a young lioness which born of noble parentage still had within her many of the instincts of a lower nature.

As these two most attractive girls are to be the heroines of not a few of the coming pages it were well for us to note the contrast they present upon this their first meeting. Miss Pearl stood nearly a head taller than the half-breed maiden and while the latter was inclined to a roundness of outline which in later life might rob her of her fine proportions, the former was both slender and erect, but it was in the wonderful contrast of complexion that the interest centered; pale olive against dark-rose; blue and almost brilliant eyes filled with a repose which betokened the strength of a cultivated mind against eyes dark

and luminous but not brilliant. A manner in the one composed, dignified and yet alert both in body and mind, contrasted with impulsive ways, most winning, especially to one of the opposite sex, and to certain temperaments altogether irresistible. It was of course the difference in race and education and the principles of life which most widely separated these two young creatures. This will be seen as our story advances.

While Miss Pearl was some five or six years the senior, the different development of their respective races had given them an equal maturity. This might have been seen, when in deciding the question of the admittance of Miss Pearl and Jackson to the tower, the dark-eyed maiden had without hesitation marked him as "a boy" not very far from being a fit companion for her thirteen-year-old brother, while in fact he was three years her senior and read and polished in the unuseful—save a kind of mental gymnastics—learning of a college. Miss Pearl had exactly the same feeling toward Jackson, which had begun on their first acquaintance and never changed.

The third story of the lighthouse was divided into no less than five bed chambers, separated most decorously by thin board partitions but through the opened doors could be seen the neat little cots—or in one or two of the rooms wooden bunks. Still another pair of stairs brought the party to the fourth landing which exhibited a room quite apart and separated from the ladder-like stairs which led aloft to the glass dome of the building. This was a room embracing nearly the whole of the fifth floor and evidently intended as a guest chamber or the private apartment of one of the former keepers. Its privacy was secured by a partition and door, with a bolt fastening and rather strangely it showed many signs of the occupancy of an educated and refined person.

"Room, this, mon père!" said the hostess maiden as she rather proudly threw open the door and showed the apartment with all its contents, heightened by the streaming sunbeams.

"This your papa's room," exclaimed Miss Pearl. "How lovely and how many choice things he has. Here are books and reviews in English and French and here is a harp and—Oh! Wonders! A zither! That is a rare thing in this country. Where is your papa now?" continued Miss Pearl with vastly increased respect and interest.

"Mon Père. In St. Louis he. He going Europe. See his frère die. Get money. Take me away to France. Next year come back," was the soft answer. "Me love what you call papa—mon père."

"And who keeps the light when he is away? Do you?"

"Yes, me and mon frère," was the answer.

In a few earnest questions Miss Pearl found that the light keeper was a Parisian who had strayed twenty years before to the western wilderness and following the habits of his countrymen had easily adopted the ways and almost the instincts of the frontiersmen. He had married in due form a beautiful native, whose mother was a half-breed and father a blue-eyed German. This mixture of blood when it arrived at his own daughter produced a rare and exquisite type of beauty.

The appointment of keeper of the lighthouse had been obtained for him by a Government lawyer whose party he had rescued from slow starvation in the forests by guiding him to a place of safety, after he and his companions had been lost many days. He was known all along the coast as "Hen Malloy" but when he wrote to his family connections in France, which he dutifully did every year or failing that at least every two years, he signed his name

"Wolves."—Chapter 32

"Henri de Malloire," and this was the inscription upon the outside of the letters he received in reply. In the same way his daughter was called "Jenny Malloy" but the father as he softly stroked her brown and waving locks used gently to say, "Ah! ma Virginie de Malloire, you have a noble future before you and may its day come not too late."

His going to Paris doubtless was to hasten the time when he might see his child lifted out of that humble sphere to which he had too contentedly resigned himself through so many years of his life.

While absent he had left his faithful wife in charge of the lighthouse but that had not been for many days nor would the responsibility be great for his substitute; the lights were required to do service only until the Straits should be closed with ice, preventing for many months the passage of any of the steam or sail craft, and this event could not be many days off.

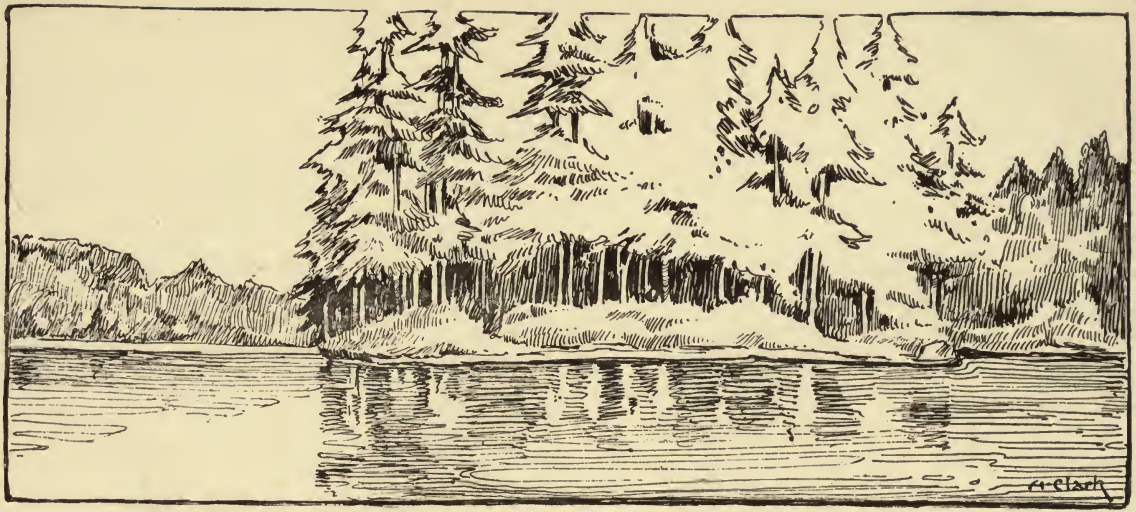
Preceded by Jackson and the boy the two maidens lightly climbed the last ladder-like ascent which brought them into the loft—the dome-like glass house which surmounted the tower. Here were arranged elaborate glass reflectors, lamps of several colors, receptacles for oil and fuel, a couple of chairs, a little bench, a small stove. Everything was in the neatest order. Much of the work here was finished in brass and polished steel and this fairly shone with a lustre none the less perfect as it was to be reviewed periodically by the Government inspector. In fact, the whole premises exhibited the same close attention to an orderly neatness that has always distinguished the Government grounds and property throughout the country.

The view from this high standing place was a noble one. Far to the east, perhaps seven miles at its nearest point,

could be readily seen the projecting and receding shores of the then newly admitted State of Michigan, covered, as was plainly to be seen, by a line of unbroken forest, except where what seemed to be a break in the line of the horizon indicated a deep bay or inlet. On the south and west stretched a waste of waters seemingly endless and shoreless. Far to the north might be observed a dim outline of land, which Jackson explained should be one of the group of Beaver Islands passed unobserved by them while wrapped in the obscurity of the fog.

At the north also could be seen to great advantage a large island—the larger Manitou—with the water reaching around its circumference, which must have amounted to thirty or forty miles. Viewed by our travelers from the distance, of perhaps ten miles, it appeared entirely covered with forest and without any indication of inhabited life. It was in the narrow strait between the two islands that the canoe had been encountered which had guided them into their place of destination. Directly beneath them the Little Manitou presented a lively scene. Its whole circuit was plainly exposed to their view. Much of the timber had been cut off. Various little roads wound through the forest made by woodsmen as they hauled their timber and cordwood to the pier for transportation. A small pasture neatly fenced and still covered with verdure nestled close beneath the lighthouse with a boarded shed in one corner. Indeed a cow and pony were quietly feeding in it undisturbed by the noises which came thick and fast from the nearby location of the pier, with its busy workers.

As our party turned their eyes away from the distant lines of the horizon, first to the outline of nearer islands and concentrated them to where, just below, the steamer



"The receding shores were covered by a line of unbroken forest."—Chapter 3, Page 34

was receiving its load, it was the contrast between a still life picture to one changing and incessant activity. Many figures could be discerned of those whose forms had become familiar during the trip.

Captain Sprott from his eminence near the pilot house, trumpet in hand, was evidently ceaseless in his efforts towards a quick termination of their stop.

The Chief Engineer was pacing thoughtfully up and down the pier, possibly dreaming out some mechanism which might benefit both himself and his country.

By this time too, nearly all the cattle and horses were aboard the steamer; the household goods were safely shipped; the women and children and the woodsmen were fixing themselves with the greatest comfort attainable, on the lower decks, but still the roustabouts had a hard task, which was the loading of long lines of cordwood and certain ship timbers, piled upon the dock.

The directions from the line managers relating to this freight was, "Take what you can and leave the remainder." This being the last boat, to leave it meant the loss of more or less of the autumn work, and now appeared to the front the steersman and spokesman of the opportune canoe. All the morning he had stood almost passively among the active workers on the pier, carelessly, as it appeared, watching the loading of the freight, but yet, with so much attention that nothing had escaped his notice in the final disposition of it. Seeing the proper moment had arrived, he put his two hands together in the form of a trumpet and standing off a few feet from the vessel, looking upwards, he called out in a clear round voice with a pleasant accent to it, which reminded one of his early home in Sweden:

"Oh! say! Captain!" and getting the latter's eye, he

continued, "How much can you take and how long can you keep at it?"

"Mr. Johnson, I am afraid we cannot take it all, but we will load on as long as the men can stand it. You stand by them and the mate will keep them if possible until dark."

"Thank you, Captain," said Eric Johnson (for such was his full name) with his bronzed face irradiated by a smile of friendly feeling. His eyes smiled too with that honest, warm hearted expression which so admirably marks the Scandinavians. No other race of men has this smile and this open winning manner. There is none where the men and women have more perfect physical development and personal beauty. A thousand years ago they brought their prowess and their beauty and engrafted it in the southland and were called Normans—next into England flowed the strong tide and finally in America for half a dozen generations, the blood has become purer and the manner softened until in such a person as our heroine, Miss Pearl, the present acme of race excellence is reached. The written record has not been kept, but eye and sense declare the descent of these blue-eyed, smiling, brilliant, warm-hearted, pale and yet resolute men and women we meet, who say they are of English descent—Yes! First England, then Normandy, then Scandinavia, and last the Garden of Eden which, as it is well determined, was situated beyond and back of the Himalayan Mountains and from thence the population flowed most purely along the north and this Scandinavian race is the result.

But the brown, square shouldered, clean-limbed man of forty, while of pure blood of the race described, had a physical defect. His shoulders were broadened and thickened in such a way as to reduce his height without

absolutely giving him an appearance of deformity. It rather gave him the appearance of possessing massive strength. All his limbs were of the usual length, hence he seemed to be extra long-armed and with what fighting men would call a dangerous reach. Eric's head was nearly as massive as his shoulders, with a broad open forehead, square chin and long straight nose and a level look to his bright and intelligent eyes that carried a conviction of the entire trustworthiness of the man. In his movements he was alert, erect, and possessed of a dignity that united with his bright and pleasing expression gave the full effect of manly excellence. In repose, his features assumed a thoughtful faraway expression which was greatly in contrast with his manner when at work; then it was that he seemed to be anything rather than a dreamer.

Just as the party in the lighthouse were most intently observing the movements on the pier, Eric began his task of superintending the loading of his freight. As each one of a long line of rough-handed men approached, he would lay a bundle of cordwood on the man's shoulder, who would then ascend the gang-plank and after piling away on the lower deck his load, he would return for another.

Even as seen from the top of the lighthouse this produced an interesting effect and the keeper's boy, whose name was Antoine, exclaimed to Miss Pearl, "See how Eric keeps that whole round of men going. He's as strong as six of them. See how big his shoulders look from here and how fast he works." Miss Pearl listened with interest to what the soft eyed, thin limbed boy said, for she had favorably observed Eric as he had piloted the voyagers' canoe and again afterwards as he had stood listlessly and patiently on the pier, pending the loading of

the other freight before his own. She responded to the remark:

"And so that man's name is Eric? Do you know him, Antoine?"

"Yes, indeed, we are great friends," replied the boy in excellent English, but with just enough accent to pleasantly mark his parentage. Antoine had seen much of the world which had flowed as in annual streams through his little island home. He had caught by an instinctive absorption both the manner and the conversational tone of the best of the travelers. This had delighted his father, who ascribed the boy's refinement to hereditary transmission and quite likely he may have been right. However that may be, Antoine and Miss Pearl were destined to be the best of friends and companions. She listened with an encouraging smile while he continued:

"He is the wood and timber contractor. His partner is in Chicago. Eric gets out the stuff and they sell it and divide the profits. He paid off his men last night and now they are going to leave him, every one of them, and he has to finish up his work all alone. Perhaps he will hire me to help him. I wish he would. He is the best man I ever knew, except my papa."

"How long has he lived here?" asked Miss Pearl.

"He has lived here five years, but he was away once almost a year. He went to Missouri but he said he was glad to get back, and it was then that he commenced to get out the wood. Before that he had helped the agent, but he could not speak English. He speaks it good now," said the boy, "just as good as I do," he added ingenuously, with a little shrug and bow, which reminded Miss Pearl of a certain French Marquis she had once met in the parlor of a New York society lady. She playfully remarked:

"If you speak to Eric in French he doesn't understand

you, and if he addresses you in Scandinavian you don't know what he says and so you both have to fall back upon the English. Don't you think it would have been best to have had that language at the first?"

Antoine laughed gleefully, in which his sister and young Jackson joined, and the latter said:

"You see, Antoine, you laid yourself open when you let us infer that you thought yourself well up in your English, and Miss Pearl always thinks that her opportunity. Even I with my much larger experience have to be very guarded."

"Miss Pearl, you need no be 'fraid of her, Monsieur Jackson. She kind; she no mind how people say." This, most patronizingly added by Antoine's sister, and addressed to the cool and wary scholar; strong in her womanhood, part Indian as she was, she expected deference from every young male and the manner more than the words doubly amused Miss Pearl, who broke into a peal of laughter so natural and so catching that all the party joined in it, and thus all became at once the best of friends.

Virginie blushed deeply as she laughed with the others and to relieve her, Miss Pearl said:

"Why, my child, Mr. Jackson couldn't be afraid of me. He is older than you and knows very much more than I. Why, he could deliver us an oration in Greek or Latin right here in the lighthouse and he has studied the derivation of more 'dry roots' than any old Indian woman within a hundred miles."

"Oh! don't!" interjected the somewhat abashed Jackson. "All that stuff I learned at school and college seems more than worthless in this new country."

Before descending, as the party did in reverse order, owing to the steepness of the ladder-like stairs, Miss Pearl leading the way and Antoine closing the line, the

lady gave one sweeping glance around the horizon—"Oh! Oh!" she exclaimed and pointed to a steamer rapidly approaching from the south and now within a few miles of the island and headed towards them. Several white sails of passing schooners could also be seen, both to the north and south, and in the strong light of the low western sun a canoe could be seen, with a few indistinct figures, creeping snail like along the Michigan shore. The soft haze enveloped the whole scene and Miss Pearl's heart had swelled with pleasure as she felt its rare beauty of air, water, sunshine and far off wilderness life, and now the approaching steamboat added a new excitement.

Antoine exclaimed in response: "Yes, that is the *Great East,* the mate to the *Great West.* They will both be at the pier together on their last trips, hurray!" and his politeness alone prevented him from darting off regardless of his company.

It did not, however, take many minutes for them all to descend, and leaving Virginie in charge of the lighthouse as under previous strict orders, the three soon found themselves on the upper deck of their own steamboat. The Captain kindly greeted them, with a friendly nod and smile to Antoine, whom he evidently knew. Miss Pearl spoke to him at once as to the approach of the other steamer.

This was unexpected and surprised him. "I thought we should get to Chicago before she left," he said. "Perhaps they are having an early beginning of winter and they put out so as to avoid being frozen up. If that is so then the *Great West* will have to winter at Milwaukee. That will make it hard for our passengers and for the consignees of our freight."

CHAPTER FOUR

THE ARRIVAL OF THE "SISTER" STEAMSHIP

In less than an hour the *Great East* rounded grandly into the pier nearly opposite to her sister ship and her passengers to the number of about four hundred and many of her crew streamed out in a joyful company to mingle with those already there. Many were the unexpected meetings and hearty renewals of acquaintances. Scores of men and women, prominent politicians, journalists, clergymen and merchants, found those to whom they could claim acquaintance. There was even a widow from the *Great East* who found her son who was hastening to her at Chicago, expecting to meet her there and to bring her east with him. Knowing this was the last steamer around the lakes for the season she had hastily hurried her plans and taken passage and now her son as hurriedly changed his own and joined her on her eastern bound passage.

An exception to this almost universal mingling of the two tides of travel could have been noted, if any one had taken the trouble, in the case of a man of seeming middle age who walked along the whole length of the pier with quick decisive step, yet not too directly, as though he wished to avoid attention. He was wrapped in a long cloak of the fashion of the period, he wore a hat and held a lap portmanteau in his right hand; arriving at the shore end of the pier he took the path to the right, the one opposite to the lighthouse and leading down the nar-

row lane before the line of deserted cabins. As he passed the last of these and went still deeper in the woods he gave a sigh of relief and drawing to one side of the path to a small cleared spot he sat down on a log and began to make a new toilet. An hour later as he emerged from the darkening gloom of the forest he presented the appearance of an honest woodsman, his head was covered with a beaver skin cap. His hair from its mixed gray had changed its hue to a raven blackness. His gray beard had disappeared and his broadcloth coat had been exchanged for a brown woolen jacket, and his neat boots for a pair of moccasins. All these garments were a fairly good fit—to use a tailor's term—but were not new. Since the beginning of the country many and many such transformations have taken place. The wrecks of civilization have begun new lives by simply changing their clothing to suit their new name and occupation.

Frequently has the question been asked, when a newcomer has won a place for himself, so as to permit the familiar question, "Say! Ole fel, what was your name in the States and did you have a family there?" Whether it was thus with our man remains to be seen, but it is sure that when the steamer arrived at Port Huron on the border of Canada inspired by the hope of a fee the steward sought in vain for a gentleman passenger booked for that destination. He wished to carry, for the gray haired gentleman, his too heavy portmanteau.

A St. Louis paper on exactly the same day had a prodigious extra sale, owing to the discovery of a defalcation of one of the most trusted officials of a leading bank of the city.

When the thoroughly transfigured passenger emerged from his island dressing room no portmanteau was to be seen; the thing he carried was a bundle swung by a

stout cane across his shoulder. His white and shapely hand and his too freshly shaven cheek would have been proof positive to a professional detective of some mischief already done or in contemplation. Hence, perhaps that was the reason why this keen eyed, broad shouldered, alert woodsman did not show himself until both steamers were well on their courses.

As the *Great East* glided towards the pier the two captains exchanged a courteous salutation and one exclaimed as he came within speaking distance: "There is a special letter for you from Chicago from the Agent. I will send it to you at once as it may need attention before we part company."

Accordingly, before Captain Sprott left his place, and before the *Great East* was made fast to the posts even, he was approached by an alert, refined young man of fair stature and good attire. His cheeks were so thin that they gave prominence to a square resolute chin; his eyes were dark and so deep set that they accented a wide and rather low forehead; he had dark hair, inclined at each opportunity to twist itself into stiff curls. His complexion was dark and of an unwholesome tinge, which gave indication of too much brain for his bodily development, or of some mental strain so great that it had sapped the foundations of his vital forces.

In a low, yet nicely modulated voice, very winning and yet with an intonation of sadness, he said, "If this is Captain Sprott I have a letter to deliver to you at once," and as the Captain broke the seal, he continued, "My name is Edward Grimley and I am the new agent of the line and to be in charge here."

As the Captain read the letters, for there seemed to be two or more, young Grimley—if thirty with an inclination to appear fifty, can be called young, glanced towards

the Captain's companions and with a bow which included all three of them stepped back a pace or two and remained silent.

Both young Jackson and Miss Pearl instinctively returned the salutation with a bow as politely courteous and as reticent as that of Edward Grimley's, but their eyes turned immediately toward the Captain with not a word.

The boy, Antoine, however, exclaimed impulsively, "You the new agent? I am the lighthouse keeper's son. I hope you will like me and I you, because we can have good times together."

"Yes!" laconically said Grimley, without taking his eyes from the Captain but with an extended right hand which Antoine took and held.

Finishing, with a hasty glance to the well known signature of the Chicago agent, with a little contraction of his lips and drawing down of his eyebrows, the Captain turning to Miss Pearl said briefly: "These letters concern you. I will leave you and Mr. Jackson to discuss them. Mr. Edward Grimley I am glad to make your acquaintance." He gave his hand as he added the words; this Grimley warmly grasped, and the two men, such is the masonry of honest and brave hearts, quickly became life long friends, although they were soon to part and not to meet for many months nor until many of the events recorded in our story had long since transpired.

Telling Miss Pearl that he would return in a half an hour the Captain took Grimley aside and asked him if he knew the contents of the letters.

"No," said the latter. "Mr. Van Valkenburgh, the Chicago Manager, only said that there were important letters to be delivered without delay at whatever port we might meet."

"Well, Mr. Grimley," said the Captain, "the purport of

these letters is to the effect that a young lady is to be left off here and that you are to look out for her comfort and safety. How that is to be done on this little island requires some study and as you are new and have your own quarters to look up I don't see very clearly how it is to be accomplished; suppose you look after your agency business for half an hour and then see me again."

Edward Grimley lost no time in finding his way to the trading house, before described, which with its contents was the property of the Transportation Company. In this house goods of all description were stored, a few bought and the interests of the company looked after by the agent and an assistant, who was usually cook and man of all work.

His predecessor, who was a trusty, careful man, had his accounts and inventories of goods and merchandise on hand ready for the expected successor, preliminary to a joyful return to his family living at St. Charles upon a prairie farm, whose cost and improvements he was endeavoring to pay for, by summer wages of the Steamship Line, rather than by raising and selling crops, which hardly brought the price of the seed sown.

It did not take many minutes to make the necessary comparisons, and for the making and giving of a receipt in a form written so to clear the old agent and bind the new. This included the delivery of the key of the storehouse with which Grimley locked the heavy door and then hurried to the steamer to arrange the questions relating to Miss Pearl. Casting an anxious look around, it seemed impossible that any place of shelter was afforded on the island for a young lady, and he had fully decided to recommend, that at all hazards and at whatever risk of breaking explicit directions, she must proceed with the steamer. His own warehouse was the most commodious

building on the island and it was totally unfit for a sheltering place for even a day for a person of Miss Pearl's evident refinement, for it had not escaped the appreciative eye of Edward Grimley that she was a young woman of rare cultivation and standing and he had awaked at once to a most earnest desire for her welfare.

Short as the time was which had elapsed since he left the steamer, a pile of six or eight heavy trunks bearing the initials "G. P." were lying on the pier, indicating that the instructions given Captain Sprott were not such as could be left to his own construction or change. These were arbitrary orders and must be obeyed, given in a single letter which had passed through several hands, which read thus:

"Confidential and Personal.

"New York Office of
The Western T. & P. Co.
November 20th, 1852."

John Hardiman,
Local Agent.

"Mr. Jas. G. VanValkenburgh,
"Agent at Chicago.

"Dear Sir:—

"By order of the Vice President, Mr. Henry Halsey, Present Acting Manager of this line, I am instructed to say that there is now on the Steamer *Great West* on her last trip from Buffalo to Chicago, a young lady by the name of Miss Gertrude Pearl, registered as from Providence, R. I.

"You will please have the inclosed letter addressed to her, forwarded on first outgoing steamer likely to meet the *Great West, also order her and her baggage to be set*

off at whatever port this may reach the said steamer. Instruct the Agent at the port where she may be landed to give her his personal attention and care, supply her with what money she may need, or the service of women attendants. She is to be considered a ward of the company, and its employees, until further direction, and until received by her friends and guardians.

"This letter will be sent by the fast route to Chicago and will doubtless reach there in eight days and in time to keep Miss Pearl from going farther than Detroit or Port Huron. It is, however, important to stop her no matter where, for weighty personal reasons.

"Yours truly, but in haste,

"JOHN HARDIMAN, Agent at N. Y.

"P. S. Sent in duplicate to ensure safe arrival."

"Approved—Henry Halsey, Vice Pres't."

(Written in red ink) and endorsed "over."

"PRIVATE"

"Chicago, Nov. 27, 1852.

"Capt. Sprott of the Great West,

"Dear Sir:—I enclose you a letter to Miss Pearl, which kindly hand to her. I send this to you by the hand of Mr. Edward Grimley, who is our new agent at the Islands. He is a safe man and can be trusted with this unusual and delicate business. As my letter was adressed 'personal and confidential' you had better consider this whole business such and keep all information relating to the young lady between you and Mr. Grimley."

Hence, upon these instructions, without waiting to see Miss Pearl, this model officer had her baggage transferred to the pier and when Grimley appeared he was

ready to go to her for her orders and advice. The two found her in deep thought, seated on a camp stool on deck, where she could over-look the landing of the stuff by Eric Johnson and the roustabouts. Young Jackson stood by her side but had evidently not been made acquainted with the contents of the letter which lay open before her.

As the Captain and his companion approached she smiled faintly and said: "Captain Sprott, you have been very kind to me. I can never repay you, but now I must lean upon you for your advice. Will you please read this letter from my aunt, who is the same as a mother to me. Indeed she is my sainted mother's only sister and loves me as though I were her child."

Taking the letter the Captain slowly read it. In the meantime Miss Pearl sat with downcast eyes and Edward Grimley had again an opportunity, unobserved, to study the fine lines of grace and proportion which marked her features and form. He said to himself, "In all the galleries of Europe or America I have never seen a picture containing so much true beauty as is shown in this living picture. In this young woman there is not only a physical perfection which cannot be excelled but there is also shown a high and unequalled intelligence, combined with a good heart."

This is the complex triple being whom God made and when He had made it, pronounced it "Good." Young Jackson seated by the side of Miss Pearl maintained an easy but perfectly polite silence, interested but not too much so in what seemed to affect her.

The Captain's face flushed somewhat as he read the letter and then he said somewhat abruptly: "Miss Pearl, allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Edward Grimley. He is the Company's Agent here on the Island, in

charge of the store house and the Company's property and a very good man indeed."

Miss Pearl arose and politely extending her hand murmured: "I am glad to know you, Mr. Grimley. This is my escort, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Grimley." The two men shook hands after the custom of the time and place, and the Captain continued:

"Miss Pearl, I am of the opinion that Mr. Grimley should be allowed to read this letter, as he is the one upon whom some of these responsibilities will rest and of course Mr. Jackson the same. In the meantime please read this New York City letter and its endorsement in Chicago."

As suggested the letters were read in such a way that all of the party, unless it were Antoine, who, boy-like kept near them, a silent but interested observer of that which he only dimly comprehended, understood the unexpected situation of things relating to our heroine. The reader had better also be informed as to the contents of the Aunt's letter.

"OFFICE OF WORTHY WILLIAMS & CO.

"Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

"New York City, Nov. 20, 1852.

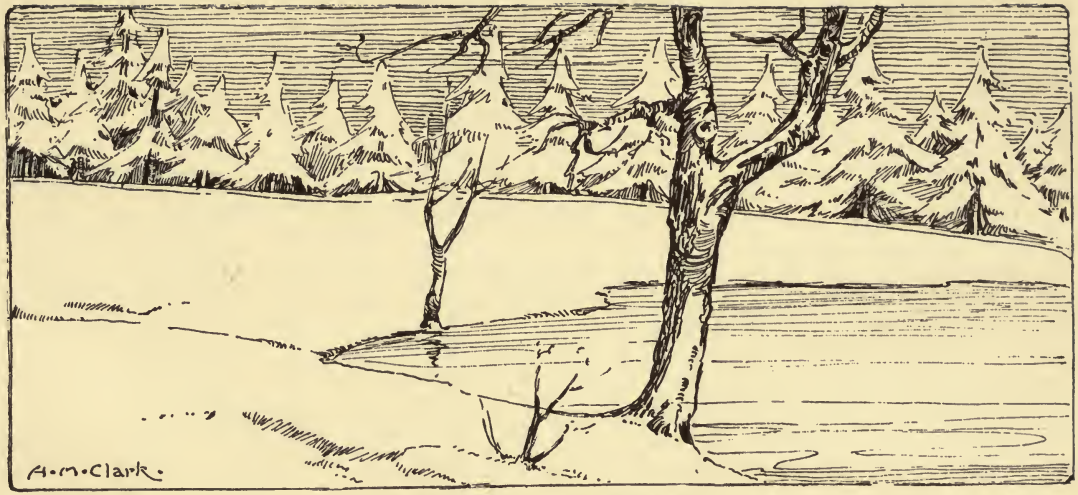
"My dearest Gertrude:—

"I write this in the business office of my old acquaintance and friend, Worthy Williams. You have heard me say *that some of the happiest hours of my life were spent in his society* and I have always felt him to be a friend to call upon whenever I was in trouble. I am in great distress now and I have come down to his office and asked his advice and assistance, which he has freely and generously given me. His advice is so good that I am

going to follow it without any more words. He has asked me to write this letter to send to you while he does the other things necessary to save you.

"Yes, dear girl, you are lost unless you get some good people's help. There is a deep conspiracy to get you and your fortune. You are traveling right into a trap and no one to save you. Now do not ask me to write too much but I have seen a letter from your Uncle at Alton where you are going to visit this Winter, addressed to your other Uncle (—must I write it, oh! dear!) my husband, in which the whole plot is exposed. Your Uncle there is in communication with those dreadful people at Nauvoo and has become one of them in spirit and belief. He has told the leaders about you and they have determined to marry you to one of their elders—the letter I read, said 'Wil I nil I'; and your uncles are to have a sum equalling one-half your fortune to divide between them. You know they are not rich men and the money has over-tempted them, and my poor husband has yielded to the guiles of his brother and I am in deep distress lest he also embrace the doctrines of those misguided and foolish men. You know how much he has talked of them and that he has been reading their books for a year or more. Oh! Horrors! If he should already be one and I yet to learn it?

"Well, here is Mr. Williams come back while I am writing. He has seen the Transportation Company at their head office and they have agreed to bring you back safe. They are very powerful and have hundreds of men in their employment. Mr. Williams is a great customer of the line and the Vice President has sent orders to have you stop right where this reaches you and then he will send other directions about getting you back. *So do as they say.* You can trust Mr. Jackson. He is the son of



"A Winter Scene."---Page 50

my former schoolmate and although not very old nor very experienced he has great natural sense and oh! what a scholar. Now I must stop. I know you won't feel about this as I do. You will not be afraid but I tell you you need to be afraid now especially as your other trustee—with myself—is absent in Europe and you are under our direction until you are twenty-three, which will be until next year. Under Mr. Williams' advice I give you the plain (must I write it? Mr. Williams says, 'yes'!) *order*—to stop where you get this letter and put yourself under the direction of the Transportation Company and their employees. Mr. Williams says this will clear me both morally and legally. Mr. Williams has obligated himself to the Company for all the expenses, for you know I have to do all this without my husband's knowledge and I cannot do things without a good deal of money, but Mr. Williams says that we do not need money so much as wit to circumvent (his words) these rascals, but he adds it will not do to be too confident as they kill as well as rob when it is necessary, but I cannot write any more. This letter starts on its passage in an hour.

"I shall pray for you night and day, and my sister will watch over you in Heaven.

"Affectionately your Aunt and Guardian,

"ESTELLE."

"P. S. When you write me direct to Worthy Williams & Co. 'Personal' and in the corner say for 'E. G.' Write when you get this and don't be too self-confident."

CHAPTER V

THE ABIDING LOVE OF WORTHY WILLIAMS

At the date of our story the Western Transportation Co. was one of the most powerful organizations in the world. It had the almost exclusive monopoly of the passenger trade between the East and the West. It had its agencies at every principle point both in Europe and America. Its stock paid fabulous dividends and under its charter it executed all forms of business, both financial and commercial, and now through its general manager it was thoroughly committed to the care and protection of Miss Pearl, and when the little circle surrounding her had read the letters handed them by the Captain and herself the importance of the situation was fully apparent. But how was this brought about? The reader will be let into the secret.

Is it any breach of confidence between an author and the people of whom he writes, to tell after a lapse of forty years, how, on a certain frolicking sleigh ride when the sleigh had been upset and one of the rosiest, merriest maidens had somehow found herself softly landed in a snowbank, being protected by the right arm and broad shoulder of—not her escort—but of a plain and modest young man, who had taken his sister along—now is it wrong to tell, what up to this time has only been known to the two—that ere he set her down in the track again he impressed a kiss upon her snow powdered cheek? Well, now the secret is out, and that is why Miss Pearl

was safely under the wing of the Transportation Company.

Is it not plain yet? Then understand that Mr. Worthy Williams was the plain young man and this is how he once wrote the story to his own brother, save of the sleigh-ride kiss, which no human being has ever spoken of unless now it may be commented upon.

"You see, brother Will, I was madly in love with Miss Estelle and working like a tiger—I was down to muscle and bone with my efforts to advance myself and I was under the inspiration of the idea all the time that my feelings were known to, and in a degree returned by the sweetest, most honest girl that ever lived. I thought so then and I think so now but don't say it on the top of my house. I keep it close—all this thing under a firm hand—As you may suppose, I made the most of every opportunity to meet Miss Estelle and it used to delight me to see her color rise and to feel the little tremble of her fingers as she responded to my offered hand when we met. I even called upon her in a formal and respectful way and I was politely received by her father and her younger brothers and sisters, but Will, it was a case of mother-in-law—before marriage. The mother of Estelle must have read me like an open book. She was so very ceremonious and so very polite. One evening she was especially the latter and I fondly thought that I was making good progress when Estelle's attention being diverted for the moment, the mother handed me a little note and said in an undertone, 'Mr. Williams, read that when you are away.' I slipped the note in my pocket and finished my call, both mother and daughter treating me with every consideration—the latter at the close gave me her warm soft fingers with a yielding acquiescence that melts me now when I think of it—but oh! Lord! I was turned to the

hardest coldest ice a little while after, when in my room I read the mother's brief letter. It began with, 'My dear Mr. Williams,' of course, but it went right to the point of requesting me not to call again at her house and not to consider myself at liberty to pay her daughter any further attention. The letter finished by saying that I possessed her respect and she was confident also, that of Miss Estelle, although she had had no conversation with her regarding me. This last remark was a comfort, but wounded pride reigned in the place of soft love. The 'gentle dew was congealed into deadly hail.' When next I met Miss Estelle's shy and modest glance, telling sweetly of the interest she felt in me, I returned it with a look of ice. Until my dying day I shall never forget the pained and surprised flush of suffering that she bestowed upon my ignorant and asinine self. I was a fool to allow any one, even her mother, to come between us. I don't blame the good lady—she knew Estelle's value and didn't know mine. Time would have made us the best of friends. That note, however, ended all; Estelle married and I married. I have been happy in my family. I drew a prize; women are mostly prizes if it is only a good man that gets them, but Estelle married a—what shall I call him? He has even struck her in a fit of intoxication." Does not the reader now perceive why, when the sad-eyed lady asked the prosperous Mr. Williams for his advice and his assistance, that she had at command the best that he could render?

Mr. Williams was not the Transportation Company, but he knew the one who was. In every great corporation there is a concentrated force which assumes the personality of a single man. In this single person success or failure resides. In the Transportation Company the control was in Henry Halsey; the clear, cool, decisive Vice Presi-

dent and principal owner. Who moved him, moved the Transportation Company.

Four years before there had been a crisis in the affairs of the Company. President Jackson had annulled the charter of the United States Bank; nineteen out of twenty of the business men of the country were bankrupt; business was paralyzed, and commerce almost suspended. One-half of the steamers of the Company were tied up at their docks—those which kept running caused a loss of many hundreds of dollars each trip. Mr. Halsey grimly stood at the helm and saw his Company slowly drifting upon the rocks. "Our hope is in endurance," he said. "We must twist and turn and bend and beg and eat humble pie." One day he owned to himself, a single week would decide the fate of his company. Relief in the shape of kegs of gold sovereigns was on the way from Europe, but in the desperate panic in which business men were slaughtering each other, a week was an eternity.

In this "nip" as Halsey called it, Mr. Worthy Williams, wealthy commission merchant, stepped from his office on Front Street to that of his neighbor company on Water Street. In his hand he held a small piece of paper, but the penciled figures on it were large. They were the listed figures of drafts for all kinds of amounts from many points of the western country held by Williams & Co.—a day's remittances—upon the Transportation Co. These remittances were in the form of sight drafts.

Mr. Halsey received his customer with a friendly smile and asked him to step into the inner office. Before Mr. Williams had entered and before he had asked to see the Manager, he had caught a glimpse of Halsey's face and as he said to himself many times afterwards, it was the saddest face he ever saw. It was in the banking department of the Transportation Company that the strain was

the most dangerous, which in effect held the savings of hundreds of customers of the growing West.

With extended hand Mr. Halsey met his neighbor and oft-times creditor. Mr. Williams, standing loungingly by the edge of a tall desk, said politely: "Mr. Halsey, I have an unusual number of drafts upon you this morning and before I sent them in in regular course of collection, I thought it might be the thing to see you. This is the list and names."

Without a word, Mr. Halsey looked rapidly down the paper and caught the total amount—$86,242. "That finishes us," he said, with lips that in spite of his utmost efforts trembled and eyes which gave indication of overflowing. It had been a long strife and the end he had fought off so hard and long had come and the strong man felt the keenest agony. In silence he pushed towards Mr. Williams a list of his cash resources—$52,489. This would have been enough for any ordinary call; but the mail gathered up by the steamer *Great West* on its downward trip from Chicago and Buffalo had carried scores of drafts by parties dealing with the Transportation Company. The number and amounts were caused by two things. The Company's credit was shaken and parties preferred to have for the time being their funds in the hands of Worthy Williams, to being on the books of the Company. Second, there was a cargo of flour due in New York from Europe and the Western country which had been given over to land speculation, so that no crops were raised, now, the market needed the food, and Williams & Co., being commission merchants, was the principal firm to buy and send it on. These orders for flour were accompanied by drafts on the Transportation Company, thus adding the real to the financial distress.

In his business Mr. Williams was a man of few words

and this is what he asked in a low and sympathetic tone: "Mr. Halsey! If I open an account with you to-day with $100,000 will it be safe to check on it in a fortnight?"

A gleam of light and hope crossed the sallow countenance of the hard wrought manager. "Yes, indeed!" he said, "That would give me for to-day $152,489. I have $100,000 which will be here in a week and some collections which have been deferred will be paid in." Thus the hard corner was turned by the most honorable gentleman.

A month later Manager Halsey in his turn called upon Mr. Williams. The deposit alluded to had been made—all the drafts held by Williams & Co., and many others, upon the Transportation Company had been honored and the panic effectually stayed, so far as it related to the Grain, Provision & Transportation Business circles, but it continued most severely in other lines, but much of the stock of the Transportation Company was on the market, so shaky was the standing of the line.

Mr. Halsey received a cordial, almost affectionate greeting, and was soon seated in the private office of Mr. Williams, at his ease both physically and in a business range. He silently extended a list of names and figures and a "description of property," for Mr. Williams' inspection. These were, first, a list of the stockholders in the Transportation Co. and the number of their shares. Second, a list of assets and liabilities of the company itself. The figures were all large and Mr. Williams carefully went through the computations.

"These seem to be all correct. My balance with you is amply protected," said the latter.

"Mr. Williams," earnestly said the Manager, "you have saved the existence of the Transportation Company and you have preserved my position with it and my credit as a manager—I say nothing of my few shares but I am not

rich enough to be out of employment; with my family responsibilities and at my age I cannot well learn another business. This, in view of what you have done for me, is my proposition. Do you withdraw your balance and buy this stock which is now pressing on the market. For you it will be no risk with the figures before you exhibiting the exact condition of its affairs. To buy now at the close of a business depression is wisdom itself."

"Yc !" responded the sagacious Worthy Williams, "but not wisdom of the highest order. Now listen, I have a rule of business that I never vary from and by living up to it I have survived this great panic and others. I never go out of my own line. I never invest in anything, even temporarily, that will prevent me from using my last dollar to protect my life business—I call it my life business because I propose to follow no other; neither do I propose to resign my interest in it until I die out of it." Seeing the disappointment expressed in the face of his grateful neighbor he added:

"But I occasionally help a man to help himself outside my own business and this is what I will do for you. In my long and active career I have come to know many secrets both of a social and business nature. Now in this list of names there are some men that should be forced out of the positions they occupy. I see no less than fifteen. Here, I mark these names with a cross. Here are about as many more names that I mark with a circle. The other names I do not know and will have nothing to do with their holdings. Do you get the idea of my plan, Mr. Halsey?"

"Not yet, Mr. Williams, please go a step or two further with your explanation. Knowing as I do the parties you have thus marked, I should say that you had divided the sheep from the goats."

"That is it exactly, Mr. Halsey, and I wish you to help me in executing judgment. This is a time not only of trial but of punishment and reward. It is not I that have saved the Transportation Company but yourself. You have been honest and faithful on your salary of thirty-five hundred dollars per year and you have counted the loss of your four or five thousand of stock as nothing compared to the ultimate safety of the Company. I like this kind of conduct and so propose to buy for you the stock marked with a cross and in turn I wish you to use every effort in saving the stock of these people marked with a circle."

This programme was carried out. Halsey became possessed of a majority of the stock at fifteen cents on the dollar, so low had its credit run and now it had risen to two hundred and fifty dollars for a hundred dollar share and it had made him at the date of our story a far richer man than Mr. Williams.

This is the explanation of the cause of the power the unhappy aunt and guardian of our heroine was enabled to bring to her niece's aid so soon and so efficiently—the great organization known as the Western Transportation Company.

It has scornfully been said that every man has his price, in allusion to the well used proverb, but money is not always the most potent influence that can be brought to bear upon a man. In this case it is a fact that within the limits of honor Estelle Goodwin could not ask anything of Worthy Williams that he would not hazard his life and fortune to grant, neither, under the same limitation could the latter ask anything of Henry Halsey that he would not sacrifice time and fortune to grant.

Both of these long-headed and thoroughly experienced men knew the danger to which the ward of Mrs. Good-

win was exposed and it was their intention to first stop her further traveling towards her threatened point of danger and next to provide her with proper escort to a new home; the emergency that had arisen having been of such a nature as to threaten danger at both terminations of her route. The co-executor with Mrs. Goodwin being out of the country and her own husband in the country, being the power most to be guarded against, rendered the situation still more embarrassing. Each of the gentlemen before named were only aware of the details of the plans formed to avert the danger.

Thus in two short hours, at most, had one weak but wise woman checked the progress of a plot which had been carefully matured by two years of study on the part of several of the most expert and unscrupulous of men—but the chance that threw the fateful letter into the hands of Mrs. Goodwin was more than mischance. It belongs to that part of the order of things of this life that makes it possible for the honest to remain honest and still live in the world, and the pure in this world to preserve their purity, in other words, when man's power fails in any right effort there is always the superhuman God-power to fill out and provide the missing link of escape.

The letters read, the party maintained a thoughtful silence for a few moments. Each hesitated to speak first but all eyes rested upon the face of Miss Pearl, who maintained her serene gravity as though she were the least interested of the group, in the painful intelligence. At length, raising her eyes to those of Captain Sprott, she asked in a slightly suggestive manner: "Who has charge of the lighthouse now the keeper is away?"

"The keeper's half-breed wife," replied the Captain. "Like the majority of French women she has always been the real person in charge of the lighthouse and business

"All eyes rested upon the face of Miss Pearl who maintained her serene gravity."—Chapter 5, Page 60

of her husband and now he is away, everything goes on as usual and as she directs. Why do you ask this question just now?"

"Because I think of engaging quarters there. I went all over the lighthouse this afternoon and I think I would be safe and also well contented in such a stronghold, until I hear again from my Aunt Estelle. Here is Antoine! Let us have his opinion," and turning to the boy she beamed upon him with an open smile, and asked him:

"Antoine, do you think four people would be too many for such a big house as you live in? Cannot your mother take me to live with you if I pay her well?"

CHAPTER VI

THE LIGHTHOUSE A HOME

"Yes, indeed!" said the boy, "I will find mama and bring her to you and you will see how she likes to have you.'

The Captain smiled and said approvingly: "Miss Pearl, you see a thing quickly. Your guardian directs you to stop on your trip wherever you receive her letter; you do so, and, presto you have an excellent place to stop at. This Madame Malloy, as we lake men call her, is an admirable woman. She is a famous cook and knows all the niceties of that essential part of civilization. Her husband has been in the habit of entertaining many distinguished guests. He has had visitors from France staying with him for months; the priests of his church make his house their stopping place on their long journeys to the far West. On my last trip over, I took away two sweet-faced Sisters of Charity, God bless them, who had been stopping with Madame for a fortnight. This family is known, not only in Paris, but in Rome and other places for its hospitality, so if the Madame says, 'yes,' you are well fixed for as long as you are obliged to stay."

Miss Pearl's face beamed with a relieved expression at this report, and both Jackson and Grimley withdrew the idea of presenting a vigorous protest against her stopping over for even a day in so wild a spot. Hence, when Madame Malloire appeared and was presented by the Captain to each of our friends there was but one opinion

"The Lighthouse."—Chapter 9, Page 62

as to the propriety of her staying, and that was one of approval.

The Madame, as the Captain had designated her, was a woman of forty and she won immediately by her warm motherly, and yet withal anxious countenance, the heart of Miss Pearl. She was a large, although not a tall woman, with full dark eyes and swarthy complexion, but notwithstanding her weight she moved with an activity which bespoke her Indian and German parentage. She had left the lighthouse in charge of her daughter and was helping with a woman's kindly way some of those who had been neighbors and who were now leaving the Island for the Winter. Accordingly her son had little trouble in finding and bringing her without delay.

Yes, she would be only too happy to receive Miss Pearl as a member of her family. She named a very moderate sum for the accommodation and service, but hesitated a little at giving the use of her absent husband's room; but a considerable increase caused a cheerful consent to this by the thrifty housewife. The Madame was a woman of few words but of many earnest deeds. It was a thing to note, her incessant, tireless activity. When spoken to by a stranger the warm color surged forward and backward to her cheeks and brow and she had a way of getting behind and out of sight of those unfamiliar to her that was indicative of an almost painful modesty.

It being her habit, the bargain closed, she indicated to Miss Pearl that she would attend to the transfer of the baggage composed of six or eight ample trunks belonging to her. One only of these the young lady wished to be taken to her room, the others could be stored in the basement story.

The Captain and the Madame disappeared upon the joint responsibility of the transfer of the luggage. A few

minutes later, half a dozen stalwart stevedores—or roustabouts as they are called on the Great Lakes and Western Rivers, wound down the pathway with a single piece upon each of their shoulders. A few minutes later they returned empty handed, and in a still shorter time the last of Eric Johnson's ship timbers and cord-wood were aboard, and the steamer began sending forth those unearthly yells of warning by the medium of their steam whistle, only too familiar to every traveler, indicating a speedy departure.

During these brief moments of preparation young Jackson, in view of bidding adieu to Miss Pearl, was deeply agitated. He had never met with one who, in his opinion, was more worthy of respect and admiration, but he could not express himself except to utter the commonest words of regret. He wished to do more, and hastily excusing himself in a few minutes he too followed the Captain and Madame Malloire below.

Among the lower deck passengers he had noted one—a young fellow by the name of Wilkinson from the wilds of Canada, going to the Territory of Iowa—west of the Mississippi River, who was the owner of an English mastiff of the purest breed and of enormous proportions. The dog was little more than two years old and while greatly attached to its master was of a generous, playful disposition as exhibited towards those around him. Indeed Jackson had borrowed the dog, whose name was Hector, and it had accompanied Miss Pearl and himself on several of their rambles while the *Great West* had been detained for freight or passengers on its upward voyage. Hector and Miss Pearl were already friends, and the owner of the animal was not much surprised when Jackson approached him and asked him off-hand what he would take for the dog for Miss Pearl's use. At first he

Page 65. "Hector."

declined the idea of a sale at any price, but when told that it was to be left with Miss Pearl on this almost deserted island the young fellow exclaimed: "Hang it! I had about as soon part with my life as with that dog, but I should dearly like to do something for that young lady and if she wants him or needs him why *you* may do the presenting if you give me a hundred dollars—if you don't want to pay that, why I am willing to give him to her for nothing," and he added: "You don't see a lady of that particular high pattern every day and when you do meet them why you can't do too much for them."

Jackson handed the owner the sum named, in five twenty dollar gold pieces, simply remarking: "There goes my mother's parting gift, but it goes where she would like to have me spend it, that is very sure." He stipulated with the seller that just as the steamer was to put out from the pier he should deliver the animal to Miss Pearl and say that it was a present from Mr. Jackson—indeed, he furnished a card with the words to that effect written upon it, which was to be lightly attached to the dog's collar.

In the meantime Miss Pearl and Antoine were standing close by each other on the upper deck. Mr. Grimley remained silently standing a few paces off, evidently waiting to know the wishes of the young lady, who, however, did not look towards him, although aware of his presence. Her glances were directed to the wide expanse of water over which the setting sun was casting its level rays.

Both steamers were making their last preparations for a new start to their widely separated havens, but the noisy and cheerful confusion of every one around them was not shared by our little group. Miss Pearl felt as though a gulf of separation was about to be opened between her and her familiar world. The shock caused by the contents of

the letter was still influencing her. Mr. Grimley shared in the first of these feelings, and the idea that the first responsibility put upon him in his new relation as Agent of the Transportation Company should be the care of a rarely beautiful and excellent young lady was of the nature of a surprise also.

Both the Captain and young Jackson soon appeared. The former offered Miss Pearl his arm in a gallant and polite manner, at the same time saying to the others:

"Gentlemen, we have to see Miss Pearl safely off the boat; will you follow? I believe in short farewells."

Indeed, Captain Sprott used to tell of a companion of his—the captain and part owner of a whaling vessel, who, when once about to bid adieu to his wife for a three years' voyage, left her—as she thought—standing for a moment at the bottom of the front stairs in his little cottage until he returned. Instead of coming down to say good-by the eccentric man slipped quietly away down a back flight of stairs and never said good-by until he said it upon his return, three years later.

Hence, within two minutes of the time our party walked down the gang-plank the *Great West* was clear of the pier. The *Great East,* her sister-ship, was cast off at the same instant from the opposite side and cheers and shouts from the hundreds of passengers and crew filled the air, mingling with the sound of escaping steam from the pipes and the rush of the waters as they foamed beneath the immense revolving wheels. As the distance increased, these sounds grew less confusing, and Miss Pearl could plainly see Captain Sprott at his post just forward and under the lofty pilot house. Young Jackson stood near him, constantly waving his handkerchief or alternating with his hat. Miss Pearl responded by a similar action, but the rolling over her cheek of fast falling tears

and the use of her signal for another purpose caused her soon to turn her eyes away from the fast vanishing steamer, the last connecting link between herself and the life to which she was accustomed and in which she was nurtured.

With the steamer's departure there passes from our story young Jackson and Captain Sprott—noble representatives of those brave and generous men who have lived lives of unheralded heroism; obliging and true to all; courteous and kind to women, and who amid the temptations of the freedom of a frontier life have kept themselves worthy of the love and confidence of the best and most loving of their early friends. "Hail and farewell, dear friends," were the words of Miss Pearl as she thought of their brief but most intimate association.

The hush and quiet which descended upon the pier and the departure of the steamers was marked and almost frightful to Miss Pearl. Looking around in the deepening twilight she only saw, besides herself and Mr. Grimley, the boy Antoine and at a little distance Eric and a single helper. The two latter were arranging in a listless, unhurried manner a few ropes and odd pieces of a wagon broken in loading and left behind as worthless.

Along the island shore and within its circuit, looking down the path made by the wood teams and even toward the lighthouse not another person besides was visible.

Just as a feeling of desolation and abandonment was possessing the mind of the fair and anxious girl, she felt the soft, damp nose of Hector pressing her hand for some sign of recognition. He evidently sympathized in Miss Pearl's feelings, for he whimpered gently and his little cry seemed almost a human sob as it came from his deep chest. He too had been watching the vanishing ship and striving to get a last look at his master. If one had

done so he would have seen how a strong man looks when he cries in his grief, for in a retired place the generous young fellow was weeping and almost sobbing bitterly at parting with his companion.

He did not regret the act nor would be undo it, but, as he said to himself, "When I have this out I shall feel better. I am glad the young lady has Hector. She needs him more than I, and then with my hundred dollars I shall have eighty acres additional." As a matter of history, it is a fact that this sum of money so obtained, purchased the land now the center of a thriving town in Iowa, and if the name is not Wilkinson it is something near it.

Miss Pearl turned to Hector with quite a revulsion of feeling, gave him almost an embrace and noticing it for the first time she read the words upon the card, in which Jackson presented to her the noble animal. "Dear boy," she exclaimed, "you could have given me no more admirable present. How I thank you, you cannot now know."

While our heroine was intent upon the parting vessel's movement and especially when her tears were flowing more and more gently, our polite and kind little Antoine approached closer and closer until he stood right beneath her face and looked wistfully up into it. So it happened that just in the warmth of her expression of gratitude to Mr. Jackson, her eye caught the tender eyes of the boy. Impulsively she seized his hand and keeping it, exclaimed, "Oh, Antoine, I have got you too. How fortunate I am to have two such friends," and with one on each side of her she moved towards Mr. Grimley, who was now approaching with Eric. The two had had some conversation relating to their joint business and duties.

"Miss Pearl, allow me to make you acquainted with

"Miss Pearl turned to Hector with quite a revulsion of feeling."—Page 68

Mr. Eric Johnson," said the taller of the two men. Eric extended his hand and said, "Miss Pearl, welcome to this little island. May no evil come to you while you are here. On the other hand, may much good attend your stay, be it long or short." With his cap in his hand and with the evident marks of his recent severe labor upon him Eric looked straight out of his honest blue eyes level into the equally blue eyes of our heroine and pronounced these words rather slowly and with an air of a benediction.

The latter resemblance was so marked that Miss Pearl bowed her head, as she had done hundreds of times before in her church attendance and received it as such. And this was quite involuntary, but it marked the feeling that she never lost towards this stranger—the idea that in all his dealings with her he was blessing her. She responded: "Thank you, Mr. Johnson, for your good and kind wishes. I trust we shall be the best of friends. You guided us into this safe harbor this morning and I observed what a good worker you are this afternoon while you were loading your timbers and wood." Eric colored at these words of praise, so gracefully and naturally said, and excusing himself departed with his man in the direction of his cabin.

The others of the party proceeded leisurely towards the lighthouse, Mr. Grimley keeping at a little distance indicating his respect for his charge, but Hector and Antoine pressed closely by the side of the lady as though their devotion was best thus expressed.

At the lighthouse door the impulsive Virginie came flying towards them, until seeing Mr. Grimley with his dignified air, she shrunk shyly back and came to Miss Pearl with downcast look. The latter received her warmly and taking and keeping fast both her hands, she said, "Mr.

Grimley, this is Miss Virginie, daughter of the good woman you met on the steamer." The girl looked up a moment and on receiving the gentleman's bow, returned it with a slight courtesy and again dropped her eyes and accompanied the party in silence.

This was broken by Grimley, who said in the low clear voice which marked him and which commanded instant recognition from Miss Pearl: "Miss Pearl, you understand, of course, that I am under orders from the Company as their agent to see that you lack no comfort or attention that can be furnished you on these islands. Pray do not hesitate to call upon me. I have a mother and sisters and am used to being called upon; and," he added, with a slight smile, "I am accustomed to be told at times that my services are no compensation for the room I occupy. I will bid you good night and pleasant dreams here and now, but if you need my services this evening, kindly send Antoine to the warehouse. It is there I have my room, and I will gladly respond with an immediate attendance."

With a stately bow, indicating mutual respect, as was the manner of the period, this true lady and true gentleman bade each other adieu for the night—the one to pass it in her lofty chamber in the strong lighthouse tower—the other in the almost equally strong warehouse not far away—not so far but that a call could be heard from one to the other.

The Madame was awaiting at the door the arrival of her guest and she received her so warmly, albeit a little anxiously, that Miss Pearl, obeying an impulse, imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, thus expressing a sense of mingled respect and dependence, inspired by the strange surroundings in which so unexpectedly she found herself. Still escorted by Virginie and Antoine and followed by Hector

she immediately ascended to her apartment, which had been put in most comfortable order for her.

The keeper's private articles had been removed and those more suitable to her sex had been arranged for her. One thing Miss Pearl especially noted—that the bed had been piled high with soft feather mattresses—so high indeed that in getting between the sheets she would be compelled to use a chair to get into the center of the yielding and enfolding masses of drapery. Such soft night resting places were the luxury of the poor of that period and the necessity of the rich. A carpet woven from woolen rags lay in the center of the floor; a high-backed rocking chair and three or four straight-backed chairs, with woven straw bottoms painted blue; while all the woodwork was painted red, a high chest of drawers of solid, rich mahogany with brass pendant handles; a small looking-glass and wash stand, with a white bowl and pitcher, and a very few minor articles, such as pictures of the Virgin, the Pope and some of the Saints, were the articles that Miss Pearl noticed. As before mentioned, the room embraced the whole diameter and circumference of the tower, except that the passage-way leading to the light room above, as it was called, was partitioned off at one side.

The apartment was lighted by three windows, one of which overlooked the Island, and the other two north and southward out upon the blue waters. To see the shores of Michigan it was only necessary to open the door and step across the narrow hall and look out of the fourth-story window, which it will also be noted overhung the doorway far below. To reach this lofty resting place, such being the shape of the tower, required three flights of ladder-like stairs, the first of which ascended nearly twenty feet and the other two almost as much, and, as the tower was built upon a knoll, the height of these win-

dows was nearly sixty feet—so high indeed that they overlooked the tops of the trees—oak, hemlock and pine—which covered the Island, and afforded a downward view of many of the paths leading from the pier, along one of which were ranged the company's warehouse and the row of wood cutters' cabins. The step ladder leading to the lights was also a long one and the glass, dome-like top, was lofty enough to make the total height above the water one hundred feet.

CHAPTER VII

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

THIS tower had been built from plans prepared in Washington and was the duplicate of several others located at points along the coast, both of the Great Lakes and of the Atlantic and Pacific.

The engineer who furnished the details of these structures, while he had "never a red," as he expressed it, left over of his monthly stipend of a hundred and ten dollars, was a young gentleman of many expensive tastes and ideas, which, not finding expression through the expenditure of his own means, found involuntary utterance when he planned and figured and dreamed out these lighthouse towers. It was in one of these dreams that he had just pictured to himself that he afterwards incorporated in the plans and specifications a single chamber combining every possible convenience, which he—still dreaming—thought would please his own tastes, if he should receive an appointment calling for his own residence in the luxurious apartment. There were eight of these structures built before there was a change in administration, and the stopping of undue expense as one measure of reform. This young gentleman had caused an extra outlay of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars as a relief to his exuberant and irrepressible fancy. In the plans these rooms were marked "Apartment for General Superintendent of Lighthouses." In the one described the keeper had made it his own room, but always

had vacated it in favor of his guests and priestly visitors and Superintendent. The last two occupants had been two gentlewomen, from the south of France—the Sisters of Charity alluded to by Captain Sprott.

Hence, aside from the furnishings, this lofty apartment was a place of refined taste. The ceiling was nearly twenty feet high and lined with smoothed oiled hemlock carefully matched; the sides were also lined with the same wood, and the floors of oiled black walnut, and, while the whole apartment was one room, it was divided by low partitions of white wood into bed-room, dressing room, ante-room, trunk room and drawing room, in the latter of which there was an open fire place with brass mountings, brass andirons and tongs. The windows of this whole floor were narrow but long and high, the framework and indeed the whole room was painted with heavy coats of lead of dazzling whiteness.

Beneath each window there was a seat and a deep recess made in a shelf for living plants. The sash holding the glass of the windows moved easily up and down and by standing on the seats, the occupant of the room could have an almost unobstructed view beneath and around the great tower. If the young gentleman architect and engineer in his visionary work a quarter of a century before in Washington, could have foreseen Miss Pearl, Virginie, Antoine and Hector as they burst into this apartment, flooded as it was with the setting sun, and polished and kept with the utmost care, he would have said that he builded better than he knew, for all the conveniences and art used in the decorations were now to be fully appreciated.

Miss Pearl went immediately to the southward window and stepping upon the seat in front of it, raised the sash, or rather in the latter was anticipated by the active An-

toine. Glancing downward she saw Eric and Mr. Grimley rapidly passing down the path to the warehouse—she noted again the great breadth of Eric's shoulders and recalled what Antoine had said about his immense strength. She noted the more slender but higher stature of Mr. Grimley, and his alert quick tread. As she looked downward it seemed that Eric held his head forward in a thoughtful introspective manner, while that of the latter was poised erect—confident and self-reliant. The sight of these two stalwart, thoroughly honest and reliable men, as she found them to be, afforded her an inexpressible comfort and a sense of safety, the need of which she was beginning to experience. Doubly so, as will be brought out in the succeeding chapters.

Far to the south she saw the fast vanishing steamer upon which she had come so many hundred miles; a backward glance through the northward window showed her the sister steamer at an equal distance to the north. Every vestige of sailing vessels had disappeared, and the twilight shadows were falling deeply upon water and shore.

Assisted by both Antoine and his sister, who, after the manner of their race, talked even faster than they worked, and often both talked with their pleasant voices at once, Miss Pearl arranged her apartments. A single trunk that she had designated had been brought up, but Antoine with the keys, and many special directions made several trips and brought up the long stairs many other articles—napkins, towels, sheets, all necessary for her comfort. The air grew chilly and Antoine lighted a crackling fire of wood in the open grate. Virginie lighted the polished brass oil lamps, hung in brackets around the room.

Just as the latter had completed this task, and was

about to go above and light the warning signal lamps, she glanced downward and saw a boat about to put off from the pier with two men in it. She hastily called her brother to look and tell Miss Pearl who they were, while she continued up the ladder to light the lamps. By the time she had returned, the long narrow boat with its two occupants had rapidly rounded the pier and was some distance out on the darkening water. Antoine declared that he did not know the men, but it was Eric Johnson's canoe. Virginie ran rapidly into one of the inner rooms—the one we have designated the trunk room and came out with a long spy-glass belonging to her father. She adjusted its focus right and briefly said: "Yes! Eric's canoe, and, man, Eric's too, woodcutter. Going over to mainland. Wish I was. Then see, Daniel." As she said this she handed Miss Pearl the glass but in order to use it to advantage, our heroine stepped upon the shelf under the north window and accurately adjusting the focus as she had often done with the same kind of glass at the opera or concert, she looked carefully down upon the two men and their canoe.

The two were seated almost flat on the bottom of the light and yielding craft, which was put together with bark and light tough wood. Its capacity was about a dozen persons and with only the two in it, it danced and rolled like a cork upon the water. Each of the men held a paddle and with long measured sweeps they had propelled the canoe forward at a rapid rate.

"One has the manners of a gentleman," Miss Pearl remarked at length, partly to herself and partly to her companions, and just as she had somehow come to this conclusion, the oarsmen ceased their efforts and laid their paddles in front of them in the bottom of the canoe.

Antoine with his keen young eyes observed the move-

ment and exclaimed: "That man in the stern has just got out of wind. He isn't used to rowing. Eric's man will have to do it all and they won't land on the Michigan shore until midnight—O ho!"

Miss Pearl with her glasses could see very clearly all that transpired in the canoe. The stranger, as he may properly be called, took a flask from his pocket and unscrewing the top made a drinking cup of it. He dipped a little water out of the lake and then filled the cup with the contents of the flask and drank it.

"Whiskey," interjected the boy. The stranger then prepared a similar potion for the sturdy woodman and both proceeded to make ready some tobacco. The stranger lit a cigar; his companion filled a clay pipe, and then the former, seating himself leisurely in the extreme end of the boat, used his paddle thereafter only to keep the boat in its proper direction. Antoine observing this, dryly said and with more truth than he dreamed of: "I guess that new man has money enough to pay the other man for doing all his rowing and he is going to take it easy for the rest of the way." In fact the man with the cigar had beneath his rough clothes no less than one hundred and eighty-one thousand dollars United States bills, besides numerous smaller ones in convenient size for paying his expenses during the long journey upon which he had set out, where every honest man's hand would be against him.

And yet Eric Johnson with his bold, frank and guileless face had dispatched his man and his canoe to speed the stranger on his way. Moreover he had fed him and had had a long and confidential talk with him. It is no more than fair to relate, even now, that Eric knew nothing of the hidden portmanteau with its exceedingly valuable contents, neither of the large sum concealed un-

der the stranger's vest—or waistcoat—Eric did know that the man had come on the *Great East* in one costume and was going over to the Michigan Shore in another.

As Miss Pearl gazed at the disappearing canoe and its occupants, and wondered if this occurrence was anything which might concern her, the tinkling of a bell was heard and after a hasty toilet she descended the two flights of stairs to take her place at the table that Madame Malloire had tastefully spread. There were seats for all, save the latter. As to her two children and single guest she waited upon them almost silently. When she had nothing to do she stood respectfully behind Miss Pearl's chair. Afterwards the latter learned that this was the custom of this good woman when her husband entertained his guests; be they woodmen, travelers, priests or Sisters of Charity. "The Madame can do this for courtesy but not for money," the keeper would say, thus kindly sparing his wife's feelings.

While the mother was silently observant and attentive, her two children were not so. Their father had admitted them to an equality that had scarcely existed between his wife and himself. In fact he had bought her of her father for some articles of value greatly desired by the latter, and a Catholic priest being convenient, a marriage ceremony had been duly performed and a great Indian and traders' celebration held lasting several days and nights. This beginning of a life partnership was not romantic but while the habits of life begun thus, left their mark in the home, the two were most faithful and loving. The man was twenty years the senior and the comforts which came through his wife's watchful care excited his gratitude and he was uniformly kind to her and treated her with a uniform show of respect, but with no such open freedom as he did their son and daughter. These

he idolized and it was for them and their supposed welfare that he was now started on his long journey.

Miss Pearl greatly enjoyed the supper and the lively company of the two young people. She bore her part in the chatty conversation which ensued but the events of the day had drawn upon her strength and she soon asked Virginie if she would not show her to her room for the night. This Virginie gracefully and lovingly did. Hector followed them after a generous portion for his supper and was locked into the little ante-room of Miss Pearl's apartment, where stretched upon a mat of woven corn-husks he assumed his post of watchman over his young mistress. As Miss Pearl awoke in the night, as she did several times both the first and many nights thereafter and heard the slight movements and regular breathing of the great and faithful animal, she thanked God for the comfort it afforded and remembered with a gratitude almost beyond words the kindness of her friend, Mr. Jackson. This feeling, great as it was, would have been heightened if she had known fully the sacrifice that had been made to add this security to herself.

Once locked in her chamber the young lady made a careful survey of its contents, which have already been imperfectly described. Not a thing necessary for her comfort was left out, but she was especially grateful for the abundant light. Three bright oil lamps were burning behind burnished reflectors and the open wood fire was sparkling and cheery with its bright brass surroundings. The long windows were shaded with folding green shades; she drew these aside and glanced out. The wind sighing through the woods came through the still open sashes. The stars were shining but no moon, and for a moment the desolation of her situation almost over-

whelmed her, but resuming her search for things in her new rooms she again espied the harp and zither which she had observed in the afternoon. These the Madame had removed to the trunk room. From their recess Miss Pearl brought the former with a beaming face.

"I know how these came here," she thought. "They have been brought over from France by the sweet nuns to soothe and tame the savages among whom their lives were to be ended. This clear-toned instrument has been left here for safety, while perhaps its owner has died and is forgotten."

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST NIGHT ON THE ISLAND

With these thoughts Miss Pearl began with the practised skill of a true artist to finger the instrument and to tighten the keys of the gilded harp. Seating herself contentedly before it on a low stool, and with her mind still full of the idea of converting the imaginary savages, she searched her mind for hymns suitable for such service, and unconsciously began to sing—oblivious of all save the music, the words, and the imaginary listening band. Her voice was a velvety contralto, clear and of a wonderful depth and richness. She had what is rare and always pleasing, a distinct utterance of the words of the songs she sung.

Meanwhile Edward Grimley had found his quarters and established himself therein. At one end of the warehouse was a narrow and steep stairway leading to a loft over the spacious single warehouse room below. A curtain divided a portion of the apartment into a small bed room, in one part of which there was a wooden, box-like structure fastened to the side of the wall, which answered the need of a resting place. This was without sheets, but piled deep with buffalo and beaver skins.

As Grimley surveyed his quarters, and especially the apology for a bedstead, he involuntarily thought of the answer that the "Iron Duke" Wellington is said to have made to a lady, who, on a tour of inspection through his palace noted the little iron bed upon which the aged

warrior reposed, and said: "Sire, what do you do in the night, when you wish to turn over?" Quoth he, grimly, "When I wish to turn over, I turn out. I have then had sleep enough." Grimley's heavy and capacious trunk was left below but for the evening he found all conveniences within his hand portmanteau.

Hastily noting the position of everything necessary to be known upon his return later in the evening, he sallied forth to find Eric Johnson, with whom it was proposed that he should take his supper. He found the latter in his log cabin busily engaged in cooking over a large fireplace upon which were piled logs, and being of oak, they threw out great heat. Eric was cooking in lard some thinly sliced potatoes in an iron frying pan; these finished, in the same utensil he put a slice or two of ham and bacon. Hung over the fire on a swinging crane were several iron pots, all boiling vigorously but without anything in the water.

Eric quietly observed to Grimley, as he entered and took a seat upon a high-backed wooden settle drawn, now —on account of the mildness of the weather—as far back from the rays of the heat as possible: "When I do the housework I like plenty of hot water. It does not cost anything to boil and it is wonderfully handy in cleaning up after a meal, and besides the bubbling noise is cheerful and homelike to hear. The sound carries me back to the old country, to my grandmother's cottage."

Arranged in a row before the fire, were various "Johnny" or "Journey-cakes," made of Indian meal with a pinch of salt added. These were cooked one side at a time by the reflection of the heat as they rested at almost an acute angle. These cakes were mixed and partly cooked by hot water and afterwards delicately browned upon the thin wood strips which held them al-

most upright. Millions of the pioneer settlers of America have lived frequently for weeks entirely on this simple but relishable fare, and even when other food has been abundant, these homely cakes have been an indispensable adjunct.

Eric, with easy dexterity, placed the food upon the table and Grimley drew his chair—or settle—forward and began a vigorous attack upon the viands. Eric did the same, but before beginning to eat, he paused a moment and a slight movement of lips united with a downward position of his head and eyes, convinced Grimley that his companion had looked upward with thanks to the Great Giver of Life, as the Oriental religions have sometimes described Him whom we simply call God.

The one thing peculiar that Grimley observed was the free use of the contents of the molasses cup upon the corn-bread. He rather comically thought of the little story which had just before floated to the east as a quotation from a southwestern belle's request at a table when both plenty and good breeding were supposed to prevail: "Will you please pass them molasses"—being the way it was uttered. He thought too of what he had heard described as quite heathenish—the eating together of pork and molasses.

In a roundabout way he questioned Eric as to the latter custom. "Ah, Mr. Grimley, you will know how good it tastes before you have passed through one long winter in this latitude. Upon the same principle the Esquimau's belle prefers to be presented with a candle to eat rather than the most delicate piece of sugar candy. One of the captains of our line," continued Eric, "said that he had seen a settler journeying from the settlements of the Red River of the North, seated at a table in a boarding house in Chicago, draw a large bowl of

the richest gravy, prepared from pork meat, toward him and with a tablespoon eat the whole with the same relish he would eat one-half the quantity of French soup. You see how we come to it—the two, pork and molasses, satisfy our appetites, and that is following nature, even if polite and refined people are sarcastic."

Changing the subject, Eric continued, "I didn't expect to be cook, except perhaps occasionally, but my man has had to go over to the mainland with a stranger, who was a passenger on the *Great East,* hence I must prepare your food all Winter; the man has left for good and all, and I can't hire any other. This does not suit my tastes because, firstly, I don't like cooking so very much, and then I don't like to chop wood all alone, but I shall have to put up with it I suppose."

"Who was the passenger?" casually remarked Grimley, "I did not see any one."

"Oh, he was a man from St. Louis. He brought a letter from the head of a society I belong to, telling me to do anything he said. As he wanted my man and boat and said so, why there was nothing to be said about it. He gave me a twenty dollar gold piece, a thing I had never seen before, and that was another argument for letting him go away with the canoe.

"Mr. Grimley, we could not set up a bank with so much money, could we?"

"Yes, indeed," the latter replied smilingly, "a little one, and yet plenty large enough for the population of the island. Let me see, how many have we?"

Eric counted: "Madame Malloy and two children and you and I, and Miss Pearl; six."

"Is there no chance of any more coming?"

"No, except as visitors for a day to trade or to fish, before the lake is frozen or in a month or two after the

snow lies upon the ice, may we expect any one. In the first case they will come in boats but later on snow-shoes."

Grimley suddenly thought of possible danger to Miss Pearl and asked, "What kind of people will be likely to visit us?"

Eric replied: "Most likely Indians; they come here to get supplies from the Company's store. You will have to trade with them, Mr. Grimley. They nearly always come in little bands of ten or twenty, sometimes a hundred come over and then too the Michigan Settlers row over—sometimes one and sometimes more. I have known twenty to come at once. They get tired of doing nothing and come just to break the sameness of their lives. They look at everything you have for sale but buy precious little; they are too poor. Why, in twenty families settled along the shore—a mile and perhaps ten miles from a neighbor, there isn't as much money as this one piece of gold. In fact and to tell the truth for myself, Mr. Grimley," he added with a laugh, "all the money I had to carry me through the five months before the vessels ran in the spring, was a dollar and a half. Of course, I have my supplies and have credit for more with the Company. As for the Indians they haven't any—not a cent—but they have furs and that is where you make your money. You can buy a beaver skin worth ten dollars with three dollars' worth of merchandise, costing perhaps a dollar and a half in Buffalo."

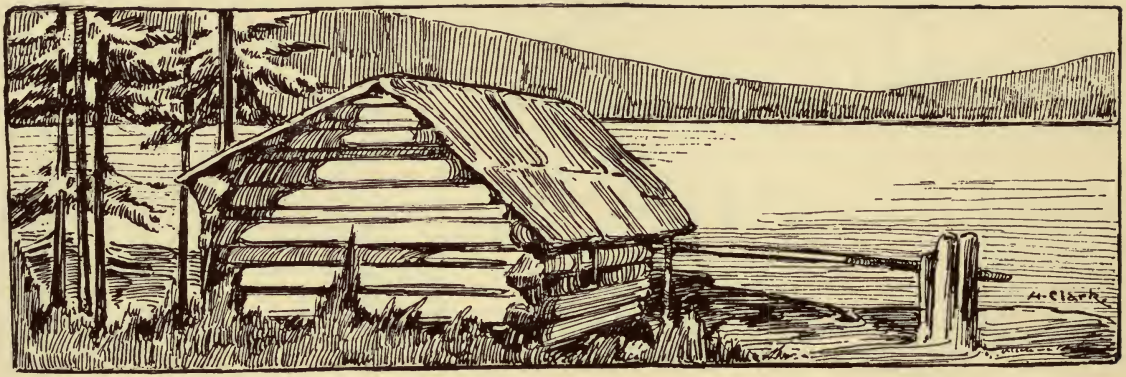
More gravely and thoughtfully Eric added: "I don't know how much evil would come with plenty of money. It would bring robbing and drinking, and drinking would lead to murdering. Why, Mr. Grimley, if it were known all through this country that I had this piece of gold, there are both white men and Indians who would come five

hundred miles to kill me for it—in the dead of winter too. The rascals are afraid to touch you because they fear the Company and know how strong the warehouse is—if they had whiskey in them and money to be had they might even attack the warehouse. There is no fear of the lighthouse being robbed, because it is built so strongly—like a castle—everyone knows Malloy and understands that it is death—sure—to interfere with him or his concerns."

It was thus these men chatted and talked over their frugal meal. They were reticent as to each other's history and the past as it related to them. Confidential and personal matters came later. The new country was settled with men who had left their former homes for cause and it was part of the rough politeness and hospitality of the times and place that no questions should be asked which might bring up painful reminiscences; none the less they were kind and helpful to each other as a class.

A few minutes' active work, at the conclusion of their supper, upon the part of Eric put everything to rights in a fashion that would have delighted the heart of a tidy housekeeper.

The bright reflection of the cheerful blaze caused the men to linger with contentment for an hour or more, during which the conversation was upon the probable weather, the last political news, the profitableness of the season's navigation—both agreed that it had been a good one for steam but not for sailing vessels—and such topics. Grimley soon after rose to go and Eric, putting on his bear skin cap and leaving the door of the cabin ajar, followed him out for a stroll. The night was clear, star lit, almost warm, and the hour was approaching nine; there was an honest-faced clock of Eastern manufacture in Eric's cabin which told that. The pair



"A Log Cabin."

involuntarily took the path leading by the pier and up towards the lighthouse. This was brilliantly illuminated, not only at the top but the two upper tiers of windows, were especially bright as the light rays poured in a seeming flood from Miss Pearl's floor.

The men silently walked down the grassy, chipped stone pathway, and drawing a little to one side, stood looking upward. Just then the tinkling, vibrating tones from the instrument floated out upon the air. Eric whispered: "That is the Sisters' harp. I have heard them play upon it of an evening, but, hush! I never heard any singing with it before—the rustling of the autumn leaves by the gentle wind had seldom or never been accompanied by so sweet a sound. Floating out low, clear, tremulous, it grew stronger and louder as the familiar hymn was sung:

"Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through a barren land,
I am weak but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand."

The Madame and her children, one story below, listened in an awed silence until the whole composition was sung through. Hector whimpered his sympathy as dogs will and both Eric and Grimley stood spellbound.

Next there floated clearly and sweetly upon the night's silence, the following translation of a Greek hymn by Neale, still with the harp's fitful but most musical accompaniment:

"Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars labored heavily;

Foam glimmered white:
Mariners trembled;
Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of God,
'Peace, it is I.'

"Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wave of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Peril can none be—
Sorrow must fly—
When sayeth the Light of light,
'Peace, it is I.'

"Jesus, Deliverer!
Come thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea!
Then when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by
Whisper, O, Truth of truth
'Peace, it is I.'"

And still again, one of Luther's hymns of the fifteenth century:

"Oh, world, I must forsake thee,
And far away betake me,
To seek my native shore;
So long I've dwelt in sadness,
I wish not now for gladness,
Earth's joys for me are o'er.

"Sore is my grief and lonely,
And I can tell it only

To Thee my friend most sure!
God, let Thy hand uphold me;
Thy pitying heart enfold me,
For else I am most poor.

"My Refuge when I hide me,
From Thee can nought divide me;
No pain, no poverty;
Naught is too bad to fear it
If Thou art then to spare it;
My heart asks only Thee."

The spirit of song had entirely possessed the lofty imagination of Miss Pearl and the utterance of the words seemed a fit expression of her feelings of mingled apprehension and trust. Grimley and Eric saw the curtains drawn and the lights extinguished in the singer's room ere they moved or spoke and then Eric said, "I never expected to have heard such music until I was within the gates of Heaven. Mr. Grimley, are women so much better than men? They must be or one of them could not produce such heavenly sounds."

"Eric," said Grimley, earnestly, "There is in every human soul just such music awaiting the redemption of the body. All will not reach it, but it is dormant in all, awaiting like that old harp, the touch of the Master's hand. The spirit of the past ages and of millions of singers has come upon Miss Pearl, and she has forgotten herself in the high themes. To-morrow she will be like other women; to-night she is exalted high over us all—perhaps higher than the angels."

CHAPTER IX

MISS PEARL SENDS A LETTER TO NEW YORK

THUS the day, so eventful, closed upon the well nigh deserted island; the still hours passed peacefully over the sleepers. Evil events and dreadful Winter were gathering their forces to dash upon its shore, but for that first night which they spent upon this far off island, Gertrude Pearl and Edward Grimley had nothing but peaceful thoughts and calm anticipations. Is it betraying a confidence to say that their last waking thoughts were of each other?

The next morning as Grimley was engaged in comparing certain invoices left by his predecessor with the packages of goods in the warehouse, he heard a knock upon his door and the cheerful voice of Antoine.

"Oh, say, Mister Agent, Miss Pearl would like to see you on business when you can spare time to come over, or if you think best she will call here."

"Well, Antoine," after a little pause, replied Grimley, "you may ask Miss Pearl to come down here to state her business. Although not a business man, I understand that to do business in its own hours and in its own place is one of the rules."

Accordingly in a few moments Gertrude appeared at the Agent's office—a small affair—but furnished with chairs, a desk or two, with a little fire burning in an open grate, and cheerfully illuminated by a window through which the morning sunbeams came.

Rather curiously each was carefully dressed in the style of the period. Grimley's pale face was cleanly shaved and was without either beard or moustache, but his hair was long and inclined to curl; his clothes were of good broadcloth of a dark color, and his boots, collar, necktie, were all scrupulously neat—this was his everyday style, only this morning he had put his thoughts into these details. Miss Pearl had on a dark woolen dress with shawl to match and a bonnet made for warmth as well as handsome appearance—of beaver and a feather.

As Grimley saw her walking lightly down the pathway, he said to himself: "Surely these islands were never trodden by so beauteous a being as this one I see, since the Creator first formed them." Hastily recalling the evening before when he drank in—in a measure beyond words—the high and lofty strains of song, revealing a spirit equal to its external form, he felt an impulse to fall down and worship the maiden; but no such man was Edward Grimley. An impulse might be felt, but no emotion moved him; reason and self-control were his birthright and they had been cultivated to a high degree. Hence, he was able to receive Miss Pearl with an easy manner.

Both Antoine and Hector were with her, but she pleasantly dismissed the former, telling him to wait for her outside the door. Mr. Grimley placed a chair for her and resumed his own seat behind a low business desk in a convenient position to see and be seen as might be.

"Mr. Grimley," lightly began the young lady, "if I understand the matter rightly, I am under your care as the Company's Agent, am I not? I am at liberty, also, to call upon you when I need anything. Is it not so?"

Mr. Grimley bowed an acquiescence, in no way showing whether he felt it to be a pleasure and said quietly, "I am paid to look out for the Company's property and to obey

orders. Broad instructions have been given me relating to you. I am to furnish you with all the money, supplies or service you require, and," he continued, with a slight smile, "this makes me very nearly your humble servant, which I am happy to be."

Miss Pearl responded quickly also with a momentary smile: "I shall endeavor not to take advantage of these instructions. I wish this morning to ask you a few questions. Twenty-four hours ago I little expected to be an inhabitant of these islands, and my position is most strange and unexpected. Don't think that I am alarmed or dissatisfied, but I wish to know more than I do. Have you any idea how long I may be delayed here?"

Mr. Grimley replied with a grave, yet kind voice: "I can appreciate your feelings of surprise. Once in my life and experience I have seen even a greater change wrought in a day, and I have already given your dilemma some thought. You cannot get away from here under any circumstances under a month's time. This is the first day of winter and although the day is mild and balmy, in a few hours we may be in the midst of the first storms of the season. After these storms set in, so Eric tells me, it is a month before the winter is so fairly set in that one—especially a lady—can with proper guides and with fair chance of surviving a journey of some hundreds of miles through the wilderness, set out overland either south or east. This trip can be taken any time up to the first of March or say any time in January or February. You understand that after May 1st you can leave at your utmost ease by the weekly line of steamers, but not until then without risk and some personal danger."

Miss Pearl did not appear much cast down by this intelligence. She had evidently gleaned as much information

from the Madame and Virginie the evening before, but she had another question.

"Mr. Grimley, is there any way in which I can send a letter to my aunt and guardian? You read her letter and must know how anxious she will be about me."

"Yes, Eric tells me there will doubtless be a schooner or two pass southward to-day or to-morrow, and I think, while they will not delay so long as to stop here, I can take a boat—or, better yet, Eric will, and put the letter aboard."

"If that is so, I must write it at once so as not to lose the chance, and, by the way, Mr. Grimley, I shall tell my aunt that I shall probably be an inhabitant here all the winter. Do you see any reason why I should not say so?"

"No, I see no fair reason why you should not stay in safety. There are risks, but not as large as in traveling through the dense forests between us and civilization. Should you be seriously ill you might need the services of a physician, and inevitably you will miss a great many comforts, not to mention the luxuries of life in more accessible places."

Miss Pearl replied in a new and softer tone than any she had yet used in her conversation: "You expect yourself to run all the risks of the residence here, do you not, Mr. Grimley? You may be ill and you will miss the comforts of civilization, will you not?" She glanced about the rough warehouse and failed not to note the ladder leading to the upper floor, and added simply, pointing to it, "That is the way you get up to your apartments, is it not?"

"Yes, those are my palace stairs," he said smilingly, "but I am doing penance and the rougher and harder my lot the better I am pleased; I deliberately chose this, but with you it is accidental."

"Yes," quickly interrupted Miss Pearl, "it may be equally a health restoring penance for me, even if it be involuntary." Rising she gave her hand to the young man with a movement indicating a frank confidence and said in conclusion: "I will have the letter written by noon. Will you be good enough to have Eric all ready to take it in case a schooner should come in sight? I shall watch for one through the telescope." Calling Antoine, who was idly waiting outside, she stepped lightly down the path. Philosophic Grimley watched her and said in an undertone, "Oh, that I were Adam if that were Eve! But this is no Garden of Eden, and my wages are but thirty dollars per month and found. Would that I could serve for her as Jacob served for Rachel!"

Mr. Jackson, her faithful escort, had told Miss Pearl just before the departure of the *Great West* that Edward Grimley was a graduate of the same university as himself, although in a previous class—that he belonged to the same secret society, and that he had heard of him as high up both in his studies and in athletics. Hence, the lady had immediately put her own interpretation upon his confession as to his now doing penance. Womanlike, she had thought, that it was an affair of the heart—that he had been treated cruelly and to save his peace he had withdrawn from civilization—not for hire, but for lost love's sake. Miss Pearl was wrong—Grimley had been deeply wounded, indeed, but in another part of his mental organization—as will be explained hereafter.

At two o'clock a long letter had been written and duly directed to aunt Estelle, care of the well known house of Worthy Williams & Co., New York City. The writing had been interrupted by the noon-day meal, which was prepared and served with exact propriety at twelve o'clock. Antoine knocked at the outer door of her apartment and

said gently, "Mam'selle, dinner is awaiting your convenience."

"Thank you, Antoine, I will be down in a moment."

The repast over, Miss Pearl returned to her task of writing, but alternated it by frequent trips both to the north and south windows, each time sweeping with careful gaze the utmost limit of the horizon. She was soon rewarded by the appearance of a white shadowy sail in the far distance and knowing that some hours would pass ere the ship could sail by the island, Miss Pearl leisurely finished her letter, made a little toilet suitable for outdoors, and calling Virginie, they walked out together toward the warehouse.

Knocking, the door was opened by the Agent, who had been steadily busy with his invoices. Handling some heavy cloths in stock for the trappers' trade, he had found the exercise difficult and had laid off his coat; this, upon admitting the ladies, he immediately resumed and upon Miss Pearl's saying politely she did not wish to interrupt him in his work, that he need not put on his coat on account of her coming for a moment, he replied, with a dignity that impressed her:

"If you will not allow me to resume my coat on account of respect to you, at least let me do so out of respect to myself." After which he added most pleasantly and frankly, "I see you have your letter ready; now where is the ship? . Have you sighted it?"

"Yes," replied Miss Pearl. "There is a schooner—I think that is what you call a two masted vessel—just rounding to the west of our neighbor island, and Eric will have a good pull to get it I am afraid." She handed her letter to Grimley and put in his hand a Spanish half-dollar, nearly the only coined currency in circulation at the time. "That is for the postage; it is a double letter and it

will need that much. I should not wish my Aunt's friend to have to pay her postage; I am too well taught for that, although I know that if it is not paid, the letter will go safely and it can be paid when it reaches New York. I have, however, frequently heard my Uncle complain that people wrote him on trivial matters and let him pay for the postage after the letter arrived. He says it should be made a law that all letters should be prepaid and that would stop the loss."

Two hours later, Eric Johnson was alongside the *Agnes Belle,* of Michigan City, in a little canoe, in which he had also taken Antoine, "for ballast," as he said, but really for his company. The boy, Antoine, sat in the stern and used a small paddle with considerable skill, mostly to give direction to the little craft while the man gave his great strength to long sweeping pulls with his paddle, used sometimes on one side of the canoe and sometimes on the other. The Captain willingly received the letter and after a little conversation Eric pushed off and ere twilight was safely back over the smooth waters of the lake.

Let us follow the course of this missive upon its long trip from the then verge to the center of the civilization of America. Four days later the Captain of the *Agnes Belle* walked into the post-office at Michigan City and handing the clerk the half-dollar, asked, "When does the next mail go out?" and the clerk answered, "In half a week, if the weather will permit. The mail was made up this morning, and we have no stage except twice a week." "All right," said the honest Captain, "that will be in time, I guess—the fellow who sent the letter didn't say anything about haste, and I see that nothing except the direction is written on it. When I am in a hurry with my letters I always put on them 'In haste.' Bye, bye."

The clerk was a shrewd fellow bred in a country store

in New England, from which he had been discharged for pilfering, and had "gone West"—this being another name for the later term "gone wrong." Noticing the absence of the tell-tale word "prepaid," he took the letter and put on the corner the name of the post-office and the date and added "Collect fifty cents." "I swonny, I believe I am in luck this morning," said he, "I am a half-dollar ahead, anyway. If I could get a letter like that every day I should soon have enough to set up in business and get rich, and then run for Congress."

A little more than a week later the letter was in Fort Wayne, having traveled on a stage coach through storm and snow, and in ten days it reached New York by the way of Cincinnati, and Philadelphia, so not far from Christmas, Gertrude's aunt sat in a chair in Mr. Williams' office reading it.

This letter, written from a prudent young lady to one much older, cannot be reproduced here, although it described much better than the present writer can possibly do so the events here attempted to be portrayed—but we may use perhaps a few sentences.

"You know, dear Aunt, that I have been worrying over the question, 'Why was I created to lead a useless life.' When I was thinking seriously as to being shut up all the long winter on this little island, all at once it came to my mind that here I would find the solution of the problem. I still think so, although I cannot write all my thoughts on this great question.

"Since you have written me, I know why I have felt so toward my uncle. From the time he lost his property he has been to me a changed man. I have felt that he was ready to sacrifice me—or my fortune, to retrieve his own. He has shut me off from all society, all books, all thoughts, except such as he might seek to inspire. You,

dear aunt, have noticed my wasting health and waning strength; let me say that it was caused by the presence of the spirit of evil. I knew it not; it came so insidiously that I felt resistance meant death; for my uncle sought to obtain a sole magnetic control over me, which I as incessantly sought to resist. How glad I was to make this western journey to get away from his influence! —little did I dream that I was being sent as an article of merchandise to a market—or like a beast to the shambles. My cheek burns with shame when I think of it, and I thank God for His watchful eye in preserving me. I feel safe in His hands and none the less so on account of these strong walls and the protection promised me through your influence with Mr. Williams. . . . . So, dear Aunt, don't worry about me. Consider me the same as on a farm for the summer months or attending music lessons for the winter in Munich. One thing I almost forgot to mention. When I was looking through the glass at the man who was left off the steamer and taken over to the mainland, I had a curious thought—I thought it was my uncle, your husband. He has a peculiar way with him as you know, as he lights his cigar, of holding his match until the light is all gone, before he throws it down. This man did this exactly as uncle does. Then besides, his shape and movements were so like his that I felt greatly impressed while I knew that it could not be. I dismissed the thought from my mind but in the evening when the little boy, Antoine, told about the twenty-dollar gold piece he had given Eric—the wood contractor—it brought it again to my mind—this was so like uncle. Still another thought was added—that it really might be my uncle from St. Louis was shadowing me with his evil presence. Of course there is nothing in this, but it shows you how my thoughts are still agitated by the evil which

has and I am afraid still threatens me. . . . . .

"Have I mentioned the Agent's name who resides here? His name is Edward Grimley. He seems to be a very good business-man indeed. I have called at his office once and he has undertaken to have this letter sent on by some vessel and he says that anything I wish him to do he has directions from his employers for doing. That he is paid for it by the company and he is very desirous of doing his duty in the matter of my needs."

CHAPTER X

THE DETECTIVE FROM ST. LOUIS ON THE TRAIL

Mrs. Goodwin upon concluding the reading of the long epistle, handed it to Mr. Williams, who hastily glanced over its contents as a matter of politeness, rather than curiosity, but when he reached that part telling of the resemblance of the man in the canoe to her uncle and her curious thoughts relating to it, his interest was wonderfully quickened. "May I make a note or two from this letter before you take it?" he said, and receiving a ready consent he carefully copied—word for word—what Miss Pearl had written about the stranger. Mrs. Goodwin and her friend then referred to the curious position in which the former's niece was situated. "There is nothing for it now, Mrs. Goodwin, except to wait for spring. You had better write the young lady every fortnight, and chance the letter reaching her, via Grand Traverse Bay. They have a post-office there and that is within 30 to 60 miles—I don't know which."

Mrs. Goodwin acquiesced in this, but still lingering, said hesitatingly, "I wish we knew more about this Mr. Edward Grimley, the Agent there. My niece quite fully describes all the people left on the island—even Hector, the dog—but merely says that Mr. Grimley, who is certainly the most important person on the island, is a good business man and quite anxious to do his duty."

"As if," said the gray-haired merchant, "that were not description and praise enough. I wish Mrs. Goodwin,

that I had a son to succeed me who would fill that description." The lady bowed in an almost painful silence, for both were childless and the shadows of the decline of life were enfolding them.

"Perhaps there may be no danger," she said at length, "but beneath à cool and even exterior my niece has an ardent, impetuous nature capable of any sacrifice when her feelings are engaged. It was upon this that my husband so unhappily calculated. If this Mr. Grimley should be a young and worthy man I fear that my niece will be in all the more danger—" But seeing a smile upon the face of her old admirer, she added, "It is through exposures to such risks that women sometimes are made the happiest of mortals. Let us hope for the best."

When the anxious, and must it be said, the unhappy lady, returned to her home where care and crime were also inmates, Mr. Williams, acting on his business principle of finishing one thing before commencing another, wrote a letter something like this—to an old schoolmate practicing law in St. Louis:

"Dear Sam:—

Here is business for you. I am informed through a letter that on the last day of November, a stranger was put off—or rather took himself off—the steamer *Great East,* bound from Chicago to Buffalo, at the Little Manitou Island in Lake Michigan; that he hired a man and canoe to take himself over to the mainland—about seven or ten miles distant—that he paid for the nominal use of the craft a twenty-dollar gold piece. He was seen by a young woman who thought she recognized a resemblance to another uncle, a Mr. Herman Goodwin, of New York City, brother of the Newton Goodwin, a young man now become notoriously impe-

cunious, formerly rich, poor fellow. I hand you a copy of what the young woman says in her letter. Keep it to yourself and work the case up so that you get the reward and also a good fee and plenty of reputation. Let me add this—I have a protegé—the young lady who wrote the letter—stopping for the winter in the lighthouse—queer place and queer thing, but true, and there is a party there on the island by the name of Edward Grimley. He has charge of the Transportation Company's affairs, as Agent. Now I wish you to divide the amount you get with *him* and also in working up this matter to have your agents instructed to give particular attention to the safety and comfort of the young lady, Miss Gertrude Pearl and the other occupants of the lighthouse. Do you agree to this?

"Now, Sam, go in, *get the man and the money.* They are right there and will be for many long weeks."

The—must it be owned—rather seedy looking Samuel P. Latham proceeded to the office of the Chief of Police of the City of St. Louis, after acknowledging the receipt of the foregoing letter and agreeing specially to the conditions of a division of the reward with the Transportation Company's Agent and the watch and care of Miss Pearl. Sam was honest and gray. He said cheerfully, however: "I am like the fruit that ripens late in the year —slow but sure to get there. All I need is one good case and I am a made man for life and sure of a splendid funeral."

The Chief of Police knew him and was ready to sign a document agreeing to the payment of the reward of twenty thousand dollars, if through information furnished by him, certain securities and money, and also the person of a certain described, etc., etc., should be secured and

returned to St. Louis. The document was safely worded —signed and a copy deposited in the safe of the Chief's office. The two long heads were held close to each other for a time, and then and there plans involving the expenditure of many hundreds of dollars, possible dangers thought of and provided for and the whole powerful machinery of the criminal law of the United States put into silent but resistless motion.

The Chief said at last, "When that double dyed rascal lit that cigar on that far off water, he furnished the exact clue such as we always look for in searching for these first class rogues. They are too keen to be caught by any common act but some little thing like this lets the daylight into their retreats. I know this fellow well and I have seen him often hold his match just as the young woman wrote. It was a Yankee trick he learned when young to keep from the risk of setting anything on fire. And a good trick for anyone to learn too," added the worthy official.

This conversation took place on the fifth day of January between the lawyer and the Chief of Police; the owners of the bank were taken into the consultation and on the seventh, a slender, gray-eyed, cool, collected looking man of forty took the steamboat at the levee for Peoria, Illinois, on his way to the far north. Said a young lady to her mother in commenting upon the strangers about them and pointing to the man: "I know what that man is; I can see it in his looks. He is an inventor. Inventors are always neat, but poor-looking, and thin; they don't get enough to eat. I have heard of one that used to go to bed early nights so that his wife could wash out his only shirt, and she would go in the evening and clean and wash out his office—right down on her knees on the floor and then, mean man, when he did get rich he left his wife and went

off with another woman. I hate those inventors and that man is one you may be sure."

It is a fact that no pure young woman would love the man the speaker had so mistaken, if they could have looked into his mind and seen working the dark, bloody and forceful schemes that were revolving in his mind. Yet he was not a bad man. He had a wife and children who loved him, and he was a member of the Masonic Order, was a man of recognized character. The old Wessex song describes him fairly well:

"My dog he has his master's nose,
To smell a knave through silken hose,
If friends or honest men go bye,
Welcome quothe my dog and I.

"Of foreign tongues let scholars brag,
With fifteen names for a pudding bag,
Two tongues never told a lie,
Their wearers be my dog and I."

Truly, this man was a single individual matched, as the experienced Chief well knew, against a great, secret and mysterious organization, but he was wise and experienced and moreover had the whole law preserving force of the country at his command in the last resort. He bore papers from the Governor of Missouri to the Governors of both Wisconsin and Michigan, issued however, with the utmost secrecy and these in good time would bring others which would enable him to call upon the local authorities for any aid that he might think necessary, aside from his own ready devices to be thought of when the hour of emergency might arise.

In following the fortunes of this single but important

letter, we are several weeks behind the time when Eric, just as the sun was setting, rowed up to the pier after his long and laborious mail service. Here he found the Madame, who instantly took her Antoine by the hand, relieved to get him again, and hurried homeward to prepare the evening meal. Grimley and the two young ladies who were also there, watched Eric as he drew the boat to land, well out of the way of the water line. The latter person soon left to get his own and the Agent's supper, leaving the three young people and Hector, the noble dog, sole occupants of the long structure which in its present deserted condition might be said to represent a promenade with a level though unequal wooden floor.

Miss Pearl remarked that it would be pleasant to go to the extreme end of the pier, to which her companions readily assented and the three walked together almost in silence, but Gertrude slyly asked the question of Grimley how many people he thought there were on the place the evening before just as the two steamers were about to leave. He replied that there must have been at least one thousand. "When they were gone a few minutes later, they left us only six in number."

"More than that," quickly spoke Virginie, "Eric's man, he one, the stranger man he make eight and Hector dog he make nine."

"True," said Mr. Grimley, "but my number soon came to be the right one. Virginie," he continued, turning to the dark-eyed maid, "did Eric ever take anybody else over to the Michigan shore?"

"Yes, a good many people," said Virginie. "They call him Brother when they come and he gives them to eat—the best things—and he rows them over and brings them back. Some be ugly men, look wicked to me. Papa say for me not to look at them and not let them see me, but

papa say Eric good man, very good, kind and gentle man and they cheat poor Eric—papa say that."

A little shade of anxiety passed over Grimley's face but he asked no more questions. Neither did Virginie seem to have anything more to tell. Miss Pearl noticed the fleeting expression and partly to turn the subject observed:

"Mr. Grimley, did you ever reflect upon the great changes a little time can bring? I know you have, because you spoke of it last evening but now when I think of yesterday evening and all the people that were here and tonight so few, I wonder at it but I wonder the more at the contentment with which I view the change that has come to me. Already I feel at home or at least have a homelike feeling. I am at leisure to notice the beauty of the evening, the delightful clearness of the water which we can see through these great cracks between the planks upon which we walk. I listen with pleasure to the soft whispering of the autumn breezes. A situation that yesterday morning I should have viewed with horror, this evening I would not change for any other I know of, I am so content—I feel safe and strangely happy."

As Miss Pearl uttered these words with kindling eyes in a deep yet low voice filled with enthusiasm and accompanied with slight gestures to indicate the past and the present, and the scenery which she described, Grimley involuntarily thought of the songs that he had heard so full of beauty and power the evening before. He had difficulty in restraining his feelings of admiration, but he observed at length briefly and yet kindly:

"Miss Pearl, you are eloquent, but does not your contentment arise from the good care the Madame is taking of you? You say she is like a mother to you. What higher praise could you give her? Your food, and your appetite inspired by this high altitude, are excellent. You

have a strong castle to rest in and delightful apartments, albeit very lofty. You have Hector and you have youth and health. You have Virginie and Antoine for company, and Eric and I 'warders on the outer wall.'"

"Yes," she replied more thoughtfully, "I have all these but I don't like to analyze my feelings nor their causes too closely. It is enough that I am and that I feel. I say I am happy and am content and that should end it. A bird is happy without stopping to explain why. I have seen them almost burst with joy as they have sung their little notes; that is the way I wish to be happy."

Her companion gravely responded: "That may do for a woman, surrounded by the strong safeguards of a home but not for a man until he gets to heaven. Reason and self-keeping should reign kings over both joy and sorrow and to rule properly the question must always be asked, 'why am I feeling thus?' Allow me to ask one more question. Does not your resignation—a pleasant one I mean—come from a sense of a danger escaped?"

"Hardly, Mr. Grimley, because yesterday I knew of no danger. I was sailing along to a sure home—as I thought, where I should see society and friends, and all else I felt I could ask for. I had youth and health then, and food and appetite—you smile—and now I am happier than then—but I won't allow any more talk about myself. Let us speak of Virginie. She knows we are wasting our words. Don't you, dear?"

"Yes," simply returned the maid. "I think supper is ready and mamma will wish for us, and Hector is hungry."

As Grimley parted with his company at the door of their residence—if such it may be called, unbarred by the careful Madame Malloire, Miss Pearl with a half smile said to him: "How early may I call upon you in the morning at your place of business, Mr. Agent?"

"I shall be at my office from eight to ten in the morning and shall be glad to see you," said the Agent, also with a half smile.

"Well, at half past eight then you may expect me."

That evening, tempted by the continued mildness of the weather, and shall we say it, also inspired by recollections of the songs of the evening before, Eric and Grimley paced up and down the green pathway leading from the pier to the lighthouse. They said nothing but each glanced frequently towards the brightly illuminated windows of the story occupied by Gertrude. Their wishes were not disappointed for soon the peculiar tinkling notes of the harp were heard and as if also recalling the last evening, the same songs were rendered but with a still greater effect.

The singer was lost in the subject of the hymns—but at the close and after a little interval, as though with some difficulty she were recalling the words, she sang in a deep, almost man-like tone but of surprising sweetness, the words of the old watchman's song as it has been sung for centuries in the towns and villages of the fatherland —a verse for each hour from ten to three in the morning:

"Hark! Ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!
Ten are the Holy Commandments given,
To man below, from God in Heaven.
Human watch from harm can't ward us:
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through His eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night.

Hark! Ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!

Eleven Apostles of holy mind
Taught the gospel to mankind.
Human watch from harm can't ward us:
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through His eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night.

Hark! Ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve Disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.
Human watch from harm can't ward us:
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through His eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night.

Hark! Ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
One has pealed on the belfry bell!
One God above, one God indeed,
Who bears us up in hours of need:
Human watch from harm can't ward us:
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through His eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night.

Hark! Ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Two now rings from the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free,
Neighbor, oh, choose the best for thee!
Human watch from harm can't ward us:
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through His eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night.

Hark! Ye neighbors and hear me tell,
Three now sounds on the belfry bell!
Three-fold reigns the Heavenly Host;
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Human watch from harm can't ward us:
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through His eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night.

The singer sang all unconsciously as to any effect she might be producing, but an acute ear might possibly have gathered from the deep and almost impassioned tones that upon this, the second night of her stay upon this lonely spot, much of the anxious foreboding of the future was removed from her mind and the songs were indicative of a calmer trust in the Divine care to which in this song service she had committed herself.

It would have required a deeper insight, but the author possesses this, to say as he can with truth, that interwoven with the melody and the words of the last song and the feelings it excited, she included not only herself but the wife and children of the keeper, also Edward Grimley and Eric. The latter was curiously interwoven, in the last, half waking, half dreaming thoughts of the pure and noble girl. Miss Pearl had never had a brother. Might it not be that her feelings toward the strong but simple minded foreigner were that of a sister in their warmth and confidence, and may not Eric have felt towards her some of the instinctive love—half parental, half fraternal which distinguishes frequently the elder brother's affection for the younger sister?

As the two men slowly walked towards their cabins, Eric said: "Mr. Grimley, whence comes this power under whose spell we have been to-night? Have women

often sung and have men always listened as we do to-night?"

Grimley thoughtfully replied, his words responding to his ideas as they slowly came to mind. "Yes, Eric, good women have often sung and men have always listened since the dawn of Creation. No doubt when the all mother Eve was in the Garden, Adam heard some most charming songs of innocence and joy—which far excelled those of any bird we have ever heard trill its joyful notes—since those primeval days woman's songs—the most affecting, have always been like these of Miss Pearl's—upon a minor tone, deep, sad, and yet trustful. What a power in childhood and old age! In Heaven, these sad women's voices will lead the angels in their worship. Eric, the saddest, sweetest song I ever heard from human lips was rendered by a beautiful public singer on a stage before an audience of many thousands. She was clad in gauzy clothing and bedecked with paint and jewels. It was the cradle song, 'Slumber on, Baby Dear,' sung from the heartfelt memory of a child, born to her in a brief married life she once had lived. So deeply did it affect the listening throng that they forgot to applaud.

"Eric! You asked whence comes this power. To this I reply, that Song is a Gift, a divine bestowal. No culture can develop such music as we have heard; education can only improve and direct it. Great concerts can be managed with artistic skill and produce great effects. I have heard them and enjoyed them. In a chorus of many, many hundreds of both voices and instruments I have heard a single human, female voice, floating clearly and distinctly like a bird above the storm clouds, high over all the others. Yes, song is like eloquence, like love, like life itself—it comes from Heaven."

CHAPTER XI

PREPARATION FOR THE WINTER

At the time and at the place agreed upon Miss Pearl appeared accompanied by Madame Malloire and Hector. The latter bounded joyfully down the pathway and scratching at the door of the warehouse gave notice of the arrival of his mistress. Grimley met them at the door and ushered them into his office. He was neatly shaven and carefully dressed but instead of his usual cloth coat he had on a short woolen jacket. Evidently he had been busy writing and this was his working suit. Miss Pearl noted this change in his attire and as she gave him her hand she said lightly:

"What a business man you do look this morning. Have you had many customers? You seem to have plenty of goods. Perhaps I shall buy some myself."

The Agent replied nothing to this sally. He gravely set chairs for his two guests and taking his seat at his little table, said briefly:

"I am at your service, ladies."

Madame, with a deep color flushing her face, took her chair, with a gentle inclination of the head. She had the curious knowledge of understanding the English language as it was spoken to her but could not herself speak it. So, in this interview the conversation fell entirely to Grimley and Miss Pearl, but the interest was fully shared by her, as might have been seen by her interested bright

face and half moving lips, as she followed the conversation.

Miss Pearl remained standing and in her turn took the grave business accent and manner which Grimley seemed to prefer at the moment. "Mr. Grimley," she said, "you know that my taking possession of the best there is in the lighthouse was rather sudden, not only to me but to Madame Malloire. It was like introducing a new force into a besieged and beleaguered castle, resulting in more to provide for and no increase of supplies. Hector and I are huge eaters and we are anxious to know about re-provisioning the garrison before supplies get too low. This is it, is it not, Madame?" The good woman bowed her handsome head with its smooth, neatly braided brown hair, and Grimley responded with the slightest show of relaxation of his face to the half humorous statement.

"Miss Pearl, we have a large quantity and variety of goods which we wish to sell and you know the Company's orders to me. Have you a list of articles desired?"

The lady, taking a chair very near Grimley's desk, produced a list which the two went carefully over in items, in quantity and quality, with an occasional appeal to the Madame. The result was very satisfactory to the latter and the business seemed concluded when Grimley sitting upright and addressing Miss Pearl, said, still with his short rather quick tone:

"Miss Pearl, in delivering these goods to the lighthouse I shall be compelled to bill them to you and take your acknowledgment—that is a matter of form—but I have here a list of articles that I advise you also to take—you see I am a trader. It is a list of articles sent here on the order of a young Englishman of means. They arrived after his departure and unless we get what they are billed

to him at, we shall send him a statement of the balance due, but in looking over the list and the prices I think you may find it well to take the Englishman's place as purchaser."

Miss Pearl eagerly took the list and glanced at the items macaroni, jellies, fancy crackers, pickles, preserved meats and fruits, cordials and strange to say many of such articles as a refined woman would wish for in a far off settlement. She pointed to these and asked Mr. Grimley if those were included in his advice. He colored a little and said:

"Why, yes, especially so. The traveler had his wife along and she doubtless stood over him when he was making the order. Quite likely," he said, smiling, "the pickles and sweetmeats were for her too. The party was looking after fish and game on the Michigan shore and the goods were to have been sent over there but were stopped here on news of the sportsman's absence. While he was fishing and hunting she would need to be consoled in some way for the deprivation of his company. One thing else, Miss Pearl," Grimley added, more earnestly.

"In this list you have seemed to provide for the whole season of the close of navigation. This has been well but it is no light thing to look forward to. Let us hope it will not come to that but it is best to be prudent. In case of fire by which this warehouse of stores should be consumed it would be a deprivation and even a question of existence, before more goods might be obtained. Hence, I shall have Eric bring these up to the lighthouse to-day and to-morrow. We will thus provide for one contingency among others to be considered."

Miss Pearl assented pleasantly to this, although not apparently alarmed at the prospect of running out of

provisions. To have been duly disturbed by this she should have been a man; rising, she said with a frank and open expression:

"Mr. Grimley, we have to consider our health and to do the things that will keep us well. Now I think that while this weather lasts you should show me the island. When I was in Europe under the charge of dear Professor Perry and we arrived at a new place he used to insist that we girls should go everywhere and see everything. There is no place in the world where a person desirous of so doing—his exact words—could not be benefited and profited by making a study of its peculiarities."

Mr. Grimley also rose and bowing, said: "Miss Pearl, I quite agree with you. If you will imagine I am Professor Perry—of whom I have heard, I shall be happy to be one of the party. Shall we start at one o'clock and will it be a general party?"

The Madame, who had also risen and who had followed the conversation, said, pointing to herself, "Me, no!"

"Well," said Grimley, "let it be so if you must decline but let us have the children and Hector—that will make five of us. Eric will be busy or I should like to have him, as he knows all the ways, but Antoine will have to answer."

The day was charming, with its soft, hazy atmosphere, when the little party set out. Antoine, led the little Canadian pony upon which had been placed a lady's saddle.

Hector as though he understood the holiday season, bounded and barked joyfully first before them and then behind and the two young women followed the willing boy, who acted as guide under various advisory remarks from his sister. The latter soon mounted the pony, who was familiarly called Jack by his family owners and gal-

loped hither and thither with a spirit that savored of the wilderness, so her two graver companions imagined, of her Indian ancestry. Miss Pearl had declined to ride, saying that she was a great pedestrian and was fond of the exercise.

The route lay along the shore of the island and the clean sand was hard and firm to walk upon. Relieved of the care of the pony, Antoine dropped back to the side of Miss Pearl and listened to the conversation between his two seniors, who losing nothing of the scenery or peculiarites of the way, walked with a brisk and steady pace that carried them a good distance per hour, yet did not prevent remark and comment as they walked side by side, the blooming maiden and the thoughtful, sallow faced man—old beyond his years.

"Miss Pearl, you are good at this exercise," Grimley remarked after they had been walking for nearly an hour and were well over three miles from their starting point.

"Yes, Mr. Grimley, I have been a regular pedestrian since I was in England and there saw the ladies walk their five, ten, and twenty miles each day. Do you not think that this outdoor exercise has much to do with their brilliant complexions? We used to say 'cream and roses' when we attempted a description of them. You have been in England, have you not Mr. Grimley?"

"I was there some years ago," replied he, "on a very brief visit. My family are of English descent and one of our relatives died and it was reported to us that the fortune of good size left by him would come to the American heirs. I was selected to ascertain the facts by a personal search. This I did, at a small money cost but I lost a year's progress in my schooling. You are curious to know how I succeeded?

"It was true as to the relative's death and true as to

there being a fortune, although small compared to the intelligence we received but an Act of Parliament passed especially to meet precisely these cases prevented the acquirement of estates by foreigners, when left without a will, and all Americans after naturalization are so considered by common law in the old country. Reverting to the subject of the complexion of the women there, I will say that it is conceded that their brilliance is caused by the humid sea vapors that enwrap the islands, produced by the Gulf Stream." Grimley added, turning so as to include Antoine in his remarks:

"We are wise to take all the pleasant exercise we can each day, as we shall all pretty soon be so lame and decrepit that we cannot lift one foot after another."

"Oh, dear me," said Antoine. "How's that? I don't want to get lame." Miss Pearl also looked a little shocked and involuntarily drew herself together as if to be assured of her continued strength and activity.

"I refer," said Grimley, "simply to the order of nature. I have made a study of this and know that to the youngest and to the strongest there is coming a time when the merest infant will be stronger than they."

"Why, Mr. Grimley," smilingly interrupted Miss Pearl, "that is regular preaching and this is no time for that I'm sure. The day is too delightful and I, for one, feel too happy to look for such a dreadful argument in favor of taking a pleasant walk." Grimley made no response, other than to quote the school boy exercise: "And Galileo as he rose from his recantation of his heresy as to the revolution of the earth, muttered to a friend: 'And yet the world does move'—and as surely we all will grow old and lame."

"Mr. Grimley, let me ask you another question," said Miss Pearl in quick and lively response: "Here is a

pebble I have just picked up; it has been rolling backward and forward on the beach until it is not larger than a marble but I can see no less than three kinds of stones in it, all cemented into one. Tell me the history of this pebble and I will forgive you for your sermon."

"My dear Miss Pearl," returned the young man, "No human being can answer you but I admire the thought back of the inquiry. I have examined the rounded pebbles on a seashore a thousand times and the thought of following out the individual history of a single one never occurred to me. We can look a little way backward in the story of the one you have." Holding out his brown shapely hand he held it open until Miss Pearl dropped the little stone into his palm. "This reminds me in all but size, of the plum pudding stones I have seen on the coast of the Atlantic. It is evidently a fragment made up in a similar way to those, only this is worn down by constant attrition on the shores and bottom of the ocean. The whole is bound together I can see by a deposit stone; that is, some time in the very long past these red and white fragments lay side by side at the bottom of some ocean or stream and clay or shell dust has sifted over them and turned to rock. Thenceforth their destiny has been one. The mass has been upheaved and broken and this particular fragment has become a traveling stone. It has gathered no moss, it is true, but it has kept itself polished and attractive and won the notice of Miss Pearl, who has used it to ask a poor mortal a question none but his Creator could answer. You will allow me to have my revenge?" Stopping a moment and still holding the stone but so that both she and Antoine could see it readily, he continued with a humorous expression:

"Here is a little red stone embedded along with the quartz and brown. Now whence the red color and what

is the red color in itself? Is all red the same? Here, it is embedded in stone. We have spoken of it as illuminating the young English maidens' cheeks—we see it now in yonder fleeting cloud, also see it on the peach's downy skin, we see it in the luscious watermelon, hidden deep beneath the green rind; it is in the wine as it giveth the color to the cup; it exists in the cochineal insect and the plumage of the bird. Answer me the question Miss Pearl, or you, Antoine, if you can. What is the red?"

"Mr. Grimley, I cannot answer except to say, as you said to me, 'you are eloquent,' " and holding out her hand and taking the pebble she said: "What do I see outside this tiny stone—three miles away from the lighthouse home, water on one side, barren woods on the other; sky above, sand beneath. Is it not time to return? Antoine, are there any wild beasts on this island?"

"Yes, Mam'selle, sometimes bears, but not now. Eric killed two in the spring and we ate them. Mr. Grimley sleeps under the skins."

"Oh! let us hasten, I am afraid," nervously responded the young lady, and pressed close to Mr. Grimley, looking to see if she could detect any answering emotion in him. Seeing him unmoved she turned to Antoine again and asked: "Are there any other kind of wild beasts? I had never thought of these—not once."

"Yes," said the boy, "wolves, but none now. Eric killed fifteen. He trapped them all—he dug a great pit in their track and covered it up and then made a noise like a lamb. They all came rushing and tumbled in in a great heap. It was a good sight to see them snapping and biting and howling. The wood cutters all came with their guns and shot them, but Eric had the skins and their bodies were buried in the hole when Eric filled it up."

Grimley seeing how thoroughly alarmed Miss Pearl was

at the recital, kindly said: "It is apparent that there are no bears or wolves here now. They can only come here in the winter over the ice and in the spring are easily exterminated by such a valiant hunter as Eric. This reminds us how dangers come fast within the island on which we are about to be confined. We shall need both care and prudence to meet the untried events before us."

The next morning as Miss Pearl awoke she had occasion to remember the last part of Grimley's remark. Smoke was penetrating her apartment from without through the half opened windows and she heard a clattering and talking, intermingled with laughter which also came to her senses in the same manner. At first she thought she was dreaming, so unwonted was the sound breaking the profound stillness, but rising softly and peeping, as maidens will, downward and in the direction of the pier, what was her surprise to see a large number of Indians, both men and women; some in their canoes and many on the sandy beach. At first fear filled her mind, but this feeling gave way to a lively curiosity as she observed how peaceful were all their movements.

CHAPTER XII

THE INDIAN GAMES

THERE were scores of canoes; some drawn up on the shore but more of them occupied by one, two or three bent figures evidently fishing. Miss Pearl said to herself: "This looks like a picnic where the principal amusement is fishing, and they are having good success too—My! How fast they do pull them in." Some of the canoes were already loaded with the shining, symmetrical, white-fish and trout, of which she had already partaken with relish.

Following these loads with her eyes she saw them unloaded into baskets and carried by the women back along one of the woodland pathways to a cleared space where other women, as she could observe, were preparing the fish for smoking. There were twenty or thirty of the women engaged in building fires and replenishing them, and in stretching the fish open flatwise upon peculiar forked branches of trees. When the latter operation was complete, then the sticks with the fish impaled, as it were, upon them, were fixed over the fire and smoked in such a way as to become half-cooked and half-dried, and between the two most thoroughly impregnated with smoke; the latter being from the aromatic pine and hemlock was not distasteful. It was not so to the early waking moments of our heroine as she had been first conscious of its presence as the volumes of it came rolling heavier and faster toward the lighthouse.

The scene was a busy one, not an idler being seen among the Indians—neither men nor women. The latter were evidently joyful over the good catch they were having and disposed to make the best of it. The sun had barely risen out of the blue and wide stretching water when ere long came Antoine's gentle knock and voice: "Mam'selle, breakfast awaits," and then added with a boyish irrepressibility, "And plenty of Indians, hurrah!"

Madame and Virginie were almost equally excited as Antoine, but with no measure of fear. They were Chippewas, they said, and came over the lake in the night to make out their winter stores. They were short, having had ill success on the mainland and so had risked this long passage to secure the coveted prey. Madame and her two children had been out among them renewing their acquaintance with many of them. The native blood in the three was that of the Chippewa Tribe and in a sense they were one of them and could count upon their kindly feelings from this, as well as the great popularity of Monsieur Malloire, who had lived neighbor to them so long.

It was not long before Miss Pearl resolved to venture out with her youthful attendants to more closely observe the visitors, and learn all she could of their habits and manners. Accordingly, attended by the two young people and her faithful Hector, the young lady spent the forenoon in going from group to group and watching the progress of the work upon which the Indian women were intent. The piles of fish grew larger as they were thrown on the grassy ground, the fishers being able to far outstrip those who were curing the products of the former's skill. Soon another department was added to the industry—that of bundling and packing on the canoes the finished product. There was a round from the alive fish to the cured merchandise, if it can be so called, and the process was not

"The women acting the part of butchers and scavengers." - Chapter 12, Page 123

only complete but it was of large quantity, there being nearly three hundred pair of willing hands joining in the divided labor.

"Antoine," said Miss Pearl to the boy, "I thought it was the women only who worked among the Indians, but here the men are doing their full share."

"That is almost always so," replied he, "but here you see the men do all the catching and they only handle the fish after they are smoked. You can see that the women do all the rough work. You have not been over there where they are smoking the fish? If you should go, you would see the difference."

Miss Pearl did go and she saw a sight she never forgot. She shuddered as she observed the unfortunate women acting the part of butchers and scavengers and not only performing these necessary duties but apparently delighting in them, while they themselves were in looks and activity the most disgusting of created beings. The fair girl's brow knotted in little seams of thought, as she resolutely observed all the details which cannot, on this page, be truthfully detailed. She remembered having read that the women were those among the savage tribes who inflicted the worst torture upon their unfortunate victims, and after they were dead the most horrible mutilations. On this excursion the children and young girls were not taken, as all the spare room in the canoes was left for the cured fish. For this reason Miss Pearl saw the worst of the women of the tribe; toothless, old, withered, gray, wrinkled and vicious, the most of them were, and she was glad to turn away from them, but not soon to forget the questions raised in memory by the sight.

In the meantime Grimley, assisted by Eric, was a busy man; many of the Indians had brought furs to be exchanged for goods, the main trade being in blankets and

cotton cloths for beaver and mink skins. The buying and selling was a simple process, as was necessary on account of the childlike attainments of the customers; a big blanket, warm and thick, for a good skin; a thin cheap blanket for a poor skin. Eric knew many of the Indians and they evidently liked and had confidence in him. When they and the agent could not agree by the pantomime method of explanation, a reference to him very soon settled the question, and this the more readily as Grimley knew next to nothing of values. A great demand existed for tobacco and rum—the former was freely supplied, but the latter was not even among the supplies and could not be had on any terms. The Transportation Company knew too well the wholesale destruction liable to follow its use and so had withheld both it and whiskey from the list of articles kept in the stock.

Gunpowder was in demand and to his surprise, and quite early in the day the whole supply was sold, as were also three flint lock muskets which had been readily exchanged for choice mink skins. When Eric saw the former being carried away by the Indians, he remarked: "That looks like war—those old guns have been here as long as I have, and it's a good day they are sold, but perhaps a bad day for some poor victims. They don't buy such guns to shoot game with."

As the sun approached the zenith, the efforts of the Indians relaxed in catching the fish; the piles which had accumulated against the greatest efforts of the poor women preparing them, gave notice that no more were needed. The men began to scatter into groups and these commenced to give more attention to Miss Pearl and her companions. The Indians had greatly admired the proportions of Hector and gave vent to their admiration in audible exclamations. Some of them had asked Eric who

"An Indian by the name of Iron Arms." Chapter 12, Page 125

the fair white girl was, with the better known Virginie. Eric had replied briefly: "Oh! That's Miss Pearl who lives with the Madame," and from this and from one to another the whole band had named our heroine, "The White Pearl." They were greatly awed by her quiet, yet lofty dignity, and while they closely observed her every movement, they as carefully concealed their curiosity.

It was this admiration that was at the bottom of an invitation which Madame, her guest and children received at the noon-day meal, through Antoine. A young Indian by the name of "Hole in the Sky," given on account of his possessing only a single optical organ, accompanied by another by the name of "Bad Woodchuck," given for some equally trivial cause of resemblance, called at the door of the lighthouse and knocking on it with a heavy stone, soon brought the boy to see what was wished. An invitation to the whole family was conveyed in a broken mixture of Indian, French and English, to attend a ball game in the afternoon in the pasture field just under the lighthouse walls, to be played by the whole band of Indians, excepting the women, who were expected to continue their firing and smoking processes uninterrupted.

An invitation was also conveyed to Eric first and to Grimley as a secondary personage to attend, and a raised platform was provided at one end of the field so that all the guests might overlook the entire plot of ground. The lighthouse and the warehouse were securely locked, although so friendly and peaceful were the Indians that this seemed an unnecessary precaution, and at one o'clock the game was about ready. There came a halt and an Indian by the name of "Iron Arms," given on account of his strength, approached the little group, beckoned to Eric that he wished a few words with him. Eric soon returned

and blushingly told Miss Pearl and Grimley that the Indians wished a specimen of his wrestling skill.

"By all means, Eric," said the lady, "do as they wish. There are so many and some of them look so fierce that I am sure we should do everything we can to keep them good natured. Do you not think so, Mr. Grimley?" The latter assented, not only to agree with his companion, but because he anticipated seeing a rare exhibition of the native skill that he might never again have an opportunity of witnessing.

Eric had wrestled with some of the members of the tribe before, and the cheering, chattering, laughing crowd knew somewhat what to expect in the way of an entertainment.

Eric's terms were simple in meeting his numerous but chivalric opponents. He would wrestle with any six they might choose, one at a time, and a single "fall" with each, and whoever forced the other to the ground was the victor. Eric had a single trick that he practiced with these untutored sons of the forest and that one, aided by his strength of arm and shoulder, and also his shortness of stature, had never failed to give him the victory, and this was now the expectation of all.

The six Indians were detailed; the audience formed itself into a large horseshoe circle ending at the little platform on which were seated the Madame, her guest, the children and Grimley. Eric removed all his clothing, except shoes, pantaloons and shirt, and bound, perhaps for effect, a handkerchief around his forehead. The day was perfect and the charm of the occasion complete. Miss Pearl, with kindling eye and warm color mantling her white cheeks and brow, especially anticipated the meeting. Both Antoine and Virginie were nearly wild and the rich color came and went upon the swarthy, handsome face of

the Madame. Hector even joined in the universal feeling by whimpering and walking backwards and forwards before the platform, with an eye to Eric's safety but not wishing to leave his mistress.

Iron Arms first presented himself as the white man's antagonist. He stood a head above Eric and was nearly as broad shouldered, but his form was more slender and his eye sunken with savage dissipation. His great fame had been derived from his massive muscular arms, which were of exceeding strength and length, but not larger than those of Eric.

The two men faced each other with mutual respect, although so dissimilar in form and expression of countenance—for Eric was as noble and open-faced as the savage was sinister and cruel, albeit now playful and innocent of evil intent, like a young tiger. It was for a single grapple, the victor's reward, the applause of the mixed but attentive audience. It may be said here that in this as all the succeeding contests the combatants' eyes always sought the place where the plumed beaver hat of Miss Pearl could be seen, so universal is man's homage to youth and beauty. Eric and Iron Arms warily approached and moved around each other several times, as though seeking some spot unprotected by the vigorous arms which each held before him. At length with a mutual rush, each seized the other with a mighty tug and strain. A dead silence held the spectators spellbound, but it was only for an instant, for in the next the form—long, gaunt, and spread out like a swimmer in the calm waters, appeared the body of Iron Arms flying over the head and shoulders of Eric. He fell safely on the green grass and instantaneously disappeared among the audience, while Eric glanced with heightened color towards the group on the platform.

It were vain to describe the applause. Grimley's voice, loud, clear and through practice on such occasions, rose above all. Miss Pearl and Virginie took out their pocket-handkerchiefs and waved them as they cheered. The Madame clapped her hands and Antoine yelled as never boy did before. Hector joined his deep voiced bark, and the woods and waters rolled with the shouts and laughter of the wild men.

Leaning over Miss Pearl, Grimley said: "Eric did that trick splendidly, I have never seen it better done. No wonder these Indians wished him to give them this free show. Why in England that single fall would have been worth a thousand pounds."

There was time for no more remarks for Eric was soon faced by our friend "Hole in the Sky." The two moved about each other warily, as had been done before. The Indian was tall, straight, muscular and not much more than half Eric's age. In his activity lay his hope of success. Eric made two efforts to grapple with him, but each time the wily Indian slipped from his grasp, but at length in trying to get a side hold of Eric the latter caught him, and, presto! he also was thrown over Eric's head. Instead of falling frog-fashion, as Iron Arms had done, he made a complete turn and fell upon his back. His fall on the grass was not a hard one, but he limped away amid the unsparing laughter of his companions and the cheers from the platform.

Eric served each of the four remaining competitors with the same summary treatment, but it was evident that they only hoped for an easy fall at Eric's hands, and light laughter from their companions.

The interest in the occasion was wonderfully increased when Grimley, with little Antoine by his side, appeared in the arena. The former had spoken to Miss Pearl and

asked her permission to bear a part in the performance. She smilingly assented and said playfully: "Boys will be boys, and you must not deny them all sport," but she added earnestly: "I feel as though we could not do too much to placate these dreadful men. I have read of their murders and burnings and I can see in them the cruel nature that with childlike wilfulness would cause them to delight in our destruction, so do all you can to amuse them."

"Eric," said Grimley, as he approached him, "If you like, I will take a fall with you—if you are not too much used up. I know your trick and think I can show you a better."

"All right, Mr. Grimley, I am your man for one or three falls, only you will have to do your best or the ladies will have the laugh on you."

As the two men, so dissimilar, but each a model of strength and manly excellence, stood facing each other, it was a sight for a painter, so unique was the occasion and the surroundings. The group on the platform were a little more doubtful in their pleasure than before, but the savages were wild with delight to see Eric pitted against one of his own race. There were many among them whom Eric had humiliated, and not one but knew that he was second-best to the strong-armed white man, and this gave a personal longing that he might have met his own match.

"Eric," said Grimley, "do your best."

As the young man said this he presented himself easily and lightly to the grasp of his antagonist. Eric took an almost deliberate hold with both his muscular hands and gave a mighty heave and pull, designed to throw his slender antagonist, as he had done the Indians, but Grimley stood firm as a rock, unmoved. That part of his body

which had been concave under Eric's right hand became with lightning-like rapidity, convex. It had all the strength of the arch which grows stronger with the more strain you put upon it. A deep hush was upon the whole audience as it was revealed to them like a flash that Eric had met his match. The hush—as in the first encounter—was succeeded by thunders of applause, wild and dreadful in some of its war cries and yells—as Grimley, by a twist and turn of one of his limbs laid Eric lightly over on the grass. The latter was instantly on his feet, and presenting his hand to Grimley, he said: "You are the best man, even in this."

The victor resumed his hat, coat and vest, which Antoine had held for him pending the contest, and rejoined the circle on the platform. He quietly took his seat and Miss Pearl as quietly said, "Mr. Grimley, you are fortunate." The others of the group were more demonstrative. Miss Pearl said, with an emotion she did not care to conceal: "Eric, I don't know how to thank you for what you have done. I shall feel safer now, in thinking about these Indians who are our neighbors, for I know that you have an influence over them that will make us very much more secure, and besides," she added, with a heightened smile, "it was very amusing to see Iron Arms and the others go over your head."

"And, Miss Pearl," said Eric, rather ruefully, "was it not amusing to see me laid low by Mr. Grimley?"

"Why, no indeed, Eric!" kindly and soothingly said the lady. "I scarcely saw that you had failed to throw your competitor before I saw you rising. It made me think of the old English proverb, 'Fall light and jump up quick.' If you hadn't met with a fall yourself I should really have to pity those poor fellows you made appear so ridiculous. Now I shall laugh whenever I think of it." It was very

sweet indeed to hear the merry peal that issued from the young lady's mouth, following these words.

In fact the whole party joined in the joyous exercise, and none more heartily than Eric. It may be well here to explain that the evening before as the two men were taking their evening walk and both hoping to hear a repetition of the music which they had heard twice before, floating downward from the lighthouse tower, that in the serious and almost sad conversation they had held on what Eric had called the "night-side" of things, Eric had told his companion a thing which had surprised him. Said he, "Mr. Grimley, you are a master-man; you are born to be a Captain, but I am by nature only a private, so I have an instinctive fear of you. I feel that in any contest we might engage in, you would come out victor. I feel this, although I know I am several times stronger and more enduring than you. I have thought of this and why it should be so, and I know the reason; this comes to you as an inheritance and in addition all your powers have been trained. Every day of your life you have learned something until now you have a great store."

Grimley had interrupted him at this point and said: "Eric, this makes me no happier, even if it is as true as you think, which it is not. You refer to intellectual acquirements, but I tell you there are greater than these; I mean the heart gifts. I would, dear Eric, that I were equal to you in these—as much as you say I am superior in the other."

CHAPTER XIII

THE RUNNING MATCH

WHAT was said between the two had occurred to Grimley as the wrestling match had proceeded, and was one of the causes that led him to accept the trial of skill, which had just taken place. Now he thought of it again, as "Hole in the Sky" and another Indian called "Beetle" appeared at the platform and asked the two white men to join in the running match about to follow. The field was already marked off into a large circular space, one side of which included the staging upon which the admired "White Pearl" and her company were seated. Pending the answer of Grimley and Eric to the wily proposal, let us say that "Beetle" was one of the foremost runners of the tribe—swift, long winded, tireless. Owing to his skill and fame as a runner and his cheerful disposition, he was very popular with the whole tribe. He had obtained his name for an occurrence which took place several years before. He had buried his mother alive. The old woman had lived contentedly with her son and his wife until a famine time had come and food became scarce, when one day "Beetle" spoke to the bent and feeble thing who had given him birth and told her plainly that she was no longer of any use and it was time she were buried. The old woman humbly assented but begged piteously for a full meal of food before it was done. Accordingly the wife gave her mother-in-law a full and plentiful repast, then she and the children bade their relative a last farewell.

The poor woman followed her stalwart son into the forest where he found a receptacle partly prepared by nature; this he enlarged and laid the old woman to rest in it, covering her up with earth and leaves. It was spoken of to his credit, that he had, to make her rest more sure, filled her mouth and nostrils with soft clay ere covering her up.

This act excited no surprise, as the two facts were evident; there was a famine and she being useless ate too much food. An old crony who lived in a neighboring tent was angry at the loss of her old associate, and called after the son in a rage that he was a beetle; beetles buried dead bodies. The men heard it and with great laughter and jokes thereafter called him by that term. Besides being a great runner, Beetle was a renowned warrior. He had a string of scalps hanging in his wigwam; those of two warriors he had slain in ambush; those of four women and three children. Hence, he was what Antoine called "Big Injun," and the name of "Beetle" stood high among all the neighboring tribes. The facts were known to Eric but not to the rest of the party. Upon receiving the invitation to join the runners, Grimley asked through Eric how many turns, or laps, around the circle the run was designed to be. When he was told that ten had been decided upon, he made a little mental calculation and decided that that was a total of about one and a quarter miles. Turning to Miss Pearl he asked in an inquiring tone: "Had I better undertake it?"

"Yes, even if you fail," was the decided answer. "The more I see of these men the more I fear their illwill."

Grimley turned to Eric and the two eager eyed sons of the forest and said, "I will run in the race if you will make it fifteen turns instead of ten, and if Eric will also run."

These terms were readily agreed to and soon Eric and Grimley stripped to shirts, trousers and moccasins, stood in

line with no less than twenty Indians, for a race of fifteen turns around the circle, which had been marked with little twigs, with small pieces of colored cotton cloth. Two elderly warriors stood in front of the ladies' platform with four or five swift runners at their call to ensure obedience to their decisions. The rules of the race were well known and any infraction of them caused the offenders, on the decision of the referees, to lose their chance of the prize, which was a handsomely woven belt.

As they stood waiting the signal, Grimley asked Eric if he was anything of a runner.

"Yes, Mr. Grimley, I have always tried to keep in practice. I don't know when I may flee for my life, and there is wisdom often in speedy flight."

"Let us run together then," replied Grimley, "and let us measure the distance by both time and strength. The track is about two miles. If we can clear that distance in eleven or twelve minutes we shall win, or at least come out near enough to gain the approval of these savages, and that is all we care for. Fifteen laps divided in twelve minutes is a long time when one has no breath in one's body but a short one to get around this big ring. Now if Miss Pearl could let us know how we were running, we should know from the beginning how we were to come out; this would be a good stimulus and we should only have to think of one turn at a time—as a clock ticks."

Antoine stood by his two friends holding their coats and overheard these remarks and said: "Oh, I will tell Mamselle to do that; she has a watch and I will hold out the figures. It will not take many."

"Bravo, my boy," said Grimley, "only let us understand that the figures are of the previous turn—that will give you the whole time we are going around to prepare them, and will let us know what we are to do."

The wrestling matches had taken half an hour, and now before two o'clock on this perfect Indian summer day was the exciting race to be run. The umpire warriors gave the signal—a horrible whoop and a yell, and off the crowd dashed, each one of the Indians trying to gain the lead. This was quickly obtained by Beetle, pressed hard, however, by "Hole in the Sky." At once it became a strife between these two, who would get and hold the lead and all eyes were fixed upon their flying forms. In the race the runners had dispensed with all clothing save their waist-cloths and moccasins. Hence, it was a scene for either sculptor or painter. The trained eyes of Miss Pearl used to the study of art in both Europe and America, took in the splendid figures and proportions of some of the swarthy runners with a mild appreciation that would have delighted "The Artists Club," of which she had at one time been a member.

Quickly comprehending the wish of Grimley, as the two came around on their first circuit, running the very last among the contestants, she said to Antoine: "Hold up sixty; they have taken a minute to get around. Mr. Grimley is holding back for Eric, I don't know why he should do that, I would like to have him in with the foremost runners." She said this with a trace of discontent in her tone but marked with approval the really fast and regular pace of the two white men. Eric looked out of place with his broad slow form; he was both older and heavier than any man on the course. Grimley, on the other hand, she thought, was the picture of grace. She thought, too, that if he had not held back for Eric he might have led the party.

As the two passed the stand they received the plaudits of all and each replied with a slight wave of the hand and with a grim, hard set smile. The women little dreamed

of the intense exertion the whole of the runners were enduring and were to undergo ere the goal might be gained. Three of the Indians were out of the race ere the first turn was made—two stumbled, one was called off by the umpires for getting out of bounds; while Eric and Grimley were last to make the first turn they were really ahead of three.

Meanwhile the excitement among the spectators was intense. Savage cries and whoops filled the air. Names were called out and oaths, English, French and native, reverberated over land and water.

When Grimley and his companion made the second turn they read the figure "60" which Antoine held up and the former of the runners uttered his first word, so careful was he of his breath.

"Can you stand this, Eric? It is good enough."

"Yes, Mr. Grimley, both wind and strength are good."

As the result of the second turn Antoine, unnoticed by anyone, save the two most interested, so tremendous was the excitement, held up another "60", but two more runners had fallen out. One had a burst of blood from his nose, and still another had been called off by the umpires. "Beetle" and his active antagonist still struggled for the lead; after these two and pressing them close came a little group of runners—some five or six—then straggling runners until as before, Eric and Grimley brought up the rear.

As Eric caught sight of the second "60" he asked, "Is there any chance, Mr. Grimley?"

"Our chances are splendid, dear fellow," was the cheerful reply.

Miss Pearl waved her handkerchief and cheered with her sweet voice with all the rest, but her interest waned a good deal. Antoine held up "60" five successive times and the runners from one unexpected cause or another

were reduced to eight, the two same Indians leading the van, but this time not far ahead of the two white men, showing that they had gained almost a complete turn.

"Eric, are you in good enough trim to quicken just a little," said Grimley—"just a little—a shade will do it?"

"I am your man, Mr. Grimley; your running by my side helps me wonderfully.". Then silence fell upon the two.

Antoine held up successively "58," "59," "57," "58," and "58," and this completed the ten turns for which the race had originally been made.

The runners had been on the track nearly ten minutes but there were only three of them besides the two white men. "Hole in the Sky" and "Beetle" still held the lead, Eric and Grimley had gained upon them nearly half the turn; a third Indian called "Long Legs, from his extreme length of limb and body, held the distance about midway between the four runners. The men, both white and red, were all in evident distress but Grimley the least, while Eric was the most so.

"Eric," said Grimley, "don't worry, we are over the worst of it; our antagonists are giving out, don't think of passing them, just follow."

The signal read "62," "66," "70," and Eric was gaining his breath. The excitement was white hot. Miss Pearl and her companions were anxious and flushed; they felt that they should die unless their two champions should come in first. Two laps yet remained.

"Eric, now is the time," said Grimley. "Quicken your step with mine." Eric answered not a word and both men quickened and lengthened their pace.

In a quarter turn "Long Legs" was passed. The cheering and applause were tremendous.

At the beginning of the last turn the signal read "55"

and the two white men were just in the rear of the two Indians.

"Eric, you take the left and I will take the right," said Grimley, and the four runners for a quarter of a lap were exactly abreast, Eric and Grimley still keeping step, and it being evident that Grimley was holding back for his chum, all the others running to the top of their speed.

It was a question of wind. Ere the last half turn was entered upon Eric and Grimley were coming in victors, still side by side. "The last time was 50," exclaimed Antoine, as the two victorious men came to the platform.

Miss Pearl, Virginie and the Madame were warm in their praises. The Indians were loyal also in their applause and declared that no such race had been run for a generation. They immediately scattered to prepare for the great ball game which had twice been deferred in order to have the wrestling and running matches. In the game about to be played every man present belonging to the tribe was to take a part, and the hurrying and scurrying was in proportion; there were considerably over one hundred Indian men.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BALL GAME

"Mr. Grimley," said Miss Pearl, after he had resumed his coat and waistcoat, "if you had not held back for Eric how much could you have come in ahead of the time that you did?"

"Not more than five seconds," was the reply, "and that would not have come to more than one-twelfth of the course; Eric and I gained by running together. We were, for the time, one, both in mind and body. While I seemed to be retarded by keeping time and step with him I was really helped, for I am not in practice now as I have been in the old school days, and I needed a balance wheel, so to speak, to regulate my force. You assisted us both by giving us the time of each turn. I know the average limits of the speed, both of the Indian and white man and our winning was a matter of easy calculation, based of course," he concluded with a smile, "upon our doing our utmost, which we could not fail to do with so severe, but kind, an eye upon us."

Miss Pearl colored slightly, but added frankly: "I was afraid at the beginning that you were to be left so far behind as to be a laughing spectacle to these savages and that I could not endure."

Eric, who stood near enough to listen to this by-talk as they all watched the preparations for the ball game, now turned to Grimley and said, "And I would like to know how you were able to withstand me in my wrest-

ling throw. I have never until now met a man who could withstand me and it was partly my surprise that gave you the chance of throwing me on my back."

Grimley pleasantly replied, "Eric, you must have learned that trick of yours of someone—who was it and where?"

"To tell the truth, Mr. Grimley, I learned that of a negro steamboat roustabout, whom I saw practicing it five or six years ago far up the Missouri River. At each landing he would give an exhibition and then pass his hat around for money. I befriended him once when a village constable was about to take him off to prison for disturbing the peace. I saved him from the disgrace and, in turn, he taught me his trick, which I promised not to divulge to any one. Of course I am extra good at it on account of my strength and because I do not have to lift my opponents too high before I throw them."

"I, too, learned it in the south, where I was stopping for a fortnight at the plantation owned by the father of a schoolmate," said Grimley. "There was a burly negro slave, attached to the place, who used to throw everyone as I saw you throw the Indians to-day. I paid the fellow a little money to teach me the secret of his prowess, but when I returned to school, in looking the matter up, I found that it was nothing more nor less than a revival, or perhaps a survival, of a trick practiced in the Grecian games of two or three thousand years ago. In the account I read, I also obtained a knowledge of the way in which those famous old athletes were accustomed to counteract the trick. With my professor I practiced both the throw and the counter until I felt that I was master of both, and then laid the matter aside, as the professor said the game was too rough and too dangerous for civilized times."

Antoine, his mother and Virginie had listened to this explanation with patience, but with not much interest, and Grimley, observing their weariness, turned to the boy and said to him, but so that the whole group could hear him relate the story: "Antoine, my boy, you would have laughed at a story my friend's father used to tell. He was once a clerk on the docks at Charleston, South Carolina, and there was also a poor negro slave who made himself an offense and annoyance to all around by bragging of his prowess as a butter. The negroes of the south have a strange habit of hitting their heads against an object in fits of rage or excitement, and frequently in their contests, of lowering their heads and bringing them together at their foreheads or the crowns of their heads with a terrific crack that would kill a white man. This dock negro of whom this story is told was one of these butting characters who was continually challenging his fellows to an exhibition of skill and endurance.

"One day my friend, the dock clerk, noticed in a consignment from the north a huge cheese which had been made for some local fair. It was some feet in diameter and nearly a foot thick. It stood on its side and there appeared about the center a bluish, green spot, indicating that the first process of decay had set in.

" 'Cuffy, here!' said the clerk, 'You are always wanting to butt something. Now I will give you a quarter to make a good dent in the center of that big cheese.' The darkey was only too glad to close with so tempting an offer, but waited long enough to collect a good audience to see him make a special effort. He went off a good distance and taking a run launched himself head foremost against the exact center of the great cheese. It was a soft and yielding mass, and the woolly head and black countenance of the champion 'butter' disappeared

within it as far as his shoulders. Nothing saved his life but the help of those who witnessed it, who drew him out and away. My friend said that he was a cured man after that; he has boasted his last and butted his last." Grimley told the little story with effect and the whole group broke into a laugh quite irresistible in its manifestation. Miss Pearl merrily responded:

"This makes me think of a story my uncle used to tell. I have heard him do so fifty times when we have been out at dinners. He would begin by saying: 'Do you know the curious fact that a negro's skull is twice as thick as that of a white man's? It is so, and a queer thing, too.' He would conclude by saying, 'That reminds me of a negro who fell out of a third-story window and struck his head. When he found himself unhurt he exclaimed: 'Golly! It's lucky I didn't fall on my shins; if I had I should have been killed sho.'"

The group on the platform again gave an answering peal of laughter. Grimley laughed the loudest and said the story was new to him, but it reminded him of a novel he had read when he was a boy, where the denouement of the story consisted in the effect of a kick administered by the hero of the story upon the ankle of a negro pugilist—illustrating the tenderness of that part of the negro's anatomy.

"Here are our guests ready for their game," exclaimed Grimley. "If we wish to keep their favor we must watch it. The position of the ball is always the point of view of this picture. Now watch the ball. It is hard and heavy, almost as lead."

The Chippewas had set up the bounds—one of them far down the sands beyond the lighthouse and the other at least a mile distant down the pathway and beyond the pier. The goal near the lighthouse was in plain view

of those on the platform and half the Indians were gathered immediately before it and the remainder were almost as far down as the pier. The game was to force the ball through the two upright posts surmounted by a cross piece. The same men were umpires and they were still attended by the young men who were to carry their messages.

Grimley explained to his companions in the moment before the game began that in witnessing this they were but seeing what had delighted mankind since the beginning of history; that the game of ball was almost universal, but nowhere was it so thoroughly enjoyed as among the Indians of North America. They vary the game to suit the time and place. Here it is played with a few sticks—which some of them have—similar to the modern lacrosse stick, but made so as to catch the ball in a shallow bag as it were, and in consequence the game became a "hand-ball" game.

The runner of a few minutes before, "Long-legs," held the ball ready for a throw, but a thought seemed to strike him. Smilingly he approached our friends, and holding out the ball to Grimley he indicated that he should give the first pitch to it. Grimley as pleasantly accepted, and stepping lightly down among the Indians, and, by a gesture or two, being informed where the ball was to be landed, he gave it a mighty throw with his practiced arm. Baseball had been his delight from boyhood, and it was no tyro that launched the round and elastic globe. Miss Pearl followed it with an eye of interest as it fell far in the rear of the crowd, who were scattered up and down the pathway. It was caught up and instantly thrown back by one of the Indians and the game was thus started, accompanied by the loudest shrieks and yells possible to conceive. The whole band became a running, tumbling,

excited, and, to the unpracticed eye, a wild mob of crazy men, swaying back and forth as though forced by a shifting wind, but it was the uncertain position of the ball which determined their motions. The simple rule of the game was for each one to pick up and throw the ball as soon as it was in hand. Sometimes in getting it one of the band would fall down and cover it with his body and the rest would endeavor to get it, snatching it away. Thus in an instant the ball would be covered with a mass of struggling, shrieking players, whose activity and endurance alone saved them from mutilation or suffocation. From the center of such a squirming, struggling mass the ball would finally be thrown and the interest transferred to another portion of the arena.

The first inning lasted nearly twenty minutes ere the ball was thrown through one of the end goals. Two incidents need only be described. Once the ball was thrown with incredible velocity in a line that would have brought it in contact with Miss Pearl's temple. The throw was an accidental one, but the result would have been none the less painful if not fatal had not Grimley, with alert eye and ready hand, caught it and tossed it back ere it did any damage. The young lady colored deeply and said: "Oh, thank you, Mr. Grimley. I should so much have disliked to stop that ball with my bonnet, and still more so with my head." Grimley replied lightly: "I am glad my skill has saved you, but you, Madame and Virginie had better keep well to the rear of Eric and me, for the game will be wilder yet ere it is ended." The whole tribe had seen the opportune catch of Grimley and greeted it with a loud and appreciative shout. This was prolonged and even intensified by the occurrence of the second incident to be especially noted.

"The Beetle" and "Hole in the Sky" had taken no part

thus far in the game of ball, but just as the yells in honor of Grimley were piercing the atmosphere, these two redoubtable warriors appeared on the scene, the former painted a jet black and the latter a pure white. They were like antique statues, except the items of their waist cloths and their feathered top plumes. At the same instant two other warriors appeared on the side opposite to them, one painted red and one a bright yellow. Their names were "Bear Trapper" and "The Diver," names given to commemorate special deeds of gallantry.

The first, in a time of great scarcity, had constructed a trap of heavy logs and had for a month supplied the tribe with bear meat. The device was new and the animals in investigating its workings fell victims to their curiosity, and "Bear Trapper" was thereafter a popular member of the tribe. The "Diver" had once during a skirmish with a hostile tribe plunged into the deep water in the darkness, and swimming under water had come up silently just at the side of a canoe which held one of their most redoubtable foes; the "Diver" had his keen knife between his teeth while swimming, but rising, he took it in his hand and with a vigorous stroke and a war cry he ended the life of his gallant but unfortunate foe. The stroke being delivered, the "Diver" sank back into the water and swam beneath its surface to a place of safety.

The game was finished by these four brilliant warriors. Each was furnished with a hockey stick and the game was one of skill in running and throwing by these four players, the whole tribe acting as tenders to these champions. Both Grimley and Miss Pearl especially admired these agile, perfectly primed players, whose motions were of lightning-like rapidity. The "Beetle" was evidently the best player, and next came the "Diver," whose wind

was seemingly exhaustless, but the others were nearly their equals. The excitement of the game was immense and kept up to the moment when, with one mighty throw, "Hole in the Sky" sent the ball through the goal.

With a long, loud, ear-splitting yell the umpires proclaimed the end of the games. Grimley and Eric reached down and gave their hearty handshakings, and the ladies showered smiles and handkerchief waving. The four painted warriors disappeared, and in a tumult the whole band dispersed to make ready for their final departure. The sun was no more than an hour high when the long procession of canoes departed with their men and women, their bundles of cured fish and the remnants of the piles not yet cured. The poor women had never ceased a moment in their toil. The games, the shouts, the victory of first one and then another had not distracted their attention from their task. They carried the last heavy bundles of the cured fish to the canoes, a work which earlier in the day had been performed by the men. Well pleased with the day's proceedings, the whole tribe set out in their canoes to return to the opposite shore, and silence and solitude fell once more upon the island.

CHAPTER XV

ALARMING DISCOVERIES

THAT evening Miss Pearl silently reviewed the events of the day; Grimley and Eric heard no more songs or music from the tower, although they waited for them. Gertrude was sensible of a feeling of sadness and loneliness she had not experienced before; she thought with astonishment of the brief time she had spent on the island. Four days had elapsed since a great change had come into her life. She could look forward no more to a settled home with her aunt, and she had no other. In the short four days new individuals, previously unknown, had come to make a greater part of her daily life and thoughts. She recalled the events of the day; the Indians' sudden visit; the exciting scenes and incidents which had occurred during their stay, and her mind dwelt on each detail of the conduct of both Eric and Grimley. With her feelings and thoughts relating to the latter there was mingled a trace of pain and disquiet; she almost wished she had not met him, but she could not keep her mind from recalling, item by item, his admirable conduct during the day. She felt that she had not thanked him enough for saving her from the stroke of the ball. Eric was mingled in her thoughts with other feelings. She felt an increasing confidence and regard for him. His openness of mind and heart, his worth of disposition were so apparent that she resolved to seek more of his company and to place herself as much under his care as

under Grimley's. So musing our heroine fell asleep with thoughts, that faded into dreams, of the two men, Madame, Antoine and Virginie. She had a painful dream which woke her for a few moments in the night, in which Hector and the man she had seen in the canoe were the actors. Somehow the stranger's features appeared to be those of her uncle whom she had left in the East, and he was being held, in the dream, by Hector while she escaped from him.

The next morning at breakfast Miss Pearl asked the Madame if Eric had ever been inside the lighthouse.

"No," she replied, in her broken English, "he hold too much back. He no want to come. Monsieur Malloire ask him, but he say women too many and so he no come."

This closed the conversation, but Gertrude immediately asked Antoine to speak to the agent and ask him if he would be in his business office at an early hour that forenoon. This done she ascended to her apartments. Virginie was putting them in order with a skillful hand; she did these necessary things for Miss Pearl as she had many times done them for the gentle sisters and other guests. The young women chatted pretty steadily even while Miss Pearl took down the long observation glass and adjusting the focus carefully scanned the horizon. She could see no sign of human existence. There was no sail, nor canoe, nor rising smoke to indicate that there had ever been a savage or human being passing or resident within the long range of the instrument. The day was perfect in its calmness and sunny quiet.

"Virginie, dear," said she, "did those Indians come over to the island just for fish yesterday?"

The dark-eyed girl stopped, and seeming to think intently, replied: "For fish, yes, but for something else, too. Find out about stores and who is on the island.

There was three, four, white men among them, and they want the Indians to come, I guess."

"Why, did you see any white men, Virginie? I didn't."

"No, but mama, she see them. She see them through the paint. She know more than me. She tell me they bad men."

Not long after this Miss Pearl, Hector and Antoine made their business visit to the warehouse. Mr. Grimley received them with his usual politeness. The little boy was dismissed by Miss Pearl, to stay outside with Hector, and the lady began the conversation.

"Mr. Grimley, I am not a little disturbed by the visit of those Indians yesterday. If it were safely possible I would leave the island at once."

Grimley here slightly shook his head, but the gravity of his face showed that if it had been safely possible, as she had expressed it, he would have agreed with her.

Continuing with increasing earnestness, she said:

"I am not altogether selfish in my thoughts; I think you, Eric and the Madame would be much safer with me away. Those savages who thronged the island yesterday make me feel almost helpless against any design they might form against me. I didn't feel so before, as I had confidence in you and Eric to cope with—well," she added with a smile—"half a boat load or a whole one for that matter."

"Miss Pearl," gravely yet gently responded Grimley, and his modest words and manner greatly reassured the agitated girl, "I do not consider it possible for you to leave. I have my business charge to look out for here. My instructions are to care for you at this station. It would not be prudent to undertake the wilderness trip with either Eric or Antoine, or both, even if they would volunteer. Hector would be a host in himself, but he

would be a dangerous companion in a canoe with the waves rolling high. Miss Pearl," he added in a low voice, "you believe in the protecting care of a Divine Providence; try and trust Him here and now. Winter and danger are upon you; take each day by itself and each danger by itself, and you will see the Springtime none the worse for this strange experience. My first duty shall be to insure that result, and Eric is even more than I to be depended upon on account of his experience here and his training in a high altitude."

Miss Pearl's face brightened with these assurances, and interrupting him, she exclaimed: "Oh, I feel brave enough for anything with two such guardians. Mr. Grimley, don't you think you ought, now the weather continues good, to see that everything is safe? I should like to have you and Eric come through the lighthouse and see if it is defensible with three women, a boy and a dog for garrison. You must remember that the keeper has never been away a winter before, and that what might be a defense in his case might not be in ours."

In this interview Miss Pearl did not, for some unexplainable reason, tell Grimley of the presence of the white men disguised as Indians. Perhaps it was because she also deliberately chose to conceal another, a fact that had been apparent to her during the games of the day before; that of the undisguised admiration of several of the young Indians, especially of "Hole in the Sky." She had been accustomed for some years to be admired by men; in fact, she looked for it, as a matter of course, but the difference between the polite and refined gentlemen she was accustomed to meet and these wild and uncontrollable savages she little dreamed of; hence thought it no more than maidenly to keep the matter from Grimley.

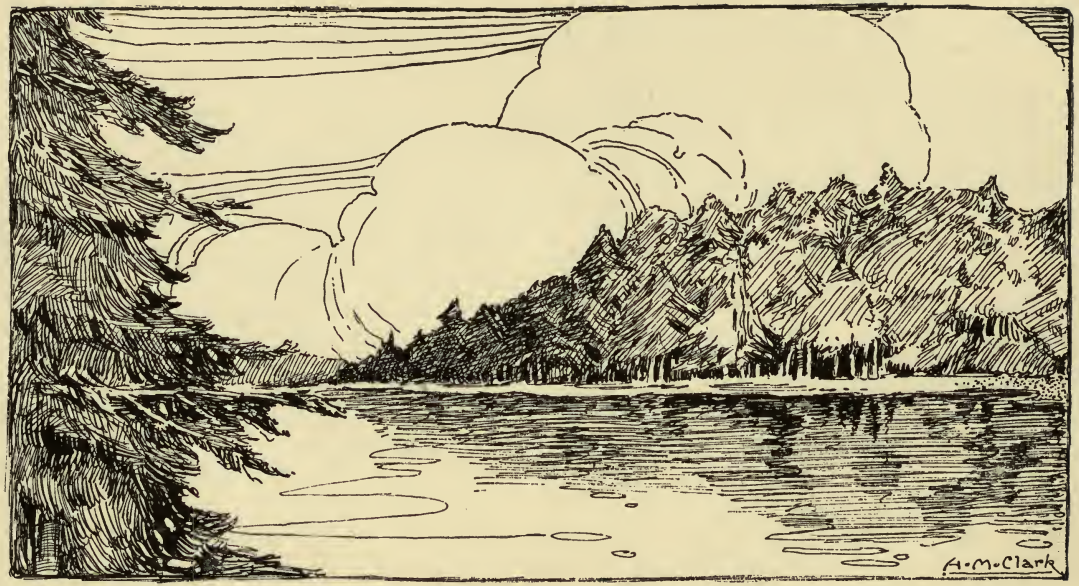
Grimley, on his part, did not reveal to Miss Pearl two

other facts—one of which was the stealing by some of the party of Eric's rifle and ammunition—this taken in connection with the sale of all the gunpowder and guns in exchange for furs from the Company's stores had caused both himself and Eric some anxious thoughts.

One other thing was the finding far down the pathway beyond the warehouse, by himself, of a fine silk handkerchief marked with the initials "H. G." How it could have come there was a mystery. Still another coincidence had happened, although Grimley did not particularly remark it until long afterwards. Two of the Indians had made cash purchases for which they had paid each a twenty dollar gold piece, which were duplicates of the one in Eric's possession. Eric had already told Grimley that in the long winters he had passed on the island that he had relied upon the known fact of his lack of money or valuables as a defense against robbery and violence. Hence, the possession of this gold and the valuables in the trunks of Miss Pearl added to the thoughtful anxiety of the Agent.

Grimley had always with him the remembrance of the parting remarks of Captain Sprott of the *Great West.* The latter had said: "Mr. Grimley, I have followed orders in leaving this young lady—Miss Pearl—in your care on this desolate island. I rely upon your courage and good judgment until her friends send some relief, which I hope may be already on the way, but I must in confidence tell you a disagreeable fact, so that you may be on your guard. You know she is stopped here to avoid the snare that has been laid for her by those people at Nauvoo." Here the good Captain sunk his voice to a whisper. "She was in danger at both ends of her trip, and now that I leave her here I know that not very many miles distant over on the Michigan shore there is a Mor-

mon settlement. They have come and gone by this port for the past two years. They have landed at the Little Manitou and been rowed over by some of the wood choppers or brought over in their canoes by some of the Indians. There are none on this trip I know, as I have asked the Captain of the *Great East,* and he says he has no passengers booked this side of Port Huron, so I trust that they will not become aware of the presence of this young lady, until you have a good force to protect her. Besides, I rely greatly on the strength of the lighthouse, where she is to stay, and Eric is equal to a hundred ordinary men. He is so stout, so faithful, and so courageous. So, Mr. Grimley," concluded the Captain, "keep your own counsel about this and do your best, and everything will come out right."



Page 153. "Grimley drank in with the eye of an artist the vast range of water and woodland scenery."

CHAPTER XVI

THE STRONG AND WEAK POINTS OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

THE agent had all that the Captain had told him, with its disagreeable consequences, in mind, as he looked over with Eric, Miss Pearl and Antoine the strong and the weak points of the lighthouse. The entrance to the structure was on the side next the water. This was a small oak door, strongly iron-plated. Grimley remarked to Miss Pearl: "This is an excellent defense against wild beasts and against men. It cannot be bored with an auger, or burned through with fire, or burst with a battering timber."

The long, ladder-like stairs, it was agreed, should be so arranged that they could readily be drawn up, rendering access to the upper stories of the lighthouse a matter of great difficulty. The shutters of the first two stories, Grimley suggested, should be plated with iron in the same manner as the door. Some sheets of plated iron, left over from the building of the lighthouse, were found which could be fastened to the shutters, thus making them doubly secure.

When the party arrived at the lofty height of Miss Pearl's apartments, Grimley ceased his examination and drank in with the eye of a true artist the vast range of water and woodland scenery. Gertrude handed him her glass and bade him observe through it the various points of interest.

Said he, as he looked: "This is a picture of water,

shore, sky and woods. It is a picture of stillness. I cannot see one vestige of life. It is as I have always thought the appearance of nature at the North Pole might be."

"It will look much more like the real North Pole, Mr. Grimley," said Eric, "when a few days from now everything will be covered with dazzling white snow. There will be no water nor shore then, only one vast expanse of sky and snow, with a darkening fringe of woods."

Gertrude apprehensively answered: "Eric, you make me shiver, for I suppose it is cold too."

"Yes, Miss Pearl, few people have experienced the cold that sometimes comes down upon this island. The bitter north wind is monarch of everything in his trail. See those heavy walls, they are three feet thick. See, too, these double shutters lined with fur and this great stove and fireplace and all these heat-giving as well as light-giving oil lamps. They will all be needed ere long to keep life in your body."

"How do you, Eric, and Mr. Grimley live when such mighty cold comes down?" inquired Gertrude.

Eric smiled and said: "We keep all our clothing on and, besides, creep into great fur-lined sacks or bags. We eat heat-giving food, pork principally, and survive by the vigor of our constitutions. It is not so cold either, down where we are, as we are sheltered by the trees. Neither is it as cold on the Michigan or Wisconsin shore, where the forests are a protection from the deadly blasts. This lighthouse stands in the very path of the far north wind, which travels with exceeding swiftness and with an inconceivable intensity of cold towards the southland. It bears death on its wings as it passes towards the prairies of Illinois and the territories to the South and West, crosses Kentucky, sweeps over the mountains, and does not cease its cruel energy even in the great cotton states.

A boatload of negroes on the southern coast was frozen to death by these terrific north winds coming direct from the north polar regions. Think of the dark nights which prevail there."

"Eric," said Miss Pearl, "you should be a poet. It is not always so cold, is it?"

"Oh, no!" said Eric. "The winter is usually still and sunny. It is cold, but when once accustomed to it the cold is only a joy and a comfort compared to many climates. Moon and stars shine so brightly here that one cannot help thinking of God, and that means good thoughts, Miss Pearl, for God is good." Miss Pearl smiled sweetly upon him as she said softly:

"You are right, Eric; I will not forget this when I see the bright moon and stars this winter as they shine on our lonely island."

The whole party ascended to the highest apartment of the structure. It was arranged and described in the lighthouse directories and nautical almanacs of the day —it is changed now—as "F. R.," which means to the initiated, "Fixed Red." The light was graded as a "secondary lake coast light," but the lofty tower was properly one only erected for the "Primary Sea Coast Lights"—the latter just now being for the great personal advantage of our heroine, whose mind could not readily relieve itself of Eric's life-preserving fur sack and Mr. Grimley's sleeping bags.

Antoine explained that the lights were not then in use, having been discontinued by official order on the third day of December, but by direction of his father they were to be kept in continual order for any emergency that might arise so that they could call for assistance from the keeper of the light on the main shore, who had agreed to look out for the signal at a certain hour. This was the

kind father's main provision for assistance for his little family, while he was traveling in a foreign land—a signal over ten or fifteen miles of the lake to a single man.

Let us say here, this one was Virginie's "Dan'l," whom she thought so much superior to Edward Grimley that she could hardly bear to look at the latter, much less waste many of her words upon him. She liked Eric better, she said. "He is like a brother—big brother; not like Antoine, that little monkey." In her mind "Dan'l" belonged to another race of beings; not a little lower than the angels, but a vast distance above them. In fact she worshipped the big, blue-eyed Saxon, Daniel Pease, and he liked her and meant honestly to marry her, if it so came about.

Consequently at a set hour each evening there was a brave, perhaps honest, fellow looking out for a signal for assistance from the Little Manitou Island, which when seen was to be answered by his own signal, "F. W."—a fixed white light—and assistance given as soon as time and distance would permit. Events were gathering about our little group which will render the operation of this signal a verity, but, when made, will its response be sure and rapid, or will the burly keeper be asleep, or away, or remiss in his answer? We shall see.

As the little group had passed the Madame's combined kitchen, dining-room and reception parlor, she had smilingly greeted them and asked Eric and Grimley to stay to the noonday meal with her family. They had cheerfully accepted, and now, the examination of the whole structure being completed, they descended and were soon seated by the hospitable board of Madame Molloire. All were seated except the latter, and she maintained her position as waitress, as well as hostess, until the meal was entirely served.

With a mixed feeling of pleasure and anxiety, Grimley and Miss Pearl sat down to the table together. Each had traveled, had lived under various roofs and under varying relations, but in this far off spot of the earth they had suddenly become so much to each other that both felt that now they were to seriously receive a new revelation of each other's former mode of life and accomplishments. The Madame had placed chairs for them, side by side, with Grimley opposite Virginie and Antoine opposite to Miss Pearl.

The dinner, for nearly all the world in those days dined at twelve o'clock, began with a course of soup of excellent combination, which was served with true Parisian taste, as taught by Monsieur, followed by a delicate white fish taken that morning from the lake by Antoine; this was succeeded by boiled ham and various vegetables, and the repast closed with coffee and a certain delicate, toothsome, sweet bread cooked in boiling fat, the name of which escapes the author at this moment.

While the dishes were being discussed and rapidly succeeding each other, the conversation was very formal, being limited to table courtesies, but as the crullers—yes, that's the name—were passed and their quality tasted, Grimley looked across to Eric and remarked:

"Eric, there is a better variety at this house than at our place."

"Yes, Mr. Grimley, it is true; but we will try and improve as soon as we are closed in for the winter. Now I wish to do all I can to get ready for the nipping weather coming upon us. I will show you, in good time, hot bread of at least four kinds—rye, Indian, wheat, and rye and Indian mixed; I will show you at least six kinds of pies and various cakes, both plain and frosted. We will invite the Madame and her family to dine and I will do the

cooking and serving, and you, Mr. Grimley, shall do the carving of the turkey."

"And, Eric, may I not serve the coffee? How I should enjoy it—to dine in your cabin," said Miss Pearl gaily; "but will we really have a turkey?"

"Yes," said Eric, "I have a pair saved for Christmas. We all had what we wished on Thanksgiving Day, but in my country we think Christmas the great day of the year, and I have a pair of them saved for the day's celebration. I shall cook the two in my little brick oven and send the Madame one." The latter smiled graciously and indicated in her broken English her acceptance of the American bird, and also of a Christmas dinner to be prepared by Eric.

The Madame took her place at the table and Eric and Grimley set to work to iron plating the window shutters. Miss Pearl watched the work as it progressed, excusing herself for her attendance by saying that she wished all the air and exercise she could get. She even waited upon Eric as he rapidly arranged the rough plates; she handed him the screws and his hammer and kept him supplied with other small needed articles. In the middle of the afternoon she brought the toilers a large pitcher of water, with molasses and ginger in it, prepared by the skillful hands of the Madame. By twilight the task was completed of doubly securing with the strong iron plates both the two lower rows of windows of the lighthouse. While on the floor occupied by Miss Pearl, Grimley had observed two tall, though slender, hemlock trees, whose tops far exceeded the height of that row of windows, and to make everything safe from the contingency of a marksman doing mischief from their branches, he and Eric took their axes to cut them down. Miss Pearl, with Antoine

and Hector, accompanied them and witnessed with pleasure the sturdy strokes of the two as they chopped great gashes into the trunks of the two trees. It was a race in which Eric easily won. The latter said, in a pause of the work, as he wiped his perspiring brow, referring to his humiliation of the day before: "Miss Pearl, this is a game Mr. Grimley did not learn at school, nor on the plantation. Now he has no chance of winning, but I know that if he should work with his axe alongside of me for a few months he would find out some way to excel me even in this. He was a fortunate boy; he learned how to learn and that gives him the advantage over me, even in chopping."

Grimley heard the remark and replied: "You are exactly right, Eric. I was just thinking that with a long saw and a good file I could lay three of these trees low, while you laid two. The old adage says that a workman is known by his chips, but these tell me that a vast proportion of vital energy is wasted by this method of doing the work. It is a matter of calculation, just the same as our calculation when we ran the race with the Indians."

Grimley smiled brightly as he turned towards Miss Pearl. "Do you know," he said, "that I counted upon the difference in diet in holding out to the end? Those Indians had eaten nothing but partly cooked fish since they had made their long row over from the mainland to the island and Eric and I had both eaten of meat and other strength-giving food. Why! we even had a dessert of oatmeal, and in the dreadful finish of a long race it is that which counts. If I were general in a battle, little or big, I should look sharp to see that my men were well fed."

Miss Pearl smilingly assented, and added, archly:

"And you would see that the General himself had his dinner, too, on the same principle, would you not, Mr. Grimley?"

Eric's tree by this time was chopped so nearly through that it was ready to fall. He gave a few ending strokes and its tall top began to waver and topple; then it came with a tearing, rushing descent to the ground, where it landed with a crash so loud that it could be heard for miles. It stripped the heavy branches from a neighboring tree, and crushed several saplings as it fell and Miss Pearl who had never seen a tree fall before, gave a little scream of fear as she saw the effect of Eric's axe. "Oh!" she said, "how I should hate to be beneath the tree as it came down to the ground."

A few moments more work on the part of Grimley and the second tree also fell, quite to his relief, as he streamed with perspiration and panted for lack of breath, owing to the unwonted exertion. He resumed his coat, which he had laid aside for the more free exercise of his powers, and exclaimed: "That ends this week's labor! No more work until Monday."

Miss Pearl expressed her thanks to the two men and said finally: "Eric, the Madame wishes you and Mr. Grimley to come to dinner to-morrow, the same as you did to-day, and I shall be pleased to have you make a call upon me in my reception room after the dinner. Perhaps, Eric, you will tell me something about your native land. I know you can give an interesting story of it and I shall be most delighted to hear it." Both Eric and Grimley accepted the invitation with hearty gratitude, and the two little groups separated for the night and for the week.

That evening, as she again reviewed the events of a day, Miss Pearl thought with pleasure of the quiet, un-

obtrusive manners of Grimley. She had noted the very silent, kindly way in which he had listened to each speaker and she had not failed to appreciate that his aim was rather to conceal his own information and to draw out that of others. With fine tact he had prevented the conversation from becoming personal, guiding it in such a way that the interest of all was kept up. In after years she reminded him of the incident and asked him how he was able to do it.

"Oh," said he, "that was a part of my rhetoric lessons; it was native to begin with and to build upon, but I knew the scope and aim of all the conversation at the table and that is where my school training came to my aid—none of the others saw the point. I looked for it. The rule in this as in other studies is 'for art to conceal art.'"

Miss Pearl also remembered how careful an eater the guest had been—in no case had he partaken twice of the same dish. "It is plain," she said to herself, "that he is under the best of influence at home. By the way in which he spoke of his mother and sisters I am sure they must be the nicest of people. I wish I knew them."

Miss Pearl did not sing that night; she simply thought of the day's and the week's events, nor did her thoughts go beyond the morrow when she was again to meet Grimley and Eric. She blended them always together in her thoughts but not in confusion. Each appealed in his way to a different set of feelings. In questioning Eric as to his early home, she tactfully used the method to obtain from him an account of his life's history. She said to herself, "As he speaks of his country, he will tell me of himself and that is what I wish greatly to know about."

What were Grimley's thoughts as he resigned himself to slumber? They were of a sweet and womanly maiden,

with eyes almost habitually downcast and yet alert with hand and brain to anticipate the wish of every one about her. He remembered with a sweet pleasure the lithe form, robed as he had not seen it before, in a brown woolen house dress, whose shirt waist and long skirt, gave an unusual length to the figure, and an antique finish to the statuesque form. The smooth brown hair and pale complexion reminded him of the softest of satin; especially where the neck and shoulders joined, and where the folds of the dress revealed and yet hid its delicate shape. "No wonder," said Grimley to himself, "that the Indians called her the "White Pearl," for in heart, in brain and in person she is a pearl of the rarest value, and like a gem of untold price she shall be guarded in this wide waste, even with my life."

CHAPTER XVII

AN HOUR OF SONG AND READING

When Miss Pearl awoke the next morning she remembered that it was the Sabbath and she recalled day by day the events of the week which had elapsed since she worshipped at the little church on the Island of Mackinac. Her main impressions were summed up in her thoughts to the effect that within the seven days she had doubled her whole life's experience. She knew the past was beyond recall. Her old life—in the treachery and dishonor of her uncle—had passed away never to return—that when she should leave the island and go again among people, her associations would be quite new, that at present her life was narrowed down to a few persons and a little spot of land, of whose existence even she had been unaware the week before. She remembered in a short time that Eric and Grimley were to dine again with the family and that she had invited them to make a formal call upon her.

Act and thought going quickly together with her, she began at once appropriate duties of the day. At twelve Grimley and Eric were ushered into the dining room. Dinner was nearly ready and they received a smiling welcome from all the family, including Hector, who ere this had given the two his fullest confidence, although for some dog reason he evidently preferred Grimley to Eric. The former noticed that in arranging and ordering the details, the wishes of Miss Pearl

were seemingly consulted and followed. The dishes of the repast were a little more elaborate than on the day before. At the final course pineapple preserve was served with cake and coffee. Upon its introduction Miss Pearl observed to Grimley: "This is a part of the Englishman's outfit, which you advised me to buy. Don't you think it is very nice away up in these northern regions to taste the luscious fruit of the sunny South?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied he, "especially as you can enjoy it without the sunshine which is so deadly in those islands where the pineapple best flourishes. I know something about the numerous ills that afflict the West Indies and some cold day I shall be pleased to unfold the tale of horrors to you."

"And why some cold day," asked Antoine, who had evidently appropriated a part of the promised description to himself.

"Don't you know, my lad," said Grimley, "that stories of the Arctic regions are best read and told in the hot summer time when the heat oppresses man and beast, and it is in the coldest of winter that tales of the southland are best related. It is thus with printed stories—Those of the north are best appreciated in the south—Russian and Norwegian; Fredereka Bremmer's for instance, are more popular in England and America and even France, where they are greatly read in excellent translations than they are at home—stories of tropic life, like Paul and Virginie, are great favorites in the extreme north in Germany and North America."

Grimley had addressed the latter part of his remarks to Miss Pearl, who had caught his thought and bowed her acquiescence but the young lady turned to the dark-eyed maid who sat at the opposite side of the table and asked her:

"Virginie, did you ever read about your namesake and her lover Paul?"

"No, Mam'selle, me know not before that there was a Paul and Virginie. Were they nice? And what was Paul like?"

Antoine with the mischief inborn in boyhood interrupted with the question and declaration: "Was he like Dan'l? Sister thinks it would be 'bob' if he were!"

The bright color flashed into Virginie's cheeks and to help her in her confusion, Miss Pearl quickly added:

"Perhaps like Dan'l, and perhaps no! I have the book and shall have you, Virginie, use it for your lessons in English, which I have promised to give you. Both you and your namesake were French maidens of gentle blood and born in a foreign land—one in the far south and one in the far north—for you I shall bespeak a brighter destiny than the girl in the romance."

To this proposition Virginie joyfully acceded and the meal was soon ended. The Madame and Virginie agreed to shortly join the others of the family in Miss Pearl's apartments above. Antoine and Hector rushed up ahead, followed by Eric and Grimley and lastly by Miss Pearl.

"How delightful," said Grimley as he saw the blazing grate fire, the table covered with books and engravings, and even a few plants set in the deep window frames, through which the sun was pouring his warm and welcome beams. "This, if not like Heaven, is at least like home."

"Such as it is, welcome, both of you," said Miss Pearl, with brightened cheeks and a warm and hospitable manner that put both men at once at their ease. "It is no small blessing to find such quarters in such a big place. I fancy they are much better than those you have, albeit

much more troublesome to get to—think of those three long flights of stairs—"

"How grand the view is from here," said Grimley. "I should like to take a sweep of its distant beauties through your glass." Miss Pearl adjusted it for him and he finished his remark by saying, "I cannot see any vestage of animation. I think I have never been in so solitary a place in all my life before."

Eric said, "You must remember that it is now the sixth day of December and all nature is awaiting the winter season—both animals and men. The good God has given us these days to get ready for its sure arrival and its dreadful intensity."

"Will not the severity of the weather be our defense against the Indians," said Miss Pearl, a little anxiously.

"I am afraid not," said Eric. "After the winter is once settled into its regular ways then all the life of the woods, lake and wilderness becomes habituated to it—men and animals, birds and fish all resume their activity. You yourself, Miss Pearl, will wish to get out in the winter sunshine and bright crisp air as much as you ever did on the finest days of spring or autumn. The cold is excessive but still, except at times and with proper clothing the outdoor life is very agreeable, especially to the well and vigorous."

Thus chatting, and each in turn looking through the glass at the wide and picturesque view, the time passed until the Madame and her daughter ascended and took their seats with the group. In the meantime Eric had noticed a thermometer and had placed it on the outside of the window, and as the Madame came up he mentioned that it still indicated mild weather and stood at fifty-seven degrees. The temperature made the fire which was cheerfully burning in the grate most agree-

able and the party all turned their faces and received its pleasant reflection. The quiet of the seventh day seemed to rest peacefully upon them all, and none were in a hurry to speak but Grimley began, with a quiet modulated voice:

"Miss Pearl, I notice your instrument. I have heard its notes one or two evenings as you played upon it with your casement open. May we not have some sacred songs? At home it was a great day for music of that class."

Miss Pearl's cheek flushed a little and she said, "Yes, we will sing after a time if you all wish it, but now let us hear Eric tell about his Northern home as he said he would."

The blue-eyed Northman replied: "I remember what was said at the table about the stories most suitable for warm weather. My tale, if such it can be called, is of a cold sterile and rocky land, where winter lasts more than half the year, and the cold is so fearful that words cannot describe it. I have looked at the thermometer hanging yonder in the window. It showed fifty-five degrees. Now it is a quarter of an hour later—I will look at it again. Yes, it is as I thought—it is now fifty-three degrees. My story must be short or it will be inappropriate for ere sundown, winter will be upon us."

"Eric," interrupted Grimley, "you have made a fine beginning. You have drawn attention from yourself and fixed it upon your subject. That is a great art for public speakers and story tellers."

"You may well say so, Mr. Grimley," said Eric, "I have suffered many times from talkers who have used the great 'I' in a manner to make me ashamed for the immodesty of my fellowman. My boyhood was passed in such quiet and stillness that I scarcely learned to talk in my native

tongue. Being left motherless at two years of age—I was sent to the house of my grandparents. They were old and lived silent lives in their little cabin. I lived with them until I was ten, and saw no child companions. When six years of age I was sent with the goats to a little island some three or four miles from the mainland. This happened every spring and I remained until winter, watching and carefully tending the animals. Once a week they sent me food, hard crusts and a little meat. Otherwise I drank the goat's milk and ate the shell fish which were to be found on the shore. Was I lonesome? No, it was so far to the north that the sun sometimes never set at night; it dipped down to the line of the horizon and made a great circle without going out of sight, and when it did set, it was only for an hour or two or three. When the nights grew long, then the goats with their increase and me, their keeper, were taken home to the silent cabin.

"This was on the shore of Norway very far to the North, where people spoke of Iceland and pointed out across the water and said 'over there.' You know how far to the north of England those dreary islands are. Well I was born that far north, only in Norway. In my little island, something like this that we are on, only composed of great rocks instead of sand, there were the homes of many birds. I made friends with them, watched them raise their little ones and assisted to feed them. I studied the habits of the fish and thought and meditated but was as silent as the animals I watched. The clouds and the waves aroused my imagination and when the sun was low I would marvel at the wonder of the stars. What a life for a boy to lead, you say! Yes, it was something like the life Moses led for forty years behind the mountains over in Arabia, was it not?

"At ten years of age I lost my grandparents; they died within a day of each other. It was winter and I watched silently by their dead bodies for forty-eight hours, then went for the nearest assistance, six miles through the forest. This I secured at the house of neighbors, two old people—a brother and a sister, who gave me a home until Spring, when I was put on a ship; a few dollars being paid for my passage. Four months on the water I suffered from seasickness and from confinement and was landed in New York City and taken by a man who said he was my uncle, but he was not. He put me to work on a farm where vegetables were raised on Staten Island. This man had ten or fifteen young boys he had kidnapped in the same way. He received our labor for nothing, except the cost of the little food we ate. We worked early and late and were forbidden to talk.

"One day this man died; his wife poisoned him—she said she had been his slave long enough. We were all glad, so said nothing about the wicked deed. Next I worked on the canal enbankment leading a horse. Soon after I went West. In Buffalo I again worked, in a garden, but this time for English people who paid me for my labor. They taught me to read and they did not work on Sundays. When I was fifteen years old they bought a farm in Ohio and took me away there with them. We went among the great forest trees and hewed and cut until we had a cleared space for a home. Two years afterwards the man died and his widow returned to England with their four children. They were kind and good to me, they paid my little wages with regularity and taught me to read their few books—the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, a work on ancient history, the Spectator, and a little book on religious subjects written by a man named Thomas à Kempis. The lady had a

sweet voice and she taught me many, many things, for in England she had been associated with high people—I think she was a governess—and had come to this country with her husband to make their future, but instead he found a grave in the far off wilderness, and she returned a widow with four children. It is often thus—a few establish themselves but disease, death, infirmity are the usual finish among emigrants."

Eric thus far had recited his history in a low monotone—as his memory recalled the shifting scenes in review before his mind, by a few compact syllables, and with natural, but speaking gestures, he indicated the story to his intent auditors. Upon recalling the death of his employer and the return of the stricken widow, his voice grew husky and finally ceased, his eyes filling with tears. Sympathetic tears gathered in the eyes of all in the room.

Miss Pearl rose and went to a drawer and drew forth a little volume, well used and well read, as was evident, from its appearance and approaching Eric as he sat with his head bowed down, said to him:

"See here, Eric, is my copy of à Kempis—it belonged to my mother. I have shed many tears too over it—millions of others have done the same over other copies during the ages that have past since it was written and circulated," and turning to the Madame who sat with tearful eyes, she said to her:

"This is a book written by a good Catholic a long time ago. It has good sermons in it. I am going to ask Mr. Grimley to read us some selections and then I will sing you some Sabbath day songs, if you would like to hear them."

With an indescribable grace she turned to Grimley, handed him the little volume and resumed her seat, with

eyes downcast, with one hand laid passively on the other, awaiting as was her habit, when she gave close attention to another's conversation. There is a picture of a girl yet preserved, of Miss Pearl standing with drooping head and one hand laid upon the open palm of the other, and this was now her attitude of attention, except that now she was seated.

As Grimley opened the book and turned the leaves he gave one inquiring glance towards Gertrude, but seeing by her attitude that he was left to his own efforts he selected several chapters, for the work was not unfamiliar, and with a round, measured, deliberate voice he read page after page. As he went over the subjects he followed the sense of the writer with sympathetic intonation, until the little audience, the reader and the old writer—come to life once again—seemed one person and one spirit.

Miss Pearl said softly to herself: "This is eloquence indeed; art, nature, reader, subject, all are joined to produce the highest effect."

She rose immediately upon the cessation of the sound of Grimley's voice, and proceeded to her instrument, sat down before it on a little stool and touching lightly the chords of the ancient harp, sang the hallowed song:

> "Safely through another week
> God has brought us on our way," etc.

As she sang verse after verse through the whole composition, she lost herself in the thoughts inspired by words and music of the song, and again as Grimley and Eric had before heard, sang bird-like and unconsciously. It was evident that she felt at one, with those who listened. All through the varying notes of the song the feeling of

content and resignation to her present lot seemed uppermost.

Finishing this song and while receiving the thanks of her guests, Miss Pearl taking a book of words and music handed it to Eric and Grimley, and said, pointing to the old song:

"Guide me, Oh Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land," etc.

"I wish you two to assist me in singing." This the two men did to the best of their ability. Grimley sang as he read; uttering the words clearly and distinctly with a fair idea as to the musical time, but not much as to melody. However, he kept along, without much discord, with the singer. Eric on the other hand had a European's aptitude for music. His voice was low, full of music, and of a soft baritone quality. Miss Pearl felt its assistance all through the composition and while she felt thankful that Grimley sang no worse, she was greatly pleased at Eric's efforts. She thought while she sang: "This is the music and poetry of the man's nature. Eric weeps at his friend and patron's death and now sings to the praise of God with equally noble and disinterested feelings."

The three sang several pieces together, greatly to their own pleasure and that of the Madame and her two children, for the art of song is one that pleases the performer as well as the receiver of the results of the effort. It is not so with all man's work; thus: the blazing, comfortable fire in the open grate in the dark city home gives a degree of pleasure and comfort unbalanced by a similar feeling in the mind of the blackened, perspiring miner

as he digs out the coal from its dark bed far beneath the surface of the green earth.

So far from home and civilization these six people revelled in the delights of music and song and forgot the dangers from the elements, from sickness and from evil minded neighbors. The afternoon was nearly over—silence had succeeded song, when Eric again glanced at the thermometer. He exclaimed with surprise: "Only thirty-five degrees. Winter is upon us." Just then a vapory cloud dimmed the low down sun. Grimley took the glass again and looking toward the North exclaimed: "Yes, indeed, the change is upon us, it is winter surely."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE COMING DOWN OF WINTER

Miss Pearl stood by his side with a cheek paler than usual. She was impressed by the seriousness of the tones of the two men—she felt with them that the fight for existence, implied by a residence to the far North, in the winter, was now to be entered upon with its sufferings and enforced endurance. Silently she took the glass, arranged its focus to suit her eyes and took a long deliberate view to the northward, and said:

"I can see the approach of a heavy storm. I think it is snow, although snow is white and this seems to be a great bank of darkness."

"That," answered Eric, "is the darkness of night to anyone beneath those great masses of falling snow. Anyone there feels that night and winter have come, and," in a lower tone he added, "perhaps death too."

Miss Pearl murmured, with her eyes still fixed to the glass:—"God pity any one exposed to the fury of the storm. Now I understand why everything has been deserted for the past few days. This storm had already begun its travels from the far North. How soon, Eric, will it be here? Will it shake the lighthouse, Madame Malloire?"

The Madame answered, "Yes, Madamoiselle, it will make the lighthouse shake but fear not. It is stronger than the wind and God will keep us."

Eric replied in turn: "It will be here in a quarter of

an hour. It travels faster than the fleetest horse, but in a circle, round and round, and that gives us time to prepare for it. God has made it so," added Eric reverently. The latter looked again at the thermometer and continued: "It is now only thirty-five degrees. It has fallen twenty-two degrees since we have been here. In a few minutes everything will begin to freeze and it will be months before the Frost King lets up on us. We are now shut off from the world for weeks—no mortal can reach us either to assist or be assisted. The great forests and lakes are surrendered to the mercy of the elements and God pity any who are without food and shelter."

Miss Pearl had intently watched the storm as it rolled toward them. What at first had been a low dark bank far to the North, had now approached and increased so that it covered the whole horizon towards the North and was reaching far to the zenith. The young woman made an exclamation of alarm as with knitted brow and anxious face she handed Grimley the glass and said: "Look just to the side of the North Island and see if you cannot discern a vessel struggling with the wind and waves."

Grimley quickly did as he was told and soon saw a dismasted schooner driven and drifting before the wild tempest. It was hugging the shore of the island. "God help them," said Grimley, "we cannot, and they can scarcely help themselves. If they can get into the shelter of a cove and their anchors hold, they may survive but otherwise ship and crew are doomed."

"God is good," said Eric, with a rapt look in his strongly marked features. "He may send a little gust of wind circling around in such a way that the helpless ship will be blown into a place of safety and then the wind in its fury can blow without harm to them. That

is the way I saw God save the little birdlings on the Norwegian Island in my boyhood. He has a way of His own and the winds and waves obey Him." As Eric closed his consolatory remarks, Grimley saw the darkness and storm envelope the struggling ship and he could see it no more.

"Mr. Grimley, don't you think you and Eric had better go to your homes before the storm gets too severe," rather anxiously asked Miss Pearl.

"Not unless you expressly desire us to go," was the reply; and Eric shook his head and said earnestly:

"We wish to stay and should not feel it manly to leave you just as the storm and winter comes with so much fury." The Madame, Antoine and Virginie also joined in the request for them both to stay.

Antoine went below to inspect all the fastenings of the shutters and the door, and to light the lamps in the living room, and in the passage ways.

Eric announced still another fall of five degrees in the instrument. "Now," said he, "everything is freezing. Millions of reptiles and insects that have survived during the season of mild weather will cease their existence. God is good and He has made it so."

Grimley handed the glass to Miss Pearl and advised her to take a parting glance southward, eastward and westward. This she did and saw that shore and water as yet lay softly resting in the twilight, as it had done since her arrival at the island; but still with no sign of life, either human or animal.

"How like my own life," she thought. "It is but a week since my calm life and thoughts were disturbed by a tempestuous change I little dreamed of. This approaching storm may be a prophetic signal of its long and rigorous hold upon me." Her thoughts and mind re-

verted to Grimley and Eric. "God is good to send me two such protectors, I know I am in danger and I feel that the storm is only beginning but I am sure that I shall not suffer harm with these two to protect me. I am like Eric's birds that he told of; the wind has blown me into this strong tower and God has also given me two strong and wise defenders."

The party watched in silence the descent of the first snowflakes. They whitened the windows and soon the brown earth began to be of a mixed color—the wind greatly increased at the same time and it soon brought the white flakes in clouds. Miss Pearl observed a sound she had not heard before—that of a sobbing and sighing, as though some great mysterious being was in distress—it came out of the air and yet filled the whole structure. She could hear it aloft in the glass house—she could hear it far below on the different floors of the lighthouse.

Darkness came with the sound and she could feel the solid tower tremble in concert with it. Absolute and unmitigated terror seized her and her color became that of marble, and her heart ceased beating for a moment.

If she had given way to her feelings she would have uttered piercing shrieks. Afterwards in describing her feelings at the moment, she said that thereafter she knew what a panic was in an army as it often occurred in battle.

Her maidenly feeling prevented her from appealing to Grimley but she threw her arms around Eric's broad and brotherly chest and shoulders and said faintly: "Oh! Tell me! Oh! Tell me! What is that sound?"

Eric soothingly replied: "Have no fear, dear lady, it is only the north wind, it has no evil spirit in it as the Northmen used to think and to tremble at. God is good and He will not let it harm you."

"Nor you, Eric, brave man, nor any of us," said Miss Pearl with reviving spirit and cheeks that became rose color.

"We are far up in the air, lady, nearly a hundred feet," continued Eric and the invisible powers of the air are grappling with the work of man and when they are met with a force superior to their own these are their voices. This house, lofty as it is, will stand secure in the hardest wind that ever blew down the lake. It is built of solid stone and iron and although it yields and sways a little to the blast as you now feel it do, yet nevertheless it is absolutely secure against the storm."

In the meantime, save the flickering firelight, the apartment in which they were gathered had grown dark. Grimley almost equally moved as Miss Pearl, so unwonted was the event even to him, to relieve the situation threw a few pieces of wood upon the open grate. Virginie lighted the lamps in all the rooms on the floor and these with the quickened firelight soon rendered the place bright and cheerful.

Miss Pearl smiled again and expressed her regret at her fear, but Grimley soothingly said: "Do not regret it; it is but natural for human beings in untried situations to yield to fear. I myself trembled and was afraid when the winter tempest came upon us so violently. These are the events once safely and honorably met, which make the choice recollections of after life. You know the lines:

> "And old griefs like mountain summits
> Golden gleams of sunset caught."

This winter will yield many such experiences to you that will be choice treasures of your memory for years."

"Virginia lighted the lamps."—Chapter 18, Page 178

Miss Pearl turned to him and said softly: "Oh! I am glad I am here. Already I confess it one of the choice events of my life. I feel entirely safe and my fear was only momentary. I forgot for a period God's care and you and Eric with your kindness so freely promised."

The wind continued to increase in violence, blowing now steadily from the North. Eric drew the thermometer in for a moment and read its condition. The mercury indicated only twenty degrees above zero and he said partly to his companions and partly to himself: "This is a fall of thirty-five degrees within an hour. I have never known a greater change in the time, but it can yet mark as much or more below zero as it is now above, and that will make a total change of ninety degrees, it may even reach one hundred ere this storm is over!" As Eric said this it could be observed that he closed his lips and squared his broad shoulders as though preparing to grapple to the death with a powerful enemy.

"Why, Eric," said Miss Pearl, "are there such excessive changes here in the Northwest in comparison to the East where I have lived and in Europe where I have traveled?"

"Because, dear lady," said Eric in his low sweet voice, "we are in the track of the far North wind. This breeze starts thousands of miles north from near the pole where the limit of cold is almost beyond the power of mercury to measure. It is drawn towards the torrid zone by an irresistible attraction, passing over vast plains of ice and snow which keep it to its lowest temperature. So, lady, we are to soon breathe the air that the white polar bear was sniffing with his frosty breath not more than two days ago, perhaps five thousand miles away."

"Yes, Eric, or the whale was blowing from his great lungs in the open polar sea. Any way it will be well

purified by the time it reaches here," Miss Pearl added with a smile that brightly reflected the lights which now lit up her little reception room.

She continued, still addressing Eric, "Do you know that I almost love the whale. I used to think they were fish, but now I know they are animals—just as much as is the ox—but fitted by the Creator to live upon the water—Mark! Upon it!—Not in it, like the true fish. They have great big hearts, they love their young, and die for them if need be. They are innocent of guile notwithstanding their great strength and power to do evil. I never read of the capture of this noble beast with its death sufferings that I do not tremble. It is certainly pitiful to hear of its groans and contortions and the quantity of warm red blood with which it dyes the ocean."

Grimley viewed with an admiration he could scarcely repress, the enthusiastic girl as forgetting self, the storm, and all about her, she gave way to her sympathy for one of God's creatures, and he added: "The whale is certainly a noble animal—the time is not distant when men will give their lives to the study of them and entire books will be written relating to their habits and life. It is estimated to live the longest of any mammal—a thousand years. Whales are of many kinds—there are both large and small, and they belong to the same family as the dolphins and porpoises, and the better known tortoises."

"I have spent many hours in watching the porpoises playing upon the water in the vicinity of my little island off the Norway coast," said Eric. "They are curious creatures—they go in schools and they dive and come up and dive again so that you can always see them as long as you choose to watch for them. I have seen many whales too, blowing their great columns of air and

water in the distance, and once during a very high tide one was stranded on the rocks and lay there for two weeks, until the people had come from the mainland and taken all the oil and bone from the mighty carcass. The birds had a great feast on what was left. Its skeleton is there on that far off island to-day, I am sure—although that was many years ago."

While this conversation was being held the Madame had disappeared with Virginie and ere long Antoine appeared, and said: "Supper is ready! Mamma asks you all kindly to come."

Miss Pearl brought a wrapper from her dressing room and snugly wrapping it around her, said with a shiver: "I not only hear the winter wind, but I feel it. Gentlemen, proceed, I will follow down our stairs, which make up in steepness and height what they lack in width. It is fortunate that we are all young and agile. Besides," she added gayly, "if I stumble and fall I wish to have my support well in front. If I can have my choice, do you, Mr. Grimley, go first, so that Eric can be the one to receive me in my flight earthward from this high heaven where I dwell. I don't know the style altogether appropriate to a lighthouse but with the rocking of the building and the sighing winds I wish to have a good strong helper convenient for my assistance."

The meal was a plain one, tea and biscuit and dried beef being very tastefully served, but ere its close the Madame brought on a plate of smoking hot cakes made from the flour of the buckwheat. This was succeeded by other plates and by the best of butter and syrup—both maple and honey.

Eric declared that nothing was better for a wintry Sunday night than such cakes, both to ward off homesickness and to fill the heart with courage. It was un-

der their influence too that Grimley told an old story to Antoine and Virginie—but with Eric and Miss Pearl also attentive listeners—of a lightkeeper who died and left a widow who had lived many years with him a faithful wife in the lighthouse. The new keeper was in due time appointed but the appointment was conditioned upon his marrying the widow, as in the long intervening years of her residence she had grown so stout that she could not come down the long and narrow stairs which entered the lighthouse.

All laughed heartily at the story which Grimley told with embellishments. Madame Malloire heard the story in the intervals of her trips from the stove to the table and laughed with the rest but said: "Me, no marry new lightkeeper if Monsieur no come back."—

"No," said Grimley, "you are too slender and too active to make the story fit you at all. If it had not been so I would not have related it—but it might come nearer true to your daughter perhaps." The latter with Antoine was having a private laugh over the story. The boy had whispered something to his sister in which the one word "Dan'l" was to be overheard—this had been received with a girlish laugh when Grimley added his remark, the joke became too plain and the laughter general, during which the supper party broke up. They all re-assembled half an hour later in Miss Pearl's reception room, which looked all the more inviting after the very satisfactory repast.

The wind howled its bitter tune of death and destruction but failed to dampen the spirits of our little group.

Eric examined the instrument and announced that it now stood at ten degrees above zero. As he replaced it outside the casement a great mass of snow rolled in from outside and the air was so bitter that he said he

should look at the thermometer no more that night. Grimley said that he had one at the warehouse which he should watch upon his return. He said that he and Eric should shortly leave but begged for a song or two ere their departure.

Miss Pearl took her seat and with the accompaniment of Eric and Grimley and the good Sisters' harp sang several old and sacred songs. The one which impressed Grimley the most was:

> "Silently the shades of evening
> Gather round my lonely door;
> Silently they bring before me
> Faces I shall see no more."

He had not long before suffered the loss of a tender mother and a sister besides one or two others most dear to him. His own lonely and reduced condition in life added to these losses made him susceptible to the spirit of the song, and his eyes suffused with tears as the singing proceeded. Miss Pearl marked the effect of her song and she wished to know the particulars of the source of his feelings but a maidenly reserve kept her from asking.

Eric was most impressed with the old song of "Home, Home, Sweet Home," etc., but it was on the principle of sympathy with its author, the lamented Payne, who said of himself and the song, that "the song of home" had been written by a man who never had had nor expected to have one. Eric, homeless man, was most deeply affected by the words which told of its sweet comforts.

After the singing had lapsed into silence for a few moments, Miss Pearl commenced the conversation by re-

calling the probable fate of the schooner and its crew, which they had seen trying to gain the shelter of the North Island. She said that until she knew otherwise she should accept Eric's thought that God had wafted it into the lea of some sheltering cove.

Eric here added: "Yes, but if so, they will then have to fight for existence against cold and hunger. The crew were evidently becalmed in making the passage of the Straits by the mild still weather and will be ill prepared for a winter in the ice. In which case," said he earnestly, "we shall have a duty to perform towards them."

"And how soon can they be reached, Eric, if they are over there?" asked Miss Pearl.

"Not under three weeks will it be safe to trust the ice between here and the North Island. The water is deep and it will take a long time to congeal it and make it possible to cross over it to the North Island. It will be nearly a month even before the passage to the mainland is safe. During that time, dear lady, we can neither leave the island nor can any one molest us—this last is surely a comfort."

Very soon after this conversation Eric and Grimley breasted the storm in passing to the warehouse. Antoine opened the door below to let them out but had great difficulty in closing it against the masses of snow drifting about it.

Eric accompanied Grimley, at his request, to his "strong house," as the Indians called it, although the wind and snow were fierce and powerful they made little difference with these two resolute men. They soon had a fire burning in the open stove and the old fashioned settle drawn before it with a half dozen great Buffalo robes to protect them from the approach of the cold from any quarter. The sound of the strong wind was but little

compared to what it had been at Miss Pearl's altitude.

"Eric," said Grimley, "did you ever spend a Sunday to better advantage than to-day?"

"Never, Mr. Grimley. I don't think I have had an evil or complaining thought during the entire day. For once I have been thoroughly content with my lot. Do you never, Mr. Grimley, feel as though your life was slipping away from you like a shadowy dream. I do. I fear sometimes to wake lest my life has gone and I have done nothing worthy of my powers. You can judge the feeling when I tell you that I expected to stay on this island alone or at most with a single man and with no companionship that would do me good—that would have been half a year gone, and then to be succeeded by another half year of driving business, and so on—but to-day I have enjoyed and been benefitted by high thoughts, music, conversation and as much as anything by the hearing of that sweet sermon by à Kempis."

With such conversation as this the two men turned into their little bunk-like couches for the night. Grimley in the firelight noticed with mixed feelings of admiration and regret, the bowed form of Eric as he commended himself and all he loved and all who were neighbors to him, to the care of the All Merciful. The admiration was for Eric's child-like faith and act, the regret was for his own reluctance to thus humble himself before another in adoration of the Being in whom, as he thought, he thoroughly believed.

Miss Pearl, in the same bowed attitude before she slept, asked the Father to remember each and all on the island. Perhaps Grimley and Eric slept all the sweeter as they had been especially named by the fair suppliant. She remembered too the sailors on the en-

dangered vessel—perhaps they too in their toil and watching and hard lot were comforted in consequence. She prayed for her Aunt, for her misguided Uncle and *all her enemies* as she had been taught. Let us hope the latter were influenced because, innocent girl as she was, they were many more than she dreamed of.

CHAPTER XIX

CONTINUATION OF THE TEMPEST

As our heroine nestled into her soft and downy couch and its feathery masses folded around her and she heard the wind sobbing and sighing and felt the slight waving to and fro of the tall tower, she remembered how at times when she had been on the ocean tossing and shifting, awaiting the final issue, her mind had been filled with the words:

> "Rocked in the cradle of the deep
> I lay me down in peace to sleep
> Secure beneath the," etc.

So this night she slept secure in the thought of God's care, and was content to be how and where He willed.

Both Eric and Grimley slept late and when they woke they did not immediately arise. The feeling was uppermost that they were for the present spectators on the scene and besides they instinctively dreaded the cold—they could hear the north wind and hear the falling and drifting of the snow without.

Eric in due time was up and kindled a fire and commenced getting breakfast and with unerring instinct found the simple utensils and the materials to be used; very soon he and Grimley were seated discussing their coffee and hot bread and bacon and a few warm crullers with syrup to close with, the latter, a welcome present,

from the lighthouse, brought over the evening before.

When they looked out of the windows it was a world of snow they saw—in the sky, on the boughs of the trees, lying in drifts on the ground, and more coming, coming incessantly. It was banked around the door in great drifts.

With large wooden shovels Eric and Grimley removed it after a couple of hours' hard labor, so that the warehouse was accessible as a business house again, but all the time the snow was drifting and falling into the places they had moved it from. The wind still blew strongly and steadily and the thermometer showed ten degrees above zero.

Eric said: "The extreme cold will come when it has ceased snowing. The stars will be visible and all nature look as bright as on a June night but the cold will come stealing from the North to kill like a midnight assassin.

"Mr. Grimley, we shall have to look out for our fur bags to sleep in and for our furs to wear, and so be ready for frosted faces and limbs; fortunately I know the remedies and how to protect life. I shall be contented with my lot if I can do these things for you, Miss Pearl and the keeper's wife and family—we must now make ready to visit them."

"Yes," said Grimley, "I was thinking of that, but I have learned not to intrude too early upon a family of women and children; that is, upon what the papers call the privacy of a home. If you make your appearance half an hour too soon your reception is very different from the one you receive after they have waited for you half an hour."

Eric ploughed his way to his own cabin to look after his turkeys, his pet rabbit and a few fowls, and to see that everything was in order for another day. Grimley

put things to rights as he called it in his apartment, and by the time Eric returned he was ready to avail himself of the Madame's invitation for dinner, which she had given both to him and Eric as they bade her adieu the evening before. Arriving at the entrance to the lighthouse Grimley pulled a little secret wire to notify the family of their arrival.

This signal was devised by Monsieur Malloire to communicate with his wife upon his return from his expeditions. While away his orders were never to admit any one to the premises, and not even to answer the calls or knocks of strange men or women. Once the Government Inspector had to wait two days ere he could perform his duties—awaiting the return of the keeper. The end of the wire was just behind a loose piece of plaster. A slight pull rang a small bell on the living room floor. In opening the lower door, there was yet a guard chain which permitted the opening of an inch or two to enable the one within to be assured of the real personality of the one seeking admittance. This arrangement was communicated to Grimley at the request of Miss Pearl and afterwards to Eric, and it became an important factor in the events shortly to be detailed. The two men shook off the heavy snow below, and appeared fresh and rosy at the dinner table which was amply provided by the skillful hands of the Madame.

The storm was the theme of the opening conversation. Miss Pearl said that from her windows she could see only snow, except when she could dimly perceive the dark blue water as it rolled in great waves with lines of white caps crowning their crests.

The waves broke heavily on the shore and the tumult of the surf was plainly audible to all gathered within the tower; the wind still sung its requiem about the lofty

walls, but Miss Pearl smilingly said that she had become so pleasantly accustomed to it that she should miss it if it should now cease.

The party soon adjourned to the reception room up the two long flights. Every one, even Hector, awaiting with suspense the result of the storm. The discussion was resumed relating to the schooner which had been seen the night before, but as nothing could be decided as to its fate the interest of all was soon concentrated within the narrow walls of the lighthouse. There was an attempt to make the time pass pleasantly on the part of Grimley and Eric.

The former told a story then somewhat current of a lady traveling westward by stage out of Detroit, who had become confused as to the name of the place of her destination. She told the driver that it was impossible to tell it, as it had entirely gone out of her mind, but upon being urged to say something near, she had said that she could only think of the words: "Wipes-it-up-Standing." "Oh, ho!" said the driver, "don't you want to go to Yipsilanti?" "Yes, that is the very place. How strange it is I should have missed it."

This little story was so well received under the influence of the coffee of which they had partaken that Eric essayed a relation of the experience of a frontiersman who had kept open house for all strangers and travelers passing his ranch in the far West for many years. He had entertained hundreds and refused any compensation and as many of the travelers had come from St. Louis and claimed that as their home, he thought at last he would take a trip and return their visits for a few weeks. Starting with his wife and children in two or three wagons well stocked with provisions he was hospitably treated

on the way, but made few stops as he said he was in haste to get to his friends, who were no doubt impatiently waiting to receive him.

Arriving at that busy mart the old man was somewhat confused at its size and the number of people, all of whom seemed to be in a hurry. He inquired diligently for those whom he wished to visit—he had their names carefully preserved—but could find none of them, not a soul. When night came, he drew his wagons and teams to one side, and as he said, camped out in a canyon—really an alley-way—for the night. Another day's weary search and the old man took up his journey home. The experience did not sour the good old soul but ever afterward he never declined a moderate fee for his entertainment of travelers.

This story of Eric was received with applause, especially that part where the kind old ranchman had learned his lesson. Miss Pearl next essayed a little effort in the same line of story telling. She drew an amusing description of a highly educated young clergyman who traveled with them in the same canal boat from Albany to Buffalo. He was a young man under thirty but starched and groomed as though he had been seventy. He was excessively tall, clean shaven and dressed in black broadcloth. His one joke was the remark that "if their craft should be shipwrecked in the 'raging canal,' owing to its shallowness and his stature he should not be drowned," and he used to add to those to whom he told his oft-repeated story, "and that's where I have the advantage of you." After the first night's experience the clergyman's wonder was expressed in rounded words: "To think that I have lived to retire to rest and to sleep soundly and to wake up forty long miles advanced upon

my journey. Bless the name of DeWitt Clinton, the originator of this stupendous work—he was a greater than Hannibal or Cæsar."

Miss Pearl added to her story a description of her trip of several days through the canal. Nothing impressed her more than the dignity and modesty of the Captain, next was the extreme patience of the almost dense crowd of passengers as they lived, ate and slept in the long narrow and close apartment—divided into "the men's and the ladies' ends." It had been her first experience in this method of traveling and she hoped it would be the last. She preferred the stage coach or even the railroad just then coming into use but largely avoided by prudent and timid persons on account of the great risk of being whirled through the country at twenty miles an hour.

Antoine, as well as his mother and sister, was greatly interested in this description of Miss Pearl's, as well as in Eric's and Grimley's stories. The little boy then described with great vivacity an elderly gentleman—"an Irishman of the real old sort," who in pacing up and down the pier during the stopping of one of the steamers the season before, with a bright young lady hanging upon his arm, had pointed down to the great iron screw of a propellor that also lay at the pier, and the propelling screw which was at least six feet in diameter, with its mighty flukes plainly to be seen in a depth of twenty feet of water. "There, my dear, what kind of a fish is that?" asked the old man. "Oh, what a big fish! I never saw such a big fish as that! What kind of a fish is it?" said the lady looking intently down into the clear water and scanning the curious creation. "Oh, ho! Oh ho! Oh! Ho!" laughed her escort unmercifully, enjoying the joke. "Whoever heard of any one taking part

of a ship for a fish before?" Antoine laughed so loudly at his recollection of the humorist's effort that his mother and her guests, and the sister too, declared that Antoine's story was best or if not the best, it was the best told.

Grimley said lightly, "By the same token, to use an Irishism, mine is the worst, and to tell the truth I have never seen much point to it myself, only I have noticed that telling it seems to inspire others with ideas of telling another—quite likely upon the supposition—naturally—that they could do better than I."

"Oh, no, Mr. Grimley," said Miss Pearl, answering him, "your story had a certain merit; it was a simple one truly, but it was doubtless an actual occurrence, so beyond criticism. I am delighted with them all and as I feel like singing I am going to reward you all in that way." Taking the harp she bent her graceful form so as almost to clasp it and drew forth from its chords with light, quick touch the sweetest and softest notes. In a little time she commenced to sing. It was a ditty, neither sad nor mournful, either in subject or melody; one of Samuel Lovers'—a great popular favorite at the time—"Young Rory O'Moore Courted Kathleen Bawn"—

"He was bold as the hawk and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
'Now Rory, be easy,' sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye—
'With your tricks, I don't know, in thruth, what I'm about;
Faith you've teased me till I've put on my cloak inside out.'
'Och jewel,' says Rory, 'that same is the way

You've treated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck,' says Rory O'Moore."

Miss Pearl followed this with the two remaining verses and sung it with infinite spirit but with her eye fixed upon her small admirer Antoine and when she sang the lines—

"Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck
So soft and so white without speckle or speck,"

he impulsively threw his arms about her and for an instant interrupted the song by a kiss as warm and sweet as the one of which the poet sang.

Miss Pearl received the salute as graciously as a young queen and returned it as heartily as it was given. Years afterward Antoine, then a young and noble Marquise of France, declared it the finest tableau he had ever been a part of. Miss Pearl was equally unconscious, seemingly, of the presence of others and wrapped in the spirit of the song.

This gave Grimley a new insight into the character of his charge. He had thought her ere this soberly and seriously spiritual but to-day he saw her warm, passionate and loving. He understood in her lively and free glances to Antoine that in him she saw personified the one upon whom some day she might bestow her great and noble nature as freely and trustfully as though she were a peasant girl. This, a new revelation of a mirthful disposition in Miss Pearl was followed by another humorous song current at the time. It related to the adventures of a tailor and was written in a dialect to suit, a gay

and rollicking tune. The first words, or the last, were:

"Teddy, the tyler man."

Being pure wit or more properly humor this song was even more effective than the other; the Madame laughed until tears ran down her brown and ruddy cheeks; Antoine, boylike, stood on his head against the wall to show his appreciation and the others were almost equally enthusiastic.

In the meantime the storm raged and howled and the wind sobbed and moaned, but within all was light and warmth and jollity. The wind drifted the snow in great piles with the thermometer still at zero.

Eric proposed that all the younger members of the company should make a passage to the little shed where the pony and cow and a few fowls were sheltered. The Madame gratefully assented to this and asked that all the animals might be brought into the lighthouse where on the first floor they would be safe from perishing from the storm and the coming cold.

It was a merry and gay time they had for the next hour. Gertrude joined in the exercise with the others. She appeared in a close hood, lined with fur and a long cloak lined within with the same material and outside composed of heavy woolen cloth. She also had a long boa or tippet wound around her neck. This was her winter costume and what she afterwards habitually wore on her outdoor exercise and excursions.

Virginie was equally, although not so richly clothed, with cloak and hood and long boa. The three men, counting Antoine as one, all wore bear skin caps with turn down ear protectors and with great-coats—as they were called, lined with fur and each with fur neck pieces

of beaver. The three went first, with light wooden shovels; and the two rosy, bright-eyed girls followed with brooms. Some of the drifts were already so high that they could not see over them. At his own request, Eric threw Antoine over one of these so that he could work backwards towards the party. When his sister saw him flying, as though shot from a catapult, through the air, she gave a scream of terror, but it was soon drowned in the exultant cry of delight from Antoine as he landed safely in the soft bed of snow fifteen feet away.

Miss Pearl said it reminded her of the flight of "Hole-in-the-Sky," over Eric's shoulder the day of the games, and the laughing and mirth that the recollection awakened would have torn the heart of that redoubtable warrior with anguish could he have seen and heard it.

The live stock, as Eric called it, was transferred before the early darkness descended upon them. The Madame by this time had the frugal but appetizing evening repast ready, and they all partook of it with light and thankful hearts. As the evening before, they gathered afterwards in the cheerful reception room, although she insisted that Eric and Grimley must soon seek their lodgings at the warehouse in view of the difficulty of passing through the great drifts of snow which were hourly getting higher.

For the little time they were together after supper, the conversation was confined to groups; Eric, the Madame and her two children talked of previous experiences on the island in the winter and of their dealings and acquaintance with the Indians. Grimley and Miss Pearl listened attentively for a time without joining in the remarks, but at last they quietly conversed by themselves, drawn a little apart, under the light of a bright oil lamp attached to the side wall, at one end of the open fireplace where the wood was crackling in a cheerful blaze.

"Mr. Grimley," said Gertrude, in a thoughtful tone, "life must be very peculiar in these high northerly neighborhoods. I suppose you have had no experience in such? It is a great contrast to that of the South and yet must have its own comforts and pleasures—such as these open fires and the sense of warmth and comfort we now experience in very great contrast to the terrible weather outside." As her mind reverted to the latter she slightly shivered and shrugged her shoulders in a manner that reminded Grimley that the fair young woman by his side was no ethereal spirit.

He answered: "This Northern life is in many respects superior to that of the Southern but it has its own danger in a tendency toward the one thought of self-preservation. You may say that in the extreme South the tendency is towards a selfish indulgence, where each one thinks exclusively of himself, while in the extreme North the danger from cold and privation is such that the one idea uppermost becomes that of simple existence. It has been found," continued he, "that civilized man degenerates towards savage life when transplanted for any length of time to either the extreme frigid or torrid zones."

"Do we run any particular danger from our residence here this winter, Mr. Grimley?" "I have been thinking of that," replied he with deep thoughtfulness. "Men appreciate or depreciate imperceptibly and it is possible in the course of a few months aimless existence on this little island to sow the seeds of a mental or bodily sloth that would ultimate in ruin. It may not be so with women, but for a man to deliberately stagnate for a whole half year is a dangerous experiment."

Gertrude responded with equal earnestness: "I should not wish to encounter the risk for myself. Until within

two years I have been accustomed to an active life, free for varied pursuits. My health has suffered since from the inaction placed upon me by my Aunt Estelle's husband. I wish no more to call him uncle.

"Already I feel the benefits of my change of habit during this journey, which has been so strangely interrupted. Cannot you, Mr. Grimley, suggest some method or plan by which I—not to say we—can rather improve than retrograde in our lives this winter?"

"Thank you, Miss Pearl, for including me in your question. It is pleasant to have it thus. Yes, I will suggest some ideas after speaking with Eric. I think it will be well to include him, the Madame, and her children in our plans. In effect, Miss Pearl, you are the winter queen of this little island kingdom and if I am not, at least I aspire to be your prime minister. Would I were worthy of the office."

"You flatter me, Mr. Grimley, but let me say without self-praise, that in the lighthouse my sway is already pretty well established. The Madame is a thrifty, saving woman and she has already made calculations on how much money she will have in hand on her husband's return, from her income from me. It is almost painful but I cannot help but notice how devoted she is to me. She likes me I know, but alas! I fear the motive is a pecuniary one."

"That will be all the better in adopting any plan that may seem best. Eric has already pledged himself to your service, and you know," he added with a sad smile, "I am under orders from the Company who employ me, to do all in my power for you."

CHAPTER XX

SNOW-SHOEING

"When will you propose the plan? Try to do so by to-morrow. Let us expect you at dinner, you and Eric, as my guests; I have arranged this with the Madame and you may understand that it is part of your official duty to me to wait upon me, so that I may not come to the harmful stagnation you have alluded to."

"As you will, Miss Pearl, but my remark could not possibly apply to you with your music and your accomplishments. Those will help you a life time."

"Don't flatter, Mr. Grimley," archly answered the fair girl with such kindling eyes and glowing face, that he thought her the fairest picture he had ever gazed upon.

The two men vigorously breasted the driving snow and ploughed through the tremendous drifts, first one in front and then the other, and both breathless and almost exhausted as they arrived at the warehouse. The storm had now continued more than forty-eight hours and still its fury was unabated.

"Eric," said Grimley, as they disencumbered themselves of their heavy snow-weighted outer garments, "how long is this going to last? It seems as though the world itself will be buried in snow."

"In the woods, Mr. Grimley," answered Eric, "not over a foot in depth has fallen. I have known it to be six feet deep on this island, where it can drift, as it cannot in the forest, and I have known it to snow every day

for a whole month, but of course with intermissions."

"Why, Eric," said Grimley, "if this continues, it will be impossible for us to get to the Madame's in the morning."

"Yes, impossible, except for the snow shoes, which we shall have to put on."

"Oh, I had forgotten them," said Grimley. "We have two dozen pairs in our inventory."

While Eric made the fire and did little things about their sleeping places to prepare for the night, Grimley brought out two pairs of the snow shoes for inspection. They were four or five feet long and twelve or fifteen inches wide, being something like an enlarged shoe sole, except that the rim was a light wooden frame, and the space within woven across with thin twisted leather; across the center was arranged a cross piece and an opening so that the toe could more freely move in walking and at the same time lift along the light but ingenious contrivance.

Eric explained to Grimley their method of use but said that practice was absolutely necessary to give confidence and much progress. "In Norway," said he, "we used to have long thin wooden strips, sometimes ten feet long and half a foot wide, but I like these Indian shoes much better."

Seated by the fire that winter evening, the two friends, for such they had grown to be, talked long and late. Grimley related to Eric his conversation with Miss Pearl as to her wish for a plan of occupation for the long winter before them, that it might not be a lost opportunity of gaining a valuable experience. The result of the conversation will hereafter be related but Eric's contribution to its details was most important, owing to his experience in former winters.

The two slept long and late in the morning and woke to find the wind moderated, the sun shining and everything bright in its morning rays. Grimley looked out upon the scene with a heart swelling with a grateful sense of the beauty of the scenery.

Towards the island everything was whiteness itself, with ground and tree boughs and the roofs of the line of cabins all thickly loaded with the light and fleecy snow. Bordering the picture, the rolling waves of a tempest tossed sea with white caps on the long lines of billows; and over all a steel blue sky and a shining sun. Eric with his slower sense had as yet no eye for these, but busied himself with the details of a substantial breakfast, and after with a trip to his own little cabin. This he made upon his snow shoes. Grimley admired the ease with which he walked upon the awkward devices. He noticed the way in which the light frames of the shoes sank a little way in the soft snow, which came up through the meshes of the woven bottom and as readily cleared itself when it became necessary to make the next step. He recognized the need of practice as he saw how Eric in making a step lapped the toe of one shoe inward and beyond the other.

Eric explained the method of walking on the shoes to Grimley, as he stood in the doorway, and said: "Yes, the trick is in making the steps; one can stand on them fairly well, but to lift one shoe over the other with any rapidity takes a deal of painful practice and even you, Mr. Grimley, will get the fall I was not able to give you in the wrestling match last week, only it will be in the soft snow."

The event which Eric predicted took place just as the two were approaching the lighthouse, before the noon hour.

Eric was proceeding with ease upon his snow shoes, through the woods towards their destination—for the snow being heaped in drifts in the pathway and fallen quite level in the forest made the latter the most feasible. Grimley followed him with slow and painful steps—a spectacle of awkwardness and real trepidation—so curious is the first sensation of walking upon the ungainly contrivances. Gertrude was looking downward from the window overlooking the island when she noticed the two men coming. Need it be said that she was watching for them and wishing for their company? Yes! If all the truth must be told.

She, too, had observed the same beauty of landscape that had delighted Grimley and a sense of thankfulness filled her heart that she could with so much comfort be part of so charming a scene. She saw and felt even more than Grimley for she had the artistic sense largely natural and with yet an added cultivation, then from her high position she had a larger range of vision of the morning view. She, too, had awakened late, and had been busy with various little items—not the least of which was the writing in her daily journal for two steady hours. Hence, Eric and Grimley were none too soon, but arrived just as they were wished for.

They came out of the woods in good shape, but alas for Grimley! There was a great drift of snow just within their pathway, and when he essayed to mount its rounded crest one of his shoes slipped back, he tottered a moment on the other then losing his equilibrium, fell over and with misdirected vigor he fairly disappeared, head first, in the soft snow, so that nothing but his struggling feet were visible. Gertrude should have been sorry, but alas for feminine perfection, she laughed heartily and

called Virginie, Antoine and the Madame to witness Mr. Grimley's awkward predicament.

Hence, when Grimley emerged by the aid of Eric and appeared head first, above the snow in which he stood so deep that nothing but his head and shoulders were visible above its surface, he had some very attentive observers of his efforts. The broad shoes were newly arranged and Eric standing firmly on his own snow-shoes fairly lifted, with his massive strength, his companion again upon his own support. For a hundred yards further all went well with Grimley, who was evidently out of breath and freely perspiring. Miss Pearl noticed an unwonted rosiness in his face that pleased her artistic eye: "I wish I could sketch him just as he appears now," was her thought, "with this winter outline. I should have a picture worth owning, and it would show an improvement on his solemn face."

The next drift that Eric and Grimley encountered was safely surmounted and the latter was descending the side towards the lighthouse when he made a forward step with unwonted confidence but unfortunately stepped without drawing his snow-shoe with his foot—for the shoe is not lifted but simply dragged by the toe—and he again lost his balance and rolled as he fell, upon his back. The position was ridiculous enough in itself but as he fell his eyes naturally cast heavenward caught the convulsed faces of his observers as they leaned out of the windows. He could even hear their laughter, to which his own and Eric's soon joined. Grimley took the joke well but shaking his hand upward, called out in a ringing voice: "I will afford you no more of this sport," he proceeded to mount Eric's broad shoulders and was carried in that manner to the entrance door. This afforded even

more sport and with gibes and hearty laughs and a child-like sportiveness the company sat down to their noon-day meal.

Miss Pearl was greatly interested in Grimley's efforts to walk on snow-shoes and very complimentary upon Eric's skill and strength. She declared with enthusiasm that she was determined to learn and proposed that the afternoon should be devoted to the exercise. Grimley warmly seconded the idea. "I shall now have my retaliation," said he, "nothing but that can atone for the deep despair which I felt when falling on my back into the smothering snow bank and most deeply aggravated by the sight of the joy it gave my audience."

This remark was the cause of still more hilarity but did not stop the preparations for the afternoon's exercises. The Madame and her children were equally expert in snow-shoeing with Eric and they all put on their shoes and gave Grimley and Gertrude, instruction and practical examples in walking and running on the shoes. There was a comparatively level spot on the sunny side of the tower and here the practice was had. Gertrude demanded the exclusive services of Eric and it was very sweet to see the confiding way in which she leaned upon him for support and received his instructions. She met with the ordinary number of mishaps but Eric extracted her from the snow and replaced her upon her feet unnoticed, praising her for her readiness in learning the difficult art of snow-shoeing.

Less than two hours exhausted the strength of both the pupils; besides the clouds had gathered again, and the snow was lightly falling and they were all glad to gather in the cheery reception room of Miss Pearl.

Grimley asked the Madame if she had taken an ob-

servation with the glass since the storm had ceased. She replied that she had but had discovered no trace of the schooner or its crew. "I could see," she said, "nothing but the same wildness of view with snow and the rolling waves."

"Poor fellows," said he, "they have doubtless perished. I hope they had a speedy and easy death. Judging from the size of the schooner there must have been a dozen or twenty men on board, the more the pity."

Eric declared that he had seen vessels outlive worse storms than that which had just passed and that the schooner might yet be afloat and the men alive, but suffering from cold and exposure, with sure destruction unless rescued by Divine Providence.

"I sincerely trust you are right, Eric, as to their being alive. You know the expression of the famous sea captain: 'Don't give up the ship.' That has gone around the world and become a proverb, and we can use it here, not only for the schooner, but for ourselves should we arrive at a perilous condition."

The view from without was so sombre and dreary that Gertrude early drew the curtains to shut away the light save that from the cheerful fire and lamps. Her cheeks and eyes yet glowed with the exercise of snow-shoeing. With her brown, rich, warm dress draping her perfect form and her cordial welcome tones she was the very picture and essence of womanly hospitality. Grimley silently admired the homelike picture and said to himself:

"Zenobia in the gladdest days of the desert gem, Palmyra, two thousand years ago, was no more queen, than is this young girl upon this desolate shore. She, like that noble woman, is sovereign because of her genius, her beauty, her intellect and more than all of her affec-

tions. Zenobia, like Helen of Troy, was the cause of the shedding of blood, cruel wounds and innumerable untimely deaths. Will our queen produce the same dire results? I thought of it at the Indian games. I myself should have taken no part in them had she not been there, and it was evident that the whole wild band of Indians were fairly inspired, not to say infatuated by her presence."

"Mr. Grimley, you are silent and you have deep thoughts I can see by the expression of your face," said Miss Pearl to him gaily: "Now don't recall your mishaps of this morning but remember your advancement in the noble art of snow-shoeing this afternoon. You did splendidly!"

Grimley smiled frankly, as he replied: "Thank you kindly for the atoning compliments, but it will take many such speeches to even up the value of the entertainment I afforded you this morning, but if you wish really to do penance for your cruelty, I will declare the punishment."

"I agree, provided it is reasonable and seemeth right to the culprit," gaily replied Gertrude, and all the others in the room, especially Eric, drew near with interest to hear Grimley's reply.

"Miss Pearl, you keep a journal of your daily life and adventures, and you will doubtless record an account of what happened, so unsatisfactorily to me. It will be humorous I know, but I wish you to read it to us all so that we may have the scene over again."

A slight shade passed over the brow of the young woman and she replied with more seriousness: "Mr. Grimley, I keep a journal, it is true. It is for my own eye and the passage you ask to be read," and she smiled again, "will be there, but I am under a vow not to open

its pages to any living soul—except," she added with a suffused face—"a possible one, as yet unknown."

Grimley's eyes brightened and he answered in tones, almost too loud and emphatic so glad was he: "If that is so, why I forgive you for nothing, and am glad to do it." Quick brained and penetrating he had understood that the fair girl with all her glorious attractions of mind, person and heart, was yet—"In maiden meditation fancy free!"

She perceived his thought and blushed still deeper but humbly thought, "It will make no difference to him, with his deeply wounded nature, which has forced him into the wilderness, for comfort or cure—but I can at least be kind, so that he may not suffer over much from the cruelty of my sex."

Neither Eric, Madame nor her children comprehended anything beyond the simple words which had passed between the two high bred and cultured young people, but from that time a new relation was established between Grimley and Gertrude. He felt an increased freedom in his dealings with her, with an added responsibility for her happiness and safety, and on her part—having unconsciously confessed her friendliness she felt more at liberty to lean upon his masculine strength and courage. "I have known him now," she said to herself, "so long and under such trying circumstances that I feel entirely safe under his protection. Of all the men I have ever met, he has shown the most skill, courage and good heart, and that is what I need next to God's care."

Grimley's speech had been followed by an awkward little silence, which had given Miss Pearl time to think these thoughts so kind to him, but she terminated the pause by going to her instrument and singing softly—

the while lightly touching its strings in unison to its melody the old Irish song:

> "The harp that once through Tara's halls
> The soul of music shed
> Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
> As if that soul were dead," etc.

The audience, small but appreciative, murmured their pleasure in hearing that soft and plaintive ditty, carrying as it did the mind of Grimley to scenes of two thousand or more years long past, but the others to the "Green Isle" of the present.

As if with mind fixed on the woes of that beautiful but unfortunate island, she sang another song entitled the "Wearin' of the Green." At the words:

> "Tis the most distressful country
> That ever you have seen,
> For they are hanging men and women
> For the wearin' of the green," etc.

the eyes of the Madame and her dark-eyed daughter became suffused with tears and the breast of Grimley rose and fell full of passionate indignation, as he remembered the scenes, bloody history, recorded against a day of judgment.

Gertrude had forgotten herself in the woes of Ireland. This was her charming way—in her self-forgetfulness in others, and in subjects foreign to herself, lay her happiness, founded on a wisdom beyond her years. "No more songs to-night," she said, "If I were to sing more it would be like untimely mirth, like levity at a burial service. Let us converse."

"Yes," said Grimley, "I wish to tell what Eric and I agreed to suggest—not decide," with a bow towards Gertrude, "as to the disposition of our time this winter. In brief it is this: First, to have no set or formal plan, but second, generally to devote the morning to domestic duties, each for themselves, and third, to meet at dinner, provided Madame will receive Eric and myself as regular paying members of her family for dinner and supper." Here the Madame smilingly bowed, for the idea of larger cash receipts was very pleasing to her, and she was quick to respond.

Grimley remarked in passing, turning to the Madame: "This delights me. We will fix the terms hereafter. And fourth, after making the dinner table as generally pleasant as possible, we will try and have some out-door or fresh air exercise or sport, like snow-shoeing, walking, bear hunting or wolf-baiting—this latter part is designed for Eric—but we will help—"

Eric interrupted, "But we can have no hunting for my gun has been stolen and you, Mr. Grimley, have no firearms—"

The Madame here generously added, "We have a good store here of all kinds of guns which belong to my husband. He is a famous hunter; all the Indians know that Monsieur is good at shooting and trapping."

"All the better for that," returned Grimley, "but in our out-door exercises we must not mind—too much—the weather nor risk of danger. We shall get health, happiness and contentment outside in the free air, and mind and muscle will be benefitted as you will agree, but, now fifth: After dinner or after exercise as the case may be we will all become the guests of Miss Pearl and she shall entertain us and fix the program from time to time as suits herself. After supper Eric and I have

positively agreed to recommend a musical entertainment to consist of two features: First, solo singing by Miss Pearl, and second, chorus singing by all of us—and this to include instruction in practice and singing of new songs; lastly that at eight o'clock Eric and I will retire to our own quarters so that all of us can have an hour or two or more for our own use."

Gertrude clapped her hands and declared the report capital. "I will," said she, "gladly accept the charge of the musical department. This will be a joyful task for me, and I am glad you made me the dictator of the afternoon's program, as I can then introduce subjects for conversation that I know something about myself," but she added, with inimitable grace, "I shall not be tyrannical, I shall consult both you men."

The supper time had now arrived and this was passed in discussing the report of the committee, as they familiarly spoke of themselves and the subject became so interesting that it was continued in the reception room after supper, until the time arrived for Eric and Grimley to leave at eight.

As they rose to make their parting bow, which nad always been most formal and ceremonious, Gertrude approached the two and with a little whimsical smile and downcast eyes, said, and at the same time offered her hand to Eric and afterwards to Grimley: "I am so gratified at the report and the high place you have awarded me in the joint proceedings, that I am going to change my name—you call me Miss Pearl—hereafter you shall speak to me as Gertrude—or when others are present in our company—as Miss Gertrude. It will be more homelike to me, for I have no home now," this last she added appealingly.

Eric replied, "Dear lady, I thank you for this kind-

ness. In my boyhood I knew in my own land a young maid by that name and I shall gladly use it in talking with you."

Grimley bowed and said smilingly, "As a matter of business—as the Company's agent—you must continue to be, to me, Miss Pearl, but in my thought, and perhaps in speaking to Eric, you will be Gertrude. I have already thought of you as the 'Gertrude of Wyoming' in the old poem familiar to my boyhood."

"Let it be, Mr. Grimley, as you will. I have made the offer to drop so much unnecessary ceremony and you will not misinterpret my motives. Good night," and with a hand clasp that lingered in Grimley's consciousness until he sank into a dreamless sleep, they parted for the time.

CHAPER XXI

THE FLOWER OF TEN GENERATIONS

When she was left alone the young maiden's thoughts were still with her two visitors. She wondered if Grimley would safely pass the heavy drifts on his snow-shoes; her conscience troubled her a little in thinking of the morning adventure. She wondered how cold it was outside the warm walls of the lighthouse.

Opening her casement she drew in the instrument and read one degree below zero on its printed column; and between the low mark and the frosty air she involuntarily shivered and thought all the more of the dingy and rough quarters to which Grimley and Eric were compelled to go through the darkness, the storm and the cold. Need it be added that in her prayer that night her first petition was for the welfare of these two?

In the morning when Gertrude woke and looked forth her first thought was of Grimley and she recalled her impression of his home—as to its hardships. She resolved to see if she could not do something to make it more comfortable. "Surely," she said to herself, "he has spared no effort to make things most pleasant for me and is it not womanly to think of him and his comfort somewhat? Eric I know is accustomed to this life and will not mind, but Mr. Grimley has been as tenderly nurtured as I and brought up so that what are luxuries to some men are necessities to him. I can see that he is

wasting under his hard life, and I," she thought regretfully—"I daily thrive and live so protected, so warm and have so many to look out for my slightest wish that I shall be like the lighthouse keeper's wife he told of—I shall be too stout to go down stairs," and so thinking of the story, Gertrude laughed gleefully and her mind reverted to the duties of the coming day.

She was ready for breakfast. It was a sight for a painter to see this noble young woman at the morning repast. The Madame was a blooming woman but inclined to be as short and round and plump as she was rosy and bright-eyed. Virginie was a picture in slender miniature of her mother, although with an indescribable freshness and youthful beauty.

By the side of these busy, pushing, chattering dark-hued women, Miss Pearl—or Gertrude as we must now call her, was like a large fair statue. Her height was not excessive but the dignity of her bearing, her calm, clear blue eye, and ample brow, well poised head and smooth brown hair, set off with a rich morning gown of white flannel, which made no ill contrast to a complexion of the hue of the lilies. Added to this an air of refined breeding and a kindness of heart which was more than politeness and then to crown all, the blushing sensitive charm of modest youth which pervaded every movement, thus adding grace to grace. No lighthouse either in Europe or America ever became the abiding place of so rare a creature—the human flower of ten generations.

"Madame," said Gertrude this morning, "How long have you known Eric?"

"Two, three, four years," was the reply.

"Have you ever been to his cabin?"

"Non, Mam'selle. What for I go to his cabin?"

"Do you think it is nice there, comfortable like it is here, I mean?"

"Oh! He is a man, he don't want nice things like women."

"Well, will you go with me some day down to the warehouse and see how Eric and Grimley live? I am afraid they are not comfortable. I want to do something for them. Perhaps they want some bedding or dishes to cook with or something we can supply them with."

The Madame rolled her black eyes seriously towards Gertrude and after a moment's pause, said simply: "Yes I go with you. They good men."

That afternoon the whole family—or garrison of the island, being out on snow-shoes, were continuing their healthful exercise. Grimley and Gertrude had gained in experience and this afternoon, although their progress was painfully slow, they had neither of them made spectacles of themselves by falling.

After an hour or so of fatiguing practice, Gertrude proposed that they make an expedition to the warehouse, and although both Eric and Grimley protested against the plan, the young lady insisted and after much laughter and gay talk the whole party were safely housed in the office of the warehouse. There was no fire and the air was chill and cold like an icehouse. Gertrude shivered and exclaimed:

"How death-like this is, where do you and Eric sleep, Mr. Grimley?" The latter pointed to the far corner of the warehouse and said:

"Up that ladder in a room about ten feet square."

"And may I go up to see your quarters, as I have heard you call them?" said Gertrude resolutely. "The Madame will go with us."

"It shall be as you will," resignedly said Grimley, "but I shall have to get the step ladder and assist you."

"That you can readily do," said the lady. "It will be no worse than mounting a stage coach to sit with the driver. That I have done a score of times."

In a few moments the two women stood within the bachelor apartment. It was cold, ill kept and filled with a variety of men's belongings. The stove was covered with matches and half burned wood and the room was in general disorder. Gertrude took in all the details and said she was satisfied. She had seen enough for the present and would say something more to them afterwards; she added, almost bruskly, that she had at one time been an appointed visitor—a volunteer—to visit the poor of a great city and she had seldom seen a more uncomfortable apartment—a report of it would excite the pity of any true female heart. Eric showed her their sleeping bags. They were seven feet long, made like a regular bag of fur and large enough to allow a man to get into them and close the top beyond and over his head. The hair being inside and the air closely confined, Eric explained, there was a deal of comfort in them and absolute safety against the severest weather. Gertrude said she rather admired them but for her part preferred her soft feathers, two and a half feet thick, and so yielding that she was buried in them in defiance of everything in the way of cold.

Eric said simply, "Yes, I have seen such beds but I have never been invited to sleep in one. My lot in life has been such as to make my present quarters a luxury. The cold and frequently ice-wet ground and I have not been strangers. I have even rested on the dry mound of earth heaped above a grave, thankful for its superior advantages.

In the quiet of the evening Gertrude spoke to Grimley and told him that he was doing injury to himself by living so hardily. "In the first place," said she, "you need to be warm. I have noticed your pinched cold look. I have seen the same among the poverty stricken poor. The grime and soil has never been removed since you have come on the island. I have seen it," she added a little severely, as she saw the painful color come to his cheeks, and his averted downcast eyes.

Years afterwards, Grimley described this conversation to a friend and said, "I felt like a whipped school boy. In fact I had thoroughly bathed every morning but the water was cold and I was hurried and was absolutely getting untidy without knowing it, when that fair young woman, with a mother's instinct born in her, took me in hand and told me that a Christian must be neat and tidy even in the wilds of Africa, and that the care of the body was a part of religion as well as preaching and other more public exercises. She even explained to me the virtues of hot water versus cold in toilet use."

And so it came that under the kind yet despotic rule of the island queen, as Grimley had named Gertrude sometimes in his thought, that Eric and Grimley had two fires burning constantly, one in the office which they used as a sitting and reception room and one in their sleeping room—a hundred comforts came from the lighthouse to the warehouse for their convenience. Light, air, warmth, books, engravings and other evidences of a new and better state of affairs.

Neither she nor the Madame ever ascended again to the loft—as it properly was—but Eric was directed and admonished regularly as to his duties, but the office became a regular place of resort after dinner and such outdoor exercise as they might engage in. From there they went

sometimes directly to the supper table, and thence to Gertrude's reception room. Thus Gertrude became the health guardian of the two men who in their devotion to her had forgotten themselves. In his humbleness of mind, Grimley said to himself: "Here is a new side to Miss Pearl's character. First I see her most beautiful in person, next most spiritual and mentally superior, then a humorist of the rarest kind and now practical as a New England woman of sixty. What other qualities can she show to make her an angel? Perhaps but two, courage and disinterestedness. And yet she has shown both these. It is not a wonder that no man has been found to mate with her. Were it not that my life has been so irretrievably wrecked I would give it to gain her favor, but for the present I will humbly and manfully serve her. It must have been such a woman as Miss Pearl that caused the old patriarch of Israel to serve cheerfully for fourteen long weary years for Rachel. I would do the same if she had some sharp parent to trade with and he would take me for her."

That evening the sky was clear, the air was still and the thermometer fell in the evening to ten degrees below zero. The thick walls and generous fires kept everything within at summer heat and the conversation flowed freely. The observations and remarks of the youngest commanded the same polite attention as the others; the Madame had plenty of time given to finish her broken utterances. Gertrude was the ruling spirit of the hour. She had a theory and had a deal of experience in refined and polite society and she was—so Grimley shrewdly thought—introducing her fine art in molding the little group among which she now was living, into one compact society. "Yes," said Grimley to himself, "it is evident who will be the leader of us. It is such women

who move the world. In Gertrude is the type of Madame de Staël, the bright influence of Napoleon's Court, except that Gertrude is much more beautiful, while equally endowed.

It was true the latter was seeking by a method all her own to learn more of Grimley. She had been made familiar in other days with Ben Jonson's opinion of the virtues of conversation. "Language is the mirror of the soul. Speak that I may see thee! For it springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of us, and is the image of the parent of it—the mind. Nothing renders a man's form and likeness so truly as his speech."

Gertrude was in reality trying by this artistic use of her conversational gift to fathom the character, and measure the scope of Grimley's personality. She felt that he was beyond her easy ability to comprehend. He had from the first studiously refrained from giving any particulars of his life history, cautiously limited by the stopping at the fact that he was the Transportation Company's local agent at a nominal stipend, but he admitted that he was now doing some sort of penance and in a vague way he had conveyed the idea that he regarded his life, past and future a failure. But in no sense did he lower his dignity of thought or expression. Thus far and no farther were the resulting answers to the efforts of Miss Pearl, both direct and indirect, to break the barrier which stood wall-like between her and the knowledge of his past. Eric had felt the same inability; he had sat by the hour and watched the countenance of Grimley but it was like looking at the Sphinx. No one but the owner could unlock it and expose its secret contents.

Miss Pearl was no angel. She had a strong will pledged to everything good but it had seldom been denied

and now when she met such resistance to her feminine curiosity it might have made her unhappy if she had not been so true hearted and kind. This easy kindness came from her conviction that it was an affair of the heart which had, while yet so young, doomed Grimley to a life of seclusion.

Grimley was really heart whole; he had worshipped, but it was not at woman's shrine, and never having risked his heart, he had never lost it. He had been protected by a mother and a host of family relatives of the kinder sex, from any blind attachment to which he might be inclined; for no sooner would he show an interest in some lovely girl than some—if not all of his surrounding women relatives would unveil the statue of perfection and exhibit its mortal and serious defects, so that the illusion would flee.

If Miss Pearl, as near perfection as we here describe her, could have been introduced to their society, and Grimley have had the benefits of their honest and frankly expressed opinions, then this true history, quite possibly, never would have been written.

Grimley was now sick and wounded, although not in heart, and Gertrude with her soft, correct, skillful and beautiful womanhood was felt by him to be the antidote for his woes. But subject always, he said to himself, to the crowning and overtopping reason that God had planted in him: There must no impulse move his life—before yielding to feelings, no matter how soft and pleasing, reason must assent. It was this faculty of Grimley's mind that Miss Pearl could not over-reach—it ruled his life and thoughts ever and she possessed no quality of mind its equal—; wit, the sense of beauty, music, the power of eloquence, youthful inexperience, none of these could cause to yield the strong fortress behind which

Grimley was intrenched; namely his reasoning faculty.

This quality told him that he was a low subaltern in a great company's service, and that all his plans of life had been frustrated. It was sweet and inspiring to meet so much humbleness united with strong native power and true excellence, and Gertrude—true woman—felt through all her being, the manly worth of her silent lover.

Grimley recently had nearly died, so great had been the shock which he had gone through, and the physical care which Gertrude insisted upon his taking of himself was absolutely necessary to his existence, in that new and rough condition to which he had been reduced so recently and unexpectedly.

It was, in after years, a subject of remark between these two of how strangely they had been cast—Robinson Crusoe-like—upon an almost desert island, so ill prepared by birth and experience to encounter the perils of the wilderness, but they had the trained intellect to aid them and they were rapidly learning to care for themselves, as well as for each other, as we have seen in Gertrude's inspection of Grimley's quarters.

Gertrude soon became the Madame's regular assistant in preparing dinner; she almost dictated the details of what should be prepared, and need it be said that she had first in her mind the wholesomeness and fitness of the food for Eric's and Grimley's use. Hence, in many ways she began to exercise a watchful care over the two men, which was very pleasing to the former and quite necessary to the latter.

"Eric," said Grimley, as they were seated before the grate fire in their little room one night, "at what temperature of the thermometer should we commence sleeping in our fur sacks. It is ten below and I have never

experienced that degree of frigidity in all my life. Would not to-night be a good time to begin? I have been cold now every night for a week."

Eric assented, remarking that "the morning would exhibit at least twenty below or even perhaps thirty, and to avoid suffering they could not now possibly use too much clothing." Accordingly for the first time in his life Grimley slept in a sack. He found it most luxurious. Stretching himself at the bottom of the fur-lined bag, he placed his head on a little pillow and then covering the entrance to the sack with a lightly folded blanket, fell asleep with a heartfelt sense of thankfulness. He woke in the night often enough to hear the deep, long, exploding sounds caused by the intense cold—the solid warehouse even seemed to creak and tremble in the bitter strength of the Frost King. Once when he awoke he heard Eric moving about and he was glad to know that he had added to his covers two thicknesses of buffalo robes.

"Thank you, dear fellow," said Grimley, sleepily.

"Oh, never mind thanks, Mr. Grimley," cheerfully replied Eric. "In the morning you will see the coldest day you have ever dreamed of. It is freezing and exploding the trees even, and that is a sign not to be mistaken."

"Eric, how will they get along at the lighthouse? I hope they are as perfectly comfortable as I am. And you, how are you?"

"Me? I am all right and at the lighthouse I know they are also. The cold don't get through those three feet thick walls in a hurry. The windows are all double and the fires are kept going. But, Mr. Grimley, did you ever sleep in one of those deep feather beds such as Miss Pearl has?"

"Yes," replied Grimley from the depths of his cover-

ing, which gave his voice, even and strong, a muffled sound. "Once I was visiting in a New England farm house, a place which had been built nearly two centuries. I was a boy but I was put in the best room; when I disrobed and surveyed the bed piled high with bed cases full of soft feathers I knew no better way to get in than to take a chair and from it leap into the center of the luxurious mass. It was superb, the way in which I sank into the middle and when the feathers folded me in their soft embrace. Talk about the severity of the customs of the Puritans; why in cold weather a servant was accustomed to go in with a polished brass warming pan full of hot coals and make the soft feathers as warm as toast and for each member of the family. They did it for me and another thing I will tell you, which I did not mention to my relatives. In the morning it was cold and I kept in my warm nest as long as I could and dressed in bed—fact."

Eric laughed heartily at the account and added: "If Miss Pearl's bed is like that she is comfortable surely and I know that Virginie goes in her room each morning and kindles a fire before she rises, so, Mr. Grimley, we can sleep contentedly without fear for our neighbors."

At noon Gertrude was anxious for the arrival of the two men. Although she had not suffered she was aware of the presence of—to her—unprecedented cold. All the lamps and both fires were burning in her apartments and the Madame and her assistants were incessantly urging the fires and watching the cracks and interstices where the cold air might enter. When Gertrude heard the men outside, both she and Antoine flew down the stairs and opened the door with unusual alacrity and it was none too soon, for each of the callers had marble white noses and cheeks. In the short passage be-

tween the two places they had been frozen. Eric, forgetful of himself immediately seized a handful of snow and commenced vigorously to rub Grimley's face with it and in a few minutes the natural color was restored.

Grimley laughed heartily and declared it to be a new experience to him but he added, "two can play at this game," and seizing Eric he applied snow with his bare hand and soon restored the latter's face to its normal condition.

As the two men were industriously working in removing their outer clothing, Grimley remarked with an inexpressible feeling, the warm and hospitable manners of Gertrude. She was full of generous impulses and suggestions. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed, and with her warm, voluminous, woolen dress of rich brown color she looked the angel of home comfort.

Grimley in responding to her welcome said, "Thank you for your kindness. One minute of waiting at the door would have been almost fatal. Such cold I never imagined. Eric wished to have us put on more clothing and cover our faces but I said that we would make a run of it and risk it. The thermometer shows thirty-five degrees below zero. Whew!"

The cordial, frank, and grateful tone in which Grimley spoke thrilled the heart of Gertrude but she simply said: "What puzzles you men are. If you had been women you would not have come out at all."

"And if there had been none but men here we should not have come, should we Eric?" This was said from the top of the stairs as Gertrude lightly followed the two men up its steep steps.

Eric responded with equal gallantry, "that the cold was what made them think they might be of assistance to the lighthouse inmates."

"Eric," asked Gertrude, but still keeping busy in setting forth the dinner table, adding those fine touches to its arrangement that none but an experienced lady can do, "do they have as cold weather as this in Norway?"

"No, Miss Gertrude, not according to my feelings. When I was a boy I knew nothing of cold measuring instruments but I never experienced such cold air as we have here sometimes. I fancy it may be the warm Gulf Stream which tempers the air there for I lived farther to the North than we are here. Do you now wonder, Miss Gertrude, at the way in which every one left the island on the day you came? Every winter there are several times when the cold is as bad as it is to-day and worse, and it is no more than natural instinct that causes men to flee from it."

"And you, Eric, why did you not go?" asked Gertrude, pausing and looking directly at him.

He returned the gaze with equal steadiness and with an open, honest face and said: "Oh, I am a member of a society and I am here partly in their interest and partly on my own timber and cord wood business; although the latter would not keep me. There is not profit enough in it but the two together made it quite right. But I should have had a dull winter without you and Mr. Grimley."

The dinner was ready. It consisted of hot and well browned sausages, fried potatoes and coffee for the principal course and hot crullers and syrup for dessert. Gertrude had prepared a surprise from her private stores. This consisted of sardines and soda crackers followed by an extra cup of black coffee, holding but a few thimblefuls each. She insisted that Madame Malloire should sit down—for according to the latter's custom she had silently yet cheerfully served while the others ate,

and began her meal when the others closed theirs.

And so Gertrude with a grace that charmed Grimley, the table being cleared, set forth in dainty dishes the tender and toothsome fish and the light and feathery crackers, and as she did so, archly said to Grimley:

"Don't you feel at home now, and don't you wish to compliment me? I had one paid me once which pleased me very much. I was helping my aunt one morning in dusting and arranging her parlors. I had on my morning dress and had tied a handkerchief around my head to protect my hair. The door bell rang and I opened it, not thinking of waiting for the maid. An old gentleman stood at the door and asked for my aunt. I ushered him into the parlor and called her and thought no more of it, but the gentleman, who was an old friend from another town, took occasion, so my aunt told me afterwards, to mention that she had a nice girl for a servant, in the one who answered the bell, and that she should endeavor to keep her as long as possible."

Grimley laughed heartily at the little narrative and Eric did the same, as men will when they are thoroughly pleased with their food and drink and have passed the line of common to uncommon satisfaction of their appetites.

Grimley said slyly and yet distinctly: "The old gentleman gave good advice and any one who once had the advantages of such skillful service would be twice foolish to dispense with it."

Gertrude colored a little at this retort which under the circumstances was no more than polite, but kept busy with her active hands. She had the New England woman's "faculty" for executing with extreme neatness and dispatch the one thousand and one things which contribute to the refinement of civilized life.

Little by little as the days went by, the household management fell upon her. She was free to give the Madame an extra piece of money almost daily, to Virginie some little dress ornament and Antoine served her in every detail he could possibly imagine, and all for pure love. Hence her sway indoors was very pleasant and satisfactory to her and it must be confessed to the advancement of her little sin of willfulness and self-assertion.

But she used her power well. Its exercise clothed in neat and presentable attire each member of Monsieur Malloire's family—it maintained the utmost tidiness and order from one end of the premises to the other, its care embraced even the cow and the little Canadian pony, and the arrangement of the supplies and stores on the first floor.

CHAPTER XXII

GERTRUDE AS HOUSEKEEPER

GERTRUDE'S supremacy was maintained by not only the bestowal of the gifts mentioned but by the demonstration that she could execute in the same given time three times as much as even the active Madame. When the mornings —given exclusively to pure labor—came, Gertrude like a good general stood at the head of the forces and by noon-time the necessary household duties were all thoroughly and exactly performed. This gave the household more time to enjoy the exercises, as they came to be called, of the afternoon and evening, for after the dishes had been put away from the noon-day dinner, there was no more cooking of account until the next morning.

Before Eric and Grimley, Miss Pearl was reticent as to her housekeeping exploits. They experienced the benefits of her skill but were not admitted to the details, but one day Antoine was extra slow in unbarring the outward door and admitting them. In excuse he said: "Mam'selle Gertrude and I were looking over all the potatoes and she told me to give her time to get away ere opening the door; we have only five barrels and Mam'selle wished to know whether they were all sound and there was no danger of their freezing. She said we should be in a bad plight without them this winter, so we have emptied the barrels and picked out the decayed ones and covered up extra well the others."

That day the dinner was a little late, Madame being

deprived of the customary assistance of Gertrude, and Grimley although he said nothing as to what Antoine had told him, glanced at the graceful hands of his next companion at the table, and noted with interest the marks, slight to be sure, but plain, of their daily use in what can be called household labor. He noted too with pleasure the healthful color and fine animal spirits of his charge, received as a reward for this wise and womanly course.

Gertrude said long afterwards: "It was a matter of the Madame with her limited experience of life and good habits taking care of me or of my taking care of her—and in directing her, it became necessary to do for all the rest. Why, every Saturday I used to count her savings over with her and I even had to tell her how much to charge Eric and Mr. Grimley for their meals. In a measure I took the place of her husband to whom she looked with implicit watchfulness for direction in each small detail of her family life. She—it is true—did all the work as far as she was able but the Frenchman did all the directing."

And so it was that on this cold Saturday afternoon the fair girl, whose presence in our story we trust, illumines our otherwise dull pages, served like Rebecca of old the joyful and merry circle seated at the table. Eric asked her when she should have her portion. "I do not eat sardines," said she, "and besides I am saving my appetite for to-morrow."

Eric, with an assumed appearance of eagerness, asked, "And what are we to be surprised with to-morrow?"

"Do you like pie cold or hot, Eric? For to-morrow, Sunday, we are to have for dinner both pumpkin and apple pie. I made them and you will be expected to like them whether they taste good or not."

"Oh," said Eric, "I fairly love pie, Miss Gertrude, and I love them hot, especially such weather as this."

"And you, Mr. Grimley, will you have your pie cold or hot," continued the enthusiastic girl.

"The same as Eric, Miss Pearl. I am true American enough to like pie. It suits our climate and it is a dish that has variety to it. Do you make mince pie? That is no small feat of cooking. I have eaten more poor mince pie in fine houses than any other cooked preparation set before me. My mother—you smile at the old expression —makes them altogether for her household. She says there is a secret in their preparation."

"Mr. Grimley, you excite my emulation. Yes! I know the secret. I learned it one night in the northern part of Vermont. We were coming down from a trip we had made to Quebec, and we stayed over one night at a place called Burlington, and according to the custom of the hotel, when overcrowded, I was put in the same room with a dear old lady—not of our party—seventy-five years of age. We were talking in the night—well it was about the management of the sterner sex. The old lady said it was no use to order them, they must be simply managed if the women wished any comfort of their lives, and in speaking of their food, the dear creature said, that the most potent thing in their complete subjection, according to her experience, was the preparation of fifty or seventy-five mince pies in the very late autumn for a family of moderate size. These were to be baked in the family brick oven and then allowed to freeze until wanted for use, when they were made hot from time to time during the winter. So impressed was I," continued Miss Pearl smilingly, "with the importance of the subject—especially of that part of ruling mankind —that I rose in the night, lighted the candle with the

new kind of matches then just introduced and wrote down her directions. When I arrived at my aunt's she pronounced the directions as agreeing with her practice, and, although she could not conceive why I should wish to know how to make mince pie, she allowed me to try several times and pronounced the result satisfactory; so did my uncle and other gentlemen who tried them at my aunt's table. And now by next week, Saturday, you may expect some real New England mince pie made by a New England girl."

"And," quietly added Grimley, "the resultant subjection of Eric and me to the leader of society of the Little Manitou Island. I am satisfied so long as the pie is good, for when I was in Europe I used to dream of the great Yankee miracle, which no European can appreciate. I think it must take some generations to form the appetite as well as to give the power of producing the food."

"Don't be anything but serious, Mr. Grimley," said Gertrude, "upon so important a subject, for you must know that you depend upon me for that dish, as the Madame has never learned to make them."

But Eric here spoke and said, "I know how to make them, Miss Gertrude—nearly all woodsmen do. They make pie and biscuit without limit but no mince-pie. They could do that except for lack of materials—if they knew the secret, and are you sure you have all the materials?"

"Yes!" said Miss Pearl, "every one and you may expect mince pie by next Saturday, but to-morrow for dessert you shall have the apple and pumpkin pie and warmed too."

As the party ascended to Gertrude's little reception room, the young lady, rather appealingly, remarked to Grimley: "When I was talking so warmly on so com-

mon a subject as my cooking I thought once of what you said: 'that in the very cold climates the thoughts of the unfortunate inhabitants are all centered on the question of mere existence.' "

"Do not fear my criticism, Miss Pearl. I admire skill and knowledge in whatever direction—except, of course, knowledge of evil. And if I were a young woman it would be my ambition to do all sorts of woman's work with the utmost perfection, and this is your own thought I am sure. If you were a man you would aim to do his work well, but being a member of the better and more amiable sex, then your true ambition is to excel in that."

"Thank you, Mr. Grimley, for your kind speech. I will reward you by any kind of music you wish, that I have it in my power to execute."

Grimley asked her to sing if possible a song recently published, entitled the "Ivy Green."

"Oh a rare old plant is the Ivy Green." The song suited Gertrude's deep voice and ere it was finished each one of the little company had forgotten not only the subject of the discussions at the table but the winter weather and the far off world of civilized men and were transported to the land of song.

Gertrude, seated before her harp, and with her soul still wrapped in thought, said: "This is a good Saturday night song, or at least I always thought it so, and she sang, still in the same low but wonderfully clear tone, the song—then a favorite and deservedly so:

"I hear thee speak of a better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band."

The afternoon flew away ere the company were sat-

isfied to stop the delightful exercise in which they one by one at length joined. Gertrude even attempted to teach them all, even the Madame, a new song which none of them had heard before, so that they might sing it on the morrow:

"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."

CHAPTER XXIII

ZERO WEATHER

As they passed down to the supper prepared below by Madame and Virginie, who had excused themselves a few minutes before, Gertrude said to Grimley: "Could you not give us a subject for discourse to-night? You know I rely upon your conversational powers."

"Gladly, Miss Pearl," replied he. "I have stored my mind with some subjects in which I only trust you will be interested and will approve."

Accordingly, as they were again seated by the open fire, Grimley, although still mindful of Gertrude's request, asked Eric to report on the state of the thermometer. He said it indicated thirty-six degrees below zero, and added, "Saturday night, December 12th, 1858." All gave a voice of exclamation at the words and Grimley gave almost an explosive laugh. "I for one am glad I am here," said he. "There are untold millions of people who have never dreamed of such cold, thousands of scientific men would like to do what we are now doing—experience it. Eric and I will face it in a little while and that will test our manhood, won't it Eric?"

The Madame here interrupted and said, "If you will not stay within these walls, then I give you Monsieur's furs so that you no freeze."

"Thank you," said Grimley, "we accept the furs. I must not leave my post; I have too many valuable goods there under my charge, so I shall use all the wrappings

I can get, but Eric," continued he, "do you not think to-night would be a good time to speak of warm and pleasant climes, as contrasted with this?" This was in line with Grimley's thoughts.

"Indeed, I do," said Eric. "I wish I was down under the equator in the bright sunshine. It is shining there at this moment and I would that I were basking in it." All echoed this wish and the expression was so hearty that even Hector raised his great head and whimpered his wish as for something he knew not what.

Grimley, with half a smile, said quietly, "Let me tell you something that will perhaps remove the wish and make you contented with these luxurious quarters."

"Oh, do tell us something," said they all, and Eric added with an attempt at humor: "Let it be warm. It can't be too warm to suit us."

"Well," said Grimley, with a glance at Gertrude who he saw appreciated his attempt to give his subject a good send-off, "I want to tell you a little about an island in the West Indies called St. Lucia, and the kind of weather and things they have there.

"I made the acquaintance in England of a man by the name of Breen, who spent thirteen years there in some official capacity. At the time I met him he was preparing a book upon the subject and the peculiarities of the island—or it may have been an official report. I have myself traveled in the West Indies as far as the cities of Havana and St. Thomas, but this man gave me more instruction upon the subject of West Indian Islands than I could gain in several such trips as I made, which were only for a few weeks in the winter, but they were the foundation for my interest in Mr. Breen's statements.

"This island is one of a group, the Caribbean Islands,

extending across the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico and has unimaginable fertility and capacity for producing food and everything necessary—poetically speaking—to support an immense and happy population, but I present you with the facts—not the cold facts—for nothing about the island can or ever could be designated by that wintry adjective.

"Let me begin by a description of the reptiles which inhabit the beautiful isle. They are countless. The most dangerous is the yellow serpent, a genus peculiar to this and other of the neighboring islands. It measures between six and eight feet in length and its bite is generally fatal.

"By the way, let me say for you, Antoine, that this yellow serpent has an enemy in the blacksnake whom he makes it his special business to destroy. The blacksnake, very strangely, is able, after it has killed its antagonist, to swallow and digest the remains of the snake, even in cases where the latter is larger and longer than himself. There is too, a remarkable species of the boa constrictor in St. Lucia.

"The climate is most deadly to Europeans, they complain of a feeling of weight in the atmosphere—a something which resists the wish for exertion or exercise; both mind and body are oppressed; intellect is clouded; the spirits are low and depressed, and all pre-existing love of enterprise vanishes. The newcomer has pains in the back and extremities, headache, sickness and nausea. These symptoms are what the natives call the seasoning fever, to which all new visitors are exposed and from which after many attacks they never recover."

Gertrude here remarked, "I never wish to see so vile a spot. Its beauty is a deadly attraction."

"And yet for the possession of this and a few neighboring islands," continued Grimley, "the great French and English nations struggled and fought for one hundred and sixty years."

Here Eric asked: "How many people live on the island now, Mr. Grimley?"

"About a thousand white people and fifteen times as many pure blacks or negroes, and about five thousand mixed blood or colored as they are called."

"During the wet season, at times, the heat and stillness of the air are quite stifling; to say that the rain 'poured' would be no correct description; it resembles rather the spouting of cataracts than the spilling of clouds."

Gertrude broke the silence: "Are there any more horrible evils to be endured by these poor people?"

"Yes," answered Grimley, "the greatest affliction, so I have understood, in its horrifying effect upon the human race, are the earthquakes. These are of most frequent occurrence in this group of islands. I will give you an account of one.

"On the night preceding an earthquake a grand ball had been given and many were still sleeping off the effects of the festivities. The court was in session, throngs of strangers and planters were in the city discussing items of business, and trade and traffic were proceeding with wonted bustle and activity. At the fatal hour of twenty-five minutes to eleven—there was heard a noise—a hollow, rolling, rumbling noise, as of distant unbroken thunder, the sea dashed tumultuously on the beach; the earth heaved convulsively and opened up in several places, emitting dense columns of water. In an instant all the stone buildings had crumbled to the ground—a

widespread heap of rubbish and ruins; and in that one instant—a dread, dreary and destructive instant, five thousand human beings, torn from their family and friends were ushered into the abyss of eternity.

"To add horror to horror, fire broke out in several places at once. In a few minutes the pile was lighted up, and so complete was the destruction that not a single house escaped. Twelve thousand people were gathered under the sky, or in booths or tents.

"At the period of the earthquake, so sudden was the destruction, that a single loud lugubrious shriek from the living, and a long and lingering groan from the dying told the tale and sealed the doom of the pride of the West Indies."

Tears filled the eyes of all of those who were listening to Grimley's rapid and animated story. Gertrude recovered her composure first and said:

"Mr. Grimley, this surely closes the horrid tale."

"Yes," said he, "unless you wish me to tell you of the fruits, exotics, and staple productions of these fair and beautiful islands."

"Don't do it, Mr. Grimley," earnestly said Miss Pearl. I know they are the roses which accompany the thorns, but for to-night you have made the thorn too apparent. I shall sleep less soundly to-night for what you have related, but perhaps with a more thankful heart that I do not live in the warmth of that far off island, but as we have the time let me recite a more cheerful, happy description of tropic life. It is a poem written more than two hundred years ago by Andrew Marvel, an Englishman. I learned to recite its quaint rhymes at school. It is entitled 'The Emigrants in the Bermudas.' Don't forget this unless you wish to be laughed at, and let your

imagination witness a group of low, sandy, even-tempera-tured and healthy islands off the coast—somewhere—of Florida in the Atlantic Ocean. Listen:

'Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom, unespied—
From a small boat, that row'd along,
The list'ning winds received this song:
"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?

' "Where He the huge sea monsters wrecks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storm's and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal Spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranate's close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples—plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by this hand
From Lebanon He stored the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on the shore.

He cast (of which we rather boast),
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound His name.
Oh! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrives at heaven's vault;
Which, then perhaps rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay."

'Thus sang they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note
And all the way to guide their chime
With falling oars they kept the time.'"

To say that this old and sweet rhyme was recited with infinite skill and effect would be repeating what every one who heard Gertrude's melodious voice said that evening. Every face was shining with a pleasure that the reflected firelight but rendered more vivid. Grimley enjoyed it equally with the others and said heartily:

"I must have the credit of furnishing the dark background which rendered it possible to create this soft mosaic of tropic life.

"But, Miss Pearl," continued he, "I am confident that even the Bermudas as you would have us call them, are swept by terrific hurricanes and have a full compliment of insects, as well as yellow fever."

"You may be right, Mr. Grimley, but I think you will find that the English people know how to make themselves both safe and comfortable in the Bermudas. Even the dreadful results of the earthquake would have been comparatively light, if the city had been built of wood instead of stones, so whatever clime the English people have

migrated to, whether bleak New England, to India or Australia, they have the sense to adapt themselves to each particular climate and its peculiarities—and they live and thrive accordingly."

CHAPTER XXIV

ERIC'S QUESTION AND ITS ANSWER

"WELL, Miss Pearl, we shall have an opportunity of showing our inherited instincts on this bleak island, and I must say that you have done admirably so far. Who, with the mercury at forty below zero could dream of such various comforts as you have collected here this evening. Even the atmosphere is real Beamie Island like."

"Don't laugh," Gertrude said, also smiling herself; "at this little attempt at wit, for you and Eric will soon have a chance to exercise your inherited ingenuity as you go outside and I hope your fur sacks will be soft and warm to-night after you get into them."

Both Eric and Grimley considered this a reminder and bade the company good-night. Madame provided each with an additional neck and head protector in the shape of great hoods of fur, belonging to her husband, and the two sallied out into the sea of cold, accompanied by the good wishes of those who remained. They skirted around the lighthouse on their snow-shoes and soon attained the woods where the air was perfectly still, although deadly cold. The moon and stars were shining through the boughs of the trees with unusual brilliancy, lighting up the scenery with a radiance like that of pure silver. Miss Pearl's light was also shining brightly down upon them from the lighthouse.

The two proceeded in silence, with closed lips and their faces only partially exposed to the sharp air. Grimley

was anxious as to the effect of the cold and watched Eric, imitating him as he continually put his fur covered hands up to his face and held them so that the action of the frost was resisted. The other parts of their bodies were so completely encased, even to their moccasined feet, that the cold air could not penetrate. By this time Grimley had become quite sure of his footing on his snow-shoes, but his progress was yet slow. Hence, quite a period of time elapsed ere the two gained the shelter of the warehouse. Eric had only spoken once, and that was to warn his companion to beware of falling, as ere he could gain his feet, he was sure to be more or less frozen.

When Grimley and his comrade were safely in their little office room and seated before the blazing fire, he felt a great sense of relief. "I suppose, Eric," said he, "that we are now seeing the worst of the cold and if we can stand this we can bear anything that can come."

"Mr. Grimley, we can bear anything that will come to us, have no fear," replied Eric, "but this is not the worst of the cold. Add to this temperature a wind from the North that blows sixty to eighty miles an hour and the bitter and dangerous effects of the frigid air are quadrupled. Then if we are caught out we have to house ourselves in the snow or perish and when we are protected by the snow, if we sleep, it will be the sleep of death, unless the shelter is properly made. The worst of such extreme cold is that it robs men of their mental energy, like the temperature you told about this evening, and they perish needlessly. It requires forethought to carry one through these winters.

"It is always, in case of exposure to sudden cold and wind, best to carry a little wooden spade to form a shelter of blocks of snow. Although while in the woods it is unnecessary, it is also well for two people to go together

in case of meeting wolves and bears, and to be well armed, for the great cold drives these animals out from the mainland. In this island they are particularly desperate. In an evening outing it is always well to carry a roll or two of birch bark to light as firebrands to drive them off. All wild beasts are particularly afraid of fire and the waving of these lighted rolls will put to flight the hungriest pack of wolves that ever got together.

"It is strange, Mr. Grimley," continued Eric, "how bold a number of wolves are when together, and how very cowardly when roving singly. In the one case they throw away their lives with the utmost recklessness in attacking man or beast and on the other hand they flee even before a child, and I might almost say from a shadow—this last is not true, of course, but they are certainly very timid when alone."

"Shall we encounter them this winter," asked Grimley, quite seriously. "I have many disagreeable stories in my mind about wolves and I should hate to find my grave in the stomach of one of them, and more than that, to have Miss Pearl or the other two women or the little boy eaten by them, is too awful to think of."

"Yes and you may kindly add me to your good wishes," said Eric. "I am no match for them unless under favorable circumstances. Next to a good gun with two barrels I should rather have that big dog, Hector, with me than anything I can think of if they come upon me. He would make great execution among them. He weighs as much as two of them and the natural antipathy between the dog and the wolf—although they are said to be the same species—would give him energy in using his mighty jaws in vanquishing them.

"Mr. Grimley," seriously asked Eric, after a long silence, unbroken by either of them, "I was glad when it

came time for us to start, I felt so very ignorant upon the subject upon which both you and Miss Pearl had so much to say. I suppose you and she could talk all night about the Tropics, couldn't you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose we could have done so," replied Grimley with equal earnestness. "Did you notice how very neatly she robbed my arguments against the hot climates of nearly all their force by repeating that sweet old poem about the Bermudas? And they are truly lovely islands, with a soft and even temperature, summer and at all times, a delightful place to spend the winter; the society there is the best in the world and they have a hundred attractions of flowers, birds, fruits and scenery. And Eric did you notice how smoothly and softly she won you all. In my rough statements you were all repelled and the feelings excited were anything but pleasurable. I was fairly beaten and deservedly so, perhaps, for even St. Lucia is so delightful that its inhabitants cling to it, and if they go away, return to it with joy. So that for many generations they have grown more and more attached to it in spite of the occasional hurricanes and earthquakes and the insects which they get accustomed to, so that they are not made miserable by them."

"But, Mr. Grimley, I have not asked you the question I wished to ask," interrupted Eric. "Why could not I have had some part in the questions you discussed? I was dumb and did not know why—the Madame and her children were the same—we were as silent and speechless as Hector—and yet we listened with great interest."

"There was one thing you could have said, that would have been effective," said Grimley interrupting him in turn. "You could have argued that earthquakes were not peculiar to the tropic islands. You could have instanced those which have taken place in Iceland and other

cold countries—but you must have heard as a boy even some of the dreadful stories about the earthquakes and volcanoes of that island."

"Yes, indeed, I could talk for hours about that from what I have heard but I didn't think of it this evening and never should if you had not mentioned it."

"Then there was the great earthquake which took place in Portugal in which a great portion of the city of Lisbon sank under sixty feet of water and 60,000 people lost their lives in twelve minutes."

"Yes," returned Eric, "I have heard about that too from a Portuguese sailor, but still I have not any answer. Why could you and Miss Pearl talk so long without stopping and all on the same subject?"

"Oh, Eric, dear fellow," Grimley responded to him almost affectionately, "this is one of the hard questions to answer. In the first place, Miss Pearl is a rare woman. She calls forth the best there is in the heart and intellect of a man. She listened to-night to all I said and then in a few sweet syllables destroyed my fabric. It would be so on nearly every question or topic we could bring up. She sees quickly and deeply, and then asserts with a divine eloquence of song, or speech her superiority. I knew a man who had one of these superior women for a wife, and a good wife she was too, as ever became a mother. Well, my friend used to say humorously that the only way to get one of these superior women was to marry them when they were young—before they knew their own value—else they would never be mated. Now Miss Pearl is one of those women who has lived long enough to know her own value. There is another I know, Margaret Fuller, who has just married an Italian by the name of Ossali. She is a writer and signs her productions with her whole name with her husband's

simply added, as much as to say; I am all I have been with another added—whom I have possessed—but it makes a pretty combination—Margaret Fuller Ossali. Don't it, Eric?"

"Yes, indeed, and I would like to know more about a lady with so pleasant a name—but Mr. Grimley," said Eric, almost tremulously, "you have told me why Miss Pearl can talk and influence others. Tell me why you can do the same. There is a secret power here that I do not possess. Tell me what it is. In all my life I have never met intimately any one with this power, except one, the lady for whom you saw me cry and who taught me many things; to read, to converse, to keep myself tidy, to be brave without boasting—to do for others and forget myself. She returned to England or she would have done many more things for me."

Eric ceased, his words choking from the emotion excited by the remembrance of his early benefactress, and Grimley softly replied with his hand lightly resting upon Eric's shoulder.

"I think I know now what you mean. This is a power that we should attain to, in the schools, and from those who have had the advantage of the highest religious and secular instruction. It is the thorough discipline of heart and mind which produces such women as your kind mistress, Miss Pearl and Margaret Fuller, and such men, as I should like to consider myself. It comes by the training of successive generations, each succeeding one being superior to the one which precedes it."

"Now," interrupted Eric, "I begin to understand; I suppose you were many years at school."

"Yes, indeed, my education began on my mother's knee,

where I stood and recited my lessons, at college until I was graduated, and then kept on for twenty-five years—and I am learning to-day."

"And Miss Pearl, too?" said Eric enquiringly.

"It was and is the same with her. She has for more than twenty years been under instruction. You have heard her speak of Professor Perry. He was her last instructor and they traveled through Europe together—with others—for two years. Miss Pearl's education has cost twenty thousand dollars and mine, I have heard my father say, cost him twelve thousand. Eric, I have never earned a dollar in my life till two weeks ago when I entered the Company's service at thirty dollars per month. You can see what my education has cost, and my father's and his father's before him cost the same time and nearly as much money. How was it with you?"

"Mr. Grimley, I was a little animal until I met Mrs. Montague, my kindest and best of friends. I knew not how to read nor write. I worked for my keeping early and late. I did not think, except to wonder sometimes why I was born and when and where I should die. Yes, Mr. Grimley, you have answered my question and yet I wish I knew one thing more. Were you taught to know God and His ways and wishes?"

"Yes, Eric," softly replied Grimley, "from the very beginning by not only my mother, but my father and a large number of relatives who told me of Him and His ways, and in time, in a personal sense, He revealed Himself to me. I was taught in school and college the Christian Sciences and History. I am here in this desolate island by the Providence of God—to His will I bow—Miss Pearl believes all this too."

"Mr. Grimley," returned Eric with trembling voice, "I

am in deep waters and in great distress of mind. I believe in God; I believe He has sent you to me to help me. Will you help me? May I lean upon you?"

"Yes, dear Eric, all I have or know is at your disposal. Tell me how I can relieve your distress and I will withhold nothing."

"Sometime soon, Mr. Grimley, I will tell you of my trouble and doubts and I feel that you can—under God—give me relief. Mine is a mental trouble—perhaps little by little you can lead me into peace again."

A few minutes later the two men were buried in the robes and fur bags which constituted their rough but most comfortable beds and their regular breathing deep and slow and satisfying, would have contented even a mother's wishes for her babe.

Outside it was bitter death to anyone exposed to the atmosphere, for it became colder and colder as the hours grew smaller, until the thermometer sank to forty-eight degrees below zero before it began to rise.

CHAPTER XXV

DISCOVERY OF THE SCHOONER

After Gertrude and the others who had gone to the outer door to open and close it for the departure of Eric and Grimley and had bid them good-by, they stopped a few moments to see to the welfare of the cow and pony and the few chickens who were all quartered in one side of the lower floor of the lighthouse. Antoine gave the animals a few oats and offered them a drink of water.

Gertrude remarked that it made it feel very like a home to have animals in the same house with you, and as they stood there she told Antoine the true story of a poor woman in the city of Albany who had carried a little white piggy into her one upstairs apartment. She fed it and made it a part of her household, until the time came for killing it for the winter's consumption. Then it was found to be too large for the stairway and the butcher had to take it out of the window with a fall and tackle; so all the town knew the story of the household pet, and laughed over it.

Antoine was delighted with this little tale, and when they were again gathered around the fire in the family room, he told the story of a poor man in Cincinnati who had been working out of doors on an exceedingly cold day, assisting in gathering ice. Feeling a peculiar sensation about one of his ears he gave it a vigorous rubbing, and lo, the ear came off in his hand, having been solidly frozen, unknown to the man.

Somehow everybody laughed at Antoine's story. It was either the way in which the little man repeated it—for he had heard a passenger tell it on one of the steamboats—or there must have been an innate humor in the idea of a man's rubbing his ear and having it come off in his hand.

"Mam'selle," said Virginie to Gertrude, opening her large black eyes full upon her, "don't you think Monsieur Grimlaye—this was her pronunciation—a very wise man? He tells his story awful nice. It makes me cry to think about those poor people swallowed up in the quakes of the earth and killed again by being burned up, after being stung by the insects all their lives. I never will go to those horrid countries—nevaire, nevaire."

"Yes, Virginie," caressingly answered Gertrude, "Monsieur Grimley is a learned man. He makes me feel very ignorant, so that I have to be careful to make the utmost of what little knowledge I am possessed of, when he is here, but dear," continued she, "there are many beautiful women in the West Indies. I have seen the miniatures, painted on ivory, of one who seemed the most lovely lady I ever saw, and she was a West Indian. You know, do you not, who was the Empress of France—the wife of the Great Emperor Napoleon?"

"Oh!" said Virginie, clasping her hands with rapture and turning her eyes upwards as though addressing the Virgin, "do I not know the Empress Josephine? I worship at her feet! She was so like an angel, so good, so beautiful, the mother of Hortense," and the dark eyes flashed and the cheeks crimsoned with the utmost enthusiasm.

"My dear," said Gertrude softly, "she too was a West Indian, and born, some think, on the very Island of St.

Lucia, of which Mr. Grimley told, but if not so, then on one of the neighboring islands."

"Oh, Mam'selle, that I could visit the early home of the Empress, of whom papa has so often told me. When the great Emperor Napoleon lost Josephine, he lost all. What must have been his dreadful thoughts, when on that rocky island of St. Helena. Oh, unfortunate and lovely queen, would that I could have died to make her happy!"

That night, as Gertrude, ere falling into a dreamless sleep, thought with contrition of the antagonistic position she had taken as to the views of Grimley relating to tropic life, she soberly resolved that it should be the last time she would indulge in that method of quiet contradiction. "I will rather seek arguments to agree with him in all he may say or propose. It were not the part of a true maiden to make Mr. Grimley feel less manful in his own esteem, in this his hour of humiliation."

It is ever thus with gentle women. When in the bitter strife of business, politics, war or society, a man gets buffeted almost to the limit of his vital endurance, his kind and gentle female lover—be it wife, maiden or mother—who bears at the hour that relation—takes his sore and wounded form and pours in the wounds a healing oil and anoints the bruises with a soothing mixture. He is thus sent forth again a man among men, striving confidently because he knows that whatever may be the result in the world's opinion, that he is good as victor always in the eyes of the one who loves him best.

The next day when Grimley and Gertrude met at the dinner table and the latter responded to the cheerful, "Good Sunday morning," of the bright-eyed, rosy and vigorous young man, she thought that he little needed any

commiseration such as she had bestowed upon him last evening, and she said demurely:

"Mr. Grimley, I trust you are well this morning and not over-well. If it should be reported on the mainland among the wild animals that there is a young gentleman here in prime condition, they will come over, 'just to taste a bit,' and that would be most disagreeable."

Grimley pursed up his lips and gave a gentle whistle in reply, and said nothing to Gertrude, but he did put up his hand to his face, looked over to Antoine on the opposite side of the table and in a sort of aside, truly comical, said:

"Oh! Whist now! Antoine have you seen any pies about this morning—say apple pie and pumpkin?"

Antoine entering into the spirit of the jest, replied also in an aside, and very funny:

"Yes, plenty of them. They are all around; in the closet covered up, under the cloth on that table over there, and I guess there are some of them downstairs."

Gertrude blushed deeply, and said, "Enough, Mr. Grimley. If you will make no joke upon my pies I will say nothing more about the bears and other animals eating you."

"Agreed," said Grimley with a loud round voice that left nothing more to add so cheerful and good tempered was it, but he did tell a story when the pies came to be served by the fair and womanly Gertrude with her own hands. It was about one of his own sisters who, when she first essayed to make a pie, achieved a success, except in the item of the crust, which Grimley declared to his sister at the time to be everything that could have been desired, provided one had a good broadaxe to loosen it into small pieces ready for mastication.

This home tale caused a general mirth but Gertrude turned it neatly by a story she related, addressing it, how-

ever, to Antoine whom she well knew would applaud at all hazards. She told of a good New England woman who had spent the morning in a successful baking and who at the close of her labors sat down to view the results. She counted the pies and made something like twelve. They were placed temporarily around a table, shelf and chair, but there was one missing from the number she was confident she had baked. The good woman counted and queried and counted again and always made one short, until she arose to investigate and in rising discovered that she had been sitting on one of the pies.

Grimley, Eric and Antoine laughed most heartily at this story and the three women did the same to hear them laughing, as well as at the story, and the party adjourned to the little reception room in high spirits. They had grown to be so assimilated and so unrestrained in each other's society that even such an old story as that which Gertrude had repeated from her well stored memory, had caused a common merriment, impossible a few days previous.

Grimley remarked after they had ascended the long stairs and ere they had taken their seats, that as he and Eric had come to the lighthouse, the weather seemed quite balmy and almost summer like, especially in the woods; this while the thermometer had shown a frigidity of twenty degrees below zero.

Gertrude smiled at this seemingly facetious remark but Eric declared that he had had the same sensations, and added, "the sun was shining and the air was still and the sky so blue that I could not but be grateful that the cold wave had ceased and that we might look for milder weather. Let us see what it is now," and he took the thermometer from its exposed position.

The instrument was examined and found to register twelve degrees below zero. "Yes," said Gertrude, "it is rapidly moderating and we are already getting towards spring. It is the thirteenth of the month; in a week we shall have the shortest day of the year and soon after that Christmas and New Year's and before we know it winter will be over."

All smiled at this forecast on the part of Gertrude and Grimley proposed that all, or as many as chose, should go up to the glass floor above to see how everything looked after the great storm of wind, frost, cold and snow which had prevailed a week, to a day.

This proposal was eagerly accepted and taking the spy-glass, all mounted the ladder-stairs, except the Madame who, as usual held back on account of her weight and professed devotion to other duties.

The view from the lofty height was one of magnificent winter landscape scenery. It was blue sky and white snow in the distance as far as the eye could reach, except where a brown line on the eastern horizon, showed the coast line of the Michigan mainland. But the brown and green colors of the trees beneath them broke the oneness of the scene; the North Island with its whitened forests, more dimly seen, seemed not to be an island but a wide low hillock rising out of a plain of snow, for the entire surface of the lake was frozen over. This produced a surprising effect upon the two late comers, Gertrude and Grimley. All the delightful water view had disappeared and so far as sight was concerned, it might be that they were now dwelling in the wild plains of Siberia.

"How solitary," said Grimley, "and how prison-like. If a man were alone in the midst of such a terrific solitude he might well go crazy."

Eric returned a more cheerful answer. "Mr. Grimley,

"The entire surface of the wide lake was frozen over."---Page 254

you would not say this if you would only look a little deeper into the things about you. I have been alone here for weeks in the winter and have never suffered from solitude.

"Now, in the water under the snow there are immense quantities of fish and they are worth your time to observe but even the ice itself sometimes changes seemingly into water, for with the first wind that blows, all the ice now formed will float to the southward and we shall have a view of blue and rolling waters again. This is a surprise and a change. The lake will not be solidly frozen over—so as to make safe passage—for nearly a month. It takes time to thoroughly chill the deep waters of this vast inland sea. It is correspondingly late in the spring to thaw out. But if Miss Gertrude will allow me to use the glass I will see if I cannot observe some other signs of life."

Eric carefully scanned snow and shore and finally said: "No, I cannot see one vestige of life. This is strange, but it is doubtless owing to the intense cold which we don't feel very much here, owing to the sun shining through the glass and the heat which ascends from below. I do not see even a bird flying—but stay!" he added, suddenly, "I see a smoke rising from the North Island. There must be somebody there. Look, Mr. Grimley."

The latter took the glass and observed a thin, waving line of smoke going up from the shore nearest to them. He traced it to its source and found that it proceeded from the edge of the forest, bordering the lake, but whether it came from the shore or the interior, he could not discern.

"We have neighbors nearer than we thought," remarked he. "Quite likely some Indians living in their wigwams."

"No," said Eric, "I know the Indians all around the

head of this lake. This is more likely to be some trappers' party who have been blown ashore in their canoe and have had to lay by for the storm."

In the meantime, while Eric and Grimley were thus speaking, Gertrude had taken the glass and soon announced in a joyful voice, "It is the schooner we supposed to be lost. I can see the broken ends of three masts coming out of what seems to be a snow bank. The masts look like trees and the body of the vessel appears like a portion of the shore."

"Thank God," said Eric solemnly. "In their extremity they gained the shelter of a little cove which is just at the point, which if they had once passed, their doom would have been sealed. There is a trip before us, Mr. Grimley, on our snow-shoes as soon as the ice is solid enough to risk it. The party may be suffering but it is now impossible to help them and there may be women and children aboard, which may make their case more urgent."

Gertrude said with enthusiasm, "I mean to go with you when you go. I shall practice on my snow-shoes and by the time it is safe to start I shall be an expert in their use."

"Yes," joined in Antoine, "I shall go too. Papa would wish me to go. I shall take my sled and mamma shall send some things for the poor people to eat. Won't you, mamma?"

"I send them everything," responded the Madame with her eyes and cheeks glowing with sympathy, as were also those of Virginie. The wonder and surprise and fast flowing conversation did not cease for a long time, so exciting was the event breaking in upon the quiet of their daily routine, but nothing was to be done for the present and Gertrude after a time said that she was growing cold and thought they had better go below and have some singing and reading as was appropriate to the day.

As soon as they were seated she sang again an old song —One of the Ages—and then handed Grimley her copy of Thomas à Kempis, placing her hand upon the opening Words of Chapter V, Book III, and simply saying, "Please read there." It was the chapter entitled "Of the wonderful effect of divine love."

Grimley read with his perfect intonation to the little company, who listened with both ear and eye, for the true orator speaks as much to the latter organ as to the former. The words he read have come down to us from the dark ages, illuminating the otherwise sombre retrospect. Whether Thomas à Kempis composed the words of his famous books or simply copied them from the current religious literature of his time, matters not now to him or to either true Catholic or true Protestant; they are alike precious.

When Grimley commenced, Gertrude assumed an attentive attitude, looking towards him and sitting upright with a calm and unassumed dignity, with the open palm of one hand resting in that of the other. She followed the reading with close attention to glean the spiritual meaning in what she heard, and she listened with a feeling of the utmost delight to the finished delivery of Grimley. But when he read the part, "Nothing is sweeter than love," she became conscious of a new expression in his voice. It was softer and lower and of a pleading sweetness that startled her from her thoughts of God and Heaven and fixed her attention on the reader. When he recited, "Love oftentimes knoweth no bounds but is fervent beyond measure," she felt herself borne along a sweeping and overwhelming torrent.

She heard in the revelations of the good old monk words of lofty and pure affection, addressed by a strong metamorphosis to herself through the personality of

another that was as resistless as a mighty flood. Grimley was possessed naturally of a winning eloquence and now when with hot and trembling tones full of beseeching emotion he read "Though weary, love is not tired; though pressed it is not straitened," Gertrude could scarce keep her seat so quick to respond was her warm and impetuous nature.

It was evident to her exalted sense that Grimley had lost all the original meaning of the chapter and was through its words impetuously and yet involuntarily pleading his own cause.

He read with unaffected emotion "Love is active, sincere, affectionate, pleasant and amiable, courageous, patient, prudent, long suffering, manly and never seeking itself."

As he read this his suit was won, as expressed by the old German legend of The Nebelungen:

"To thank her for her kindness,
The hero bent his head,
And love drew near together
The hero and the maid.

"For as he bowed his head,
A stolen glance was cast,
And suddenly from eye to eye,
The tender secret passed."

Gertrude's whole being responded to Grimley's reading, and she said softly to herself, "He is all this and more, and whenever he wishes me I will be his. I am his even now, and before he knows it."

As Grimley continued to read, a great peace enfolded her and at the words "Love is subject and obedient to its

superiors," she thought, "Yes, he is indeed far superior to me and I will be obedient from now to the end." Gertrude's mind as the closing words were read was a curious medley of Grimley, God, Love and Content. She had chosen this chapter of à Kempis for the reading without thought, but it had proved the spark that had fired the train. She had seen men in passionate love before and had turned away unmoved from their pleading voices, but now she knew that the answer was to be an affirmative one—that she was irretrievably committed by her feelings, her judgment, and by circumstance to yield herself vanquished. Her nature was so open and truthful that nothing was held back, but the issue was made once for all, and for all.

The comparison of a sweeping torrent was much more applicable to Grimley than to Gertrude. In truth he himself was the irresistible force. He had begun to read with thoughts as spiritual and devout as those of à Kempis himself, but as he read, the image of the fair girl before him rose between him and the page. He resisted the vision and its distracting influence, but as he read the words of the old monk, written centuries before, so suited his own case that ere long he was forced to yield to the subtle sway in spite of his struggles. With an intensity, as he felt, bordering on frenzy he had declared his love and argued it with all the warm passion of his heart.

As he finished reading, Grimley rose and walking across to where Gertrude sat, stood before her with trembling lips and eyes suffused with tears. He was violently agitated. Gertrude rose equally moved and for a moment they gazed at each other forgetful of all else in the world, and then he, humbly and pleadingly, although silently, bowed his head before her and in that instant the tender

secret passed. Grimley involuntarily extended his hand and Gertrude placed her own within it.

"Grieve not, there is no need," said she softly as he turned aside to conceal his emotion from the others.

"That is as good a chapter as ever I heard," remarked the unconscious Eric, "and Mr. Grimley, you read it with very good effect. I hope that Miss Gertrude will have you read it over again to us some other time."

Grimley turned gratefully towards Eric and said heartily but with a beaming face, "Dear fellow, I will read it as often as Miss Pearl wishes me to. Until to-day I never knew its deep and subtle sense. Hereafter I shall know how truly the love of God and the love of His creatures can blend in one bosom and be expressed by the same words."

The Madame and her two children but dimly comprehended the sense of what Grimley had read; they only knew it was a good Catholic book from which he was reading, and that satisfied them. They had noticed his deep feelings which had shown themselves so unmistakably while he read and had observed the mutual emotion and hand clasping between him and Gertrude but ascribed it to the feeling excited by the words of the writer of the book. Virginie, indeed as she heard the word love so often used, thought continually of "Dan'l," and wondered where he was at that time and how soon she should see him again.

It may be remarked in passing that the event so instinctively anticipated by the good Aunt Estelle of the consequences of her niece meeting on that lone island a true man, full of grace and attractions, had occurred two weeks before she received the letter whose course to New York City we traced, but whose full consequences are yet to be told.

There is no definition of love such as now mutually possessed Grimley and Gertrude better than to call it madness, so much does a human creature risk in placing such exalted and irrevocable affection upon another equally imperfect with itself. But God has made it so, and thank Him that it is possible that the sweet madness may outlast all the intervening years until death separates the true lovers.

Being founded on mutual love and obedience to God—as was the case with Grimley and Gertrude, it is possible that the pure flame may still burn beyond the shores of the silent river. It was thus with the two whose strange fortunes had thrown them together upon the outer rim of civilization; they were so fitted for each other that no cloud arose between them. In the continuance of our story there will be no record of estrangement or distrust. Time but proved how true a mirror of love—earthly as well as heavenly—had been held up for coming ages by the worthy priest who wrote, "Though weary, love is not tired; though pressed, it is not straightened; though alarmed, it is not confounded; but as a lively flame and a burning torch, it forces its way upwards and securely passes through all."

The long and level beams of the setting sun streamed into the little room and illumined the faces and figures of Gertrude and Grimley as they stood side by side, the symbol one might imagine of the benediction of nature upon the event which we have recorded. The Madame rose and with her two children retired to prepare the evening repast and Gertrude, to conceal her agitation took her seat at the harp and motioned to Grimley to take a seat at her side. She said to Eric, "You must help with your voice on this old hymn, and you too, Mr. Grimley." The three voices blended sweetly and almost solemnly in

the words, "Rock of ages cleft for me," so familiar to millions—both living and those who had gone before. This song was followed by the singing of other Sabbath hymns until the tempestuous feelings of each of the lovers were merged into a calmer mood and one entirely suitable for the sacred hour. The singers were interrupted by Antoine, who said in his low sweet voice, "Mam'selle, and gentlemen, supper is ready."

CHAPTER XXVI

GRIMLEY'S AVOWAL

THE evening meal was passed almost in silence because both Gertrude and Grimley were full of strange and unwonted thoughts. Having no leader to keep up the flow, the remarks were few and principally confined to the weather and the condition of the people, crew and probable passengers, on the schooner which they had discovered on the adjoining island. The thermometer was examined upon their return to the little reception room and found to register exactly zero, and the sky was seen to be filled with fleeting clouds indicating more snow.

The party seated themselves, except Gertrude, who was excited and almost uneasy. She brought out from her little dressing room a couple of portfolios of engravings and sketches, and arranging them so that all were occupied in examining them, save Grimley, she drew a chair near the latter so that she could observe him.

"Mr. Grimley," said she, very softly, "you are silent. Are you sad yet? You know I told you not to grieve."

Grimley turned his eyes upon hers with a loving look and replied, "I know you are my true friend but I am afraid your friendship will cost you dear. If you become interested in me and my fortunes, they are so dark and gloomy that it saddens me to think that—

that—that one that I love should be influenced by them." Grimley had begun with a studied composure but finished his reply in a broken voice and hesitated greatly as he finished, so great was his emotion.

The tears came into Gertrude's eyes as she responded: "I know your lot is hard, but still you must not grieve, for you have me to help you. Anything that a true woman can do I will willingly do. I accept your love as God sent it, and it will allow me to do more for you. As for me," continued Gertrude frankly and simply, "I loved you the moment I saw you and my happiness is bound up in yours. I thank God that I gave you that chapter to read—that broke the barrier between us," and still more softly she added, "Now don't be hard upon your handmaiden, whom you have won so easily—too easily I know my aunt would say. Be a kind master to me, won't you?"

Grimley's face lighted up with a great joy. "Indeed I cannot be a hard master when my whole life is to be devoted—under God—to your happiness. I cannot be master at all."

"Mr. Grimley," said Gertrude, still with lowly voice but with burning eyes; "It is positively necessary for you to be master from now. You don't know my faults. I shall tell you all about myself, everything, and you will see how necessary it is for you to direct me in all my thoughts and actions. You are wise and good and will make no mistakes and if you wish to make me happy you will do just as I say about this."

Grimley replied with seriousness but with a loving voice that stirred the inmost being of Gertrude; "Miss Pearl, dear lady, you may possibly be right and I will do anything that you think will make you happy. I will at least give you my opinion as to anything you

may wish to know and you can guide your conduct by it as far as you think it right and proper, but," he added with a half smile, "I shall never see any faults in you unless you tell me of them."

"Well, I shall confess them all to you," said Gertrude with lowly drooping head, "and when you know them you can prescribe the penance, and, Mr. Grimley, I wish you would sometime give me an account of the life of Thomas à Kempis. I have always thought him simply an old monk copying manuscripts in a cloister. I don't even know where he lived and yet for many years I have read his sweet words of spiritual comfort but never until to-day knew the deep and mystical meaning of the chapter you read."

At this point in the conversation, Virginie came to Gertrude and interrupted them, asking the explanation of a picture which interested her. It was one of Rebecca at the well. Gertrude gave the answer and the dark-eyed maid returned to the table where the sheets of engravings and drawings were spread in ample confusion. It was a rare collection, and so intent had the observers been that the revelations between the two lovers were undisturbed and unnoticed.

Gertrude had wished since the revealing of so momentous an event to them both, for a full acknowledgment from Grimley. True woman as she was she was conscious that her fate was in his hands and she wished to hear his declaration so clearly that she need have no fear. She had designedly withdrawn the attention of the others and had given Grimley the opportunity to declare his feelings in words, which were music to her ears. It was Gertrude's thought that love should run out to meet love with open arms.

Indeed, the ideal story of true affection is that of two people who go into love step by step, with a fluttered consciousness, like a pair of children venturing together into a dark room. From the first moment when they see each other, with a pang of curiosity, through stage after stage of growing pleasure and embarrassment, they can read the expression of their own trouble in each other's eyes. There is here no declaration properly so called; the feeling is so plainly shared, that as soon as the man knows what it is, in his own heart, he is sure of what it is in the woman's.

With our chosen friends, still more between lovers (for mutual understanding is love's essence), the truth is easily indicated by the one, and aptly comprehended by the other. A hint taken, a look understood, conveys the gist of long and delicate explanation. In the closest of all relations—that of a love well founded and equally shared—speech is half discarded, and the two communicate directly by their presence and with few looks and fewer words contrive to share their good and evil, and uphold each other's hearts in joy. Understanding has in some sort outrun knowledge, for the affection perhaps begun with acquaintance and as it was not made like other relations, so it is not like them, to be perturbed or clouded. Each knows more than can be uttered; each lives by faith and believes by a natural compulsion.

These last two paragraphs indicate the life now to be led by Gertrude and Grimley. Their intercourse was void of those soft caresses and poetic rhapsodies which so often distinguish this period of life between man and woman, when it is first entered upon.

When Gertrude and Grimley drew towards the group, who were looking with childlike eagerness, at

the lovely pictures he turned to her, simply glancing at them as they lay on the table.

"Will you also examine them, Mr. Grimley?" she asked, with a sweet voice, very pleasant to him.

"Not now, thank you, Miss Pearl," he replied, with a slight bow, "but some day when time and place are suitable you shall take them one by one and explain them to me, as fully as you will. I am confident that each one has a history more or less connected with one now become very dear to me."

Gertrude colored with pleasure as she said to him very softly, "I shall receive this as the first command from one whom I know I shall ever be glad to call 'master.'" "And," she continued, "you are right as to these pictures. Each has a history. There are none there that have not some sentiment back of the lines. A story of those sheets would almost be a history of my life. Do you not," she added archly, "anticipate looking into a maiden's biography? Or may it not be called an autobiography, but I shall not weary you. I shall give it in as small sections as you desire."

Gertrude had always declared that she never would commit her happiness to a man, except she could so thoroughly trust him that he should know every thought and act of her life past and the ever recurring present, and to-day in her new and great exaltation she remembered this and freely promised the revelation to Grimley, and its effect upon him was not lost. It bound him from that hour to an open, frank line of expression and conduct with Miss Pearl that had its reward. This confidence by her begot one equally great in him and as neither one had any dark page in their history to conceal from the other, the course of their true love ran smoothly, only disturbed by

outward trials, some of which we are presently to record, but all of which were met bravely and cheerfully together—as One.

"Miss Pearl, your confidence shall not be misplaced," said Grimley warmly. "There is certainly no passage in your life, however trivial, but will interest me, and I am eager to listen to the smallest particulars. We met two weeks ago strangers and to-night we are all the world to each other. Strange change in our lives; as strange as that which came to us in being born or which will occur when we die." The thought was so great that Grimley paused in silence, which was unbroken by Gertrude.

When Grimley resumed, his thought ran in a different channel. "Did you know, Miss Pearl, that neither the Madame nor her children can read or write, and even Eric can scarcely read. His attempts at letter writing are painful enough. I have seen a little of his work—and it is literally work—in that direction. Now, do you not think we should make the attempt to instruct them?"

"Indeed, I do, Mr. Grimley. I know what you say about their scholarship to be true and I am free to confess that I have been too selfish since I have been here to think of giving them instruction. I should have thought of it but I have been too anxious here," and she laid her hand over her heart with a very charming grace, "but now I am at rest, I hope I shall not continue to be so thoughtless of others."

"Suppose we begin with a regular school exercise to-morrow," said Grimley. "This is the instinct of our race, to uplift and enlighten the strangers who are coming among us from the old world and if we are to

do our share we never will have a better opportunity to influence them than the present."

Gertrude cordially assented and their intended pupils agreed to the proposal, expressing their sincere gratitude. It was arranged that in the afternoon, after dinner, and to be interrupted only by the outdoor exercises already agreed upon, that there should be regular study and recitation by the four scholars and that Grimley and Gertrude should give diligent thought to their teaching.

That night after retiring to her feathery couch, Gertrude thought long and seriously upon the events of the previous fortnight. Her uppermost feeling was one of deep thankfulness. The words of an unknown poet continually passed through her mind:

> "At last I have that nameless bliss
> As I love, loved am I—"

It was but a fragment from her memory but it seemed to explain the true cause of her happiness. "It is true," she said to herself, "that I know but little of the past of Edward," for thus in her thought she named him, "but I know what he now is and I desire beyond all things else to share his present and his future life. He has told me that he loves me and I believe him: So I am the happiest of maidens."

The next morning ere she opened her eyes a sense of deep and quiet happiness filled her heart. It took her a moment or two to trace the feeling to its source and she softly repeated the little couplet to herself:

> "At last I have that nameless bliss
> As I love, loved am I—"

and then the thought came that she would teach it to Edward and ask him to say it frequently to her.

As soon as she was dressed she looked forth upon the wide expanse and greatly to her surprise saw blue water in every direction. A wind had come up in the night and sweeping down from the North had broken up and floated to the South the great ice-bridge which had, the evening before, united their little island to the mainland and the North Island. "What is to prevent our reaching the schooner to-day," she thought, "but alas! I see the shore is all edged with ice which will prevent any one from leaving our island and approaching the schooner. Well did Eric say that we should be compelled to wait."

She looked forth in the direction of the stranger craft and with her clear eyes she could still trace the thin line of smoke, wavering and yet distinct ascending from the same place they had first discovered it yesterday. Gertrude also looked down upon the low broad roof of the warehouse from whose two chimneys proceeded also two lines of smoke indicating the occupancy of the building. Gertrude longed with a great longing to fly down and be with the one to whom she had committed her well-being. Beyond the warehouse she could see in the clear cold air the roofs of the dozen cabins which had been vacated by the woodchoppers. No sign of life proceeded from these nor in all the extensive field of view could Gertrude see a single vestige of animated existence. "Were it not for Edward," said she softly to herself, "how dreary and how terrifying would be this solitude, but with him near how contented I am."

During all the hours of that forenoon Gertrude was

actively busy. She helped the Madame plan her household duties and aided in executing several of the details; she also prepared a dessert of pudding with sauce.

She found several books among her own that she concluded would answer as text books for their school and was so happily employed that the Madame and Virginie little dreamed that all the time her thought was with Edward Grimley.

"This will be a good day for snow-shoeing," said she, "and I mean to make a great day's progress. I shall not be satisfied until I can both walk and run on the shoes and some day I mean to have a walk around the island with Eric and all of us."

"Yes," said the active Madame, "you can easily do it on a still sunny day after the snow has been frozen so as to be just right. Virginie and Antoine can go with you and you can all take your dinner and eat it in the woods by a fire, and if you like it, you can make the trip one, two, or three times."

Gertrude kept a good lookout and with Antoine and Hector she met the two men at the door. It was very charming indeed to see her aid them in removing their heavy wraps. As she met Grimley, the warm color came and went in her cheek and brow. Her eyes sought his with an inquiring look, as much as to say: "Is he the same now as yesterday, and is he still my own true love?"

Yes, with honest, open frankness, Grimley met her gaze and when unobserved he softly said, "And how has it fared with you, Gertrude, since we parted? I have had no thoughts but of you."

"Mr. Grimley, welcome, twice welcome," and turning to Eric, she added cordially, "you, too, are welcome.

Life would be a dreary thing just now without Eric coming."

Eric responded with equal cordiality and said: "This is our school day. I shall be among the oldest scholars, and this will be my first day's schooling. Hurrah!"

Gertrude smilingly said, "That is a real school boy outcry, but remember I am to have a lesson in snow-shoeing first. But, Eric, what have you done with the ice which was in the lake last night?"

"Ah! Miss Gertrude, you will see that come and go many times before it is fixed solid, but when it is, it will stay a long time, to make up for its disappearances and returns, until Spring, in fact. And when it is fixed solid you will then see the bears, wolves, and perhaps worse—the wild men. But now we are safe and it will be a good time for you to learn to travel on snow-shoes."

This practice was most heartily engaged in after their noonday meal, both Grimley and Gertrude making rapid progress. The day was still sunny and the thermometer only at zero. Grimley had one awkward tumble and all heartily laughed at the spectacle he made, except Gertrude. "And why do you not make merry?" asked Grimley. "I delight to hear you laugh."

"Oh! Mr. Grimley," said she softly and yet seriously, "I do not feel that I could ever laugh at you again. I suffered too much in my conscience before."

"I think I understand you," said he, "but as you won't laugh at me you must with me. I think it will be fair to join me when you see me laughing at myself. I didn't laugh this time, because this practice on the snow-shoes is getting to be serious work. Our lives may depend upon our skill in this exercise. Between us and civilized places the snow is getting daily of greater depth and our

entire hope of leaving this island for many months to come rests solely upon our knowledge of these curious and awkward appliances. I am glad to see your resolution in acquiring the art. My own sense tells me still another thing. Before we are really advanced in the exercise we must have practice in long distances."

"Yes," eagerly added Gertrude. "I told the Madame this morning that I wished to walk around the island. She says that I can soon do it and that she will give us our dinner to eat in the woods by a fire, which we can build, and," Gertrude added still more softly with a little color in her cheeks, "won't it be nice to take our first pleasure trip together, even though it be on snow-shoes?"

"Indeed it will," Grimley added smilingly, "it will be much cheaper than most pleasure excursions too. I don't see when we shall lay out any money and it seems too bad when I am piling it up so fast. Why, except the very little I have given the Madame I have all my earnings accumulated. More than half a month's pay is now due me and the first I have ever earned in my life."

"Why, Mr. Grimley! is that true?" asked Gertrude with serious tone.

"Yes," he replied. "I am not sorry to say it, either. My father said that when the earning and saving period of my life came he would tell me. In the meantime he should expect me to keep along with my classes and mates and come out of college with a sound mind in a sound body. He made me a rather liberal allowance and with it he gave me two directions; one was never to think of money, except as I had occasion for its use, and the other was not to spend my money until I received it. He also added another as advisatory, not mandatory, that I would so far keep within my income that I could spare a

dollar at any time for a friend or a worthy object. My wise father said that this last to a generous nature—would keep me from many foolish expenses and might lead to a Spartan like endurance that would be a rare good gift at times—like the present."

CHAPTER XXVII

SCHOOL IN THE TOWER

"How wise your father must have been," said Gertrude in reply, "especially in that last provision. I have observed my aunt's husband, poor man, study by the week to find some new way to spend money on his own comforts, the while never thinking of another's happiness. But I myself can give you the rule of wealth—my dear old professor, Mr. Perry, gave it me—'Pay as you go.' He said that was uttered by John Randolph of Roanoke once in Congress, and that it would fit nearly all financial situations. It is like your father's 'not to spend your money until you get it.' Isn't it?"

"Truly," said Grimley, "and you are wise in your conclusions. What a helper you must be, and are."

"Yes," said she humbly and simply, "to those I love."

That afternoon and evening were busy ones in Gertrude's reception room. Upon consultation it was decided to lay out a course covering five months' instruction, out of which a whole month was allowed for delays and interruptions. In that time Madame and her two children were to be taught to write and read English and French; of course in an elementary way, so that the instruction could be continued at some other time as opportunity might offer.

Relating to Eric the question was a more difficult one. It was finally decided that he should be taught writing by a system of copying history and biography, and that

mathematics should fill out the surplus time and if his progress was rapid that other studies should be introduced. This would allow him the fullest opportunity for adding to his slender portion of knowledge.

The days following this Monday evening were busy ones with the dwellers upon our little island. Both in the lighthouse and warehouse was there a steady and enthusiastic attention given to the instruction and learning of the elementary principles of science. Gertrude had a long conversation with the Madame as to the probability of her husband's success in claiming his long neglected inheritance. The latter showed a package of letters which Gertrude read with feminine curiosity. They were from an old aunt who had survived her generation and who dearly loved "Mon bon Eugène," as she addressed him, whom she remembered as a babe, as a bright-eyed youth and finally as a handsome, vivacious young man who, full of adventure, had taken passage to Canada to visit a branch of the family long settled in the then French Colonies.

As before related, he had prolonged his stay until his interest in his old home and associates was displaced by the attractions of a semi-savage life. The aged aunt, his deceased mother's sister, still followed him with her loving care.

In those years in which he sometimes maintained an unbroken silence, her solicitude prompted her to seek the aid of the Catholic Missionary priests, who traversed the wilds of Canada and the far Western States. By their aid her letters would reach him and the broken links in the chain of communication be again united. At length a letter came telling him that he was heir to a considerable estate and an old title of nobility, but even then years passed and many letters full of anxious solicitation were

received ere the half uncivilized Frenchman could make up his mind to venture the changes involved in resuming his position among the polite and refined circles of his native land.

One thing withheld him. It was the thought that his wife and children were unfitted to accompany him and he loved them too well to risk their unhappiness. But at last natural affection won the battle and for their sakes he started on his long voyage, with the idea of returning with wealth enough to either live with them for the rest of his life on the frontier, or to place them in comfort and leave them forever to their lowly lot—the idea of taking them with him not being even entertained.

As Gertrude read the aunt's letters, a dim perception of the truthful position was apparent to her acute mind. The good French relative in her open zeal had even frankly spoken of his abandoning his family and forming a new connection for the purpose of transmitting the proud blood of the Malloire to future generations. She communicated this suggestion to her nephew without any apparent hesitation, as a matter incident to his return to civilization and Gertrude surmised that the keeper of the lighthouse as such and the proud French noble as such were at variance in their conscience and their ideas—and the young woman with her heart overflowing, as it now was, with love and joy, determined to so influence and uplift her hostess that both inclination and fitness might meet on Malloire's return in the spring.

The task was not an easy one, but with aid of the two children and "line upon line" the days showed steady progress. In learning to write, the Madame learned to spell and in learning to read she learned the language.

There came a time when the Madame gave up in despair, utter and entire, and refused to proceed—then

Gertrude with her womanly tact pictured the return of her handsome husband and his pleased surprise to know that she had grown such a learned lady. This argument prevailed, and the sad woman never failed to energize her efforts.

With a knowledge of letters, Gertrude did not stop, but in dress, in manners and in changed habits of life the poor woman, who had been ignobly purchased for a trifle by the man who was her husband and the father of her children, became a new being.

Her dark eyes grew brighter and her swarthy cheeks of a rosier and more delicate hue. Her form already of perfect and graceful outline showed its proportions all the better for the drapery which Gertrude supplied her with a free and willing hand from her own wardrobe.

Grimley noticed the gradual transformation and praised Gertrude for her thoughtful kindness. She received what he said with pleasure and replied, "I have always looked out for my own poor ever since I have been a young girl and it is no new work for me to study the needs of uneducated but excellent people. My experience is that excellence goes first and must be the basis of the improvement, or all progress is vain."

Grimley warmly coincided with her and added with an appreciative smile, "Ah, if you had the island full of similar people, what of you would there be left for me?"

"All there is now or there ever has been, and more," softly replied Gertrude. "You know 'there is that which scatters and yet increases,' and truly, Mr. Grimley, since I have you, my heart seems fuller and freer to do these things for others than it ever was, before I knew there existed in me such love."

And so it came to be more and more that Gertrude was

the mirror in which each of the little circle could ever see what was the best thing for them to do.

The beautiful Virginie became more beautiful when adorned by the high, rich colors of fabrics freely given her by Gertrude and as for Antoine, he was, in appearance, the most finished of small Frenchmen. Scrupulousness and neatness was the habit of both Grimley and Eric.

But little labor was needed, and sufficient time and thought was given by both of these admirers of Gertrude to present themselves always in their best, of either clothing or conduct. When Eric lacked anything, Grimley supplied it with a brotherly kindness and this refers as well to information and advice as to clothing.

It was so that day by day in this little isolated society that high refinement joined to a Christian consideration for the physical and intellectual well being of each member of the circle.

The weather meantime was steadily cold—the thermometer showed zero and ten below with considerable regularity in its variations. Each day some snow fell and its depth in the woods steadily increased; even on the level it was nearly waist deep. The lake showed alternately clear water and a seemingly solid covering of ice as the wind blew back and forth the increasing masses of floating ice. Day by day the dwellers on the Little Manitou looked forth to the larger island and saw the smoke ascending from the dismasted schooner. They daily wondered how soon they should be able to become acquainted with and succor if need be their unknown neighbors.

Both Grimley and Gertrude almost wished they might dwell the whole winter through as isolated as they then were, for both felt that this condition was but temporary and should be made the most of for mutual acquaintance

and appreciation. Music and reading, as well as quiet conversations drew the man and the maid ever closer together in purpose and thought. They lived a life unknown to their daily companions, being exalted by mutual affection to the highest thoughts and aspirations; that each might be more worthy of the other. Each day witnessed a conduct more and more earnest and guarded between them. Each addressed the other as was then the admirable habit of polite society with the deepest, and most ceremonious respect. While they thought of each other as Gertrude and Edward, in outward speech their terms of address were most formal.

A long way to be traversed together was before these two rarely gifted beings and the care they took in inspiring a mutual confidence was not ill bestowed.

In the culinary department Gertrude did not relax her vigilance. There was a studied variety in the food prepared and neither were any of the forms of table etiquette omitted. Grimley observed with curious, though pleased attention the unaffected dignity with which Gertrude quietly set a pattern for the others. It would have delighted the heart of the fond father—even if uncertain husband—then rocking and tossing on the ever unquiet ocean, to have seen how quickly and naturally his little family profited by the hints and example of the two refined and polite members of the circle.

But Gertrude and Grimley both were learning as well as teaching. They were acquiring the knowledge of winter life and the necessary habit of self-preservation. Neither Grimley's face or hands were afterwards frosted; he was getting more expert daily in the use of snow-shoes. Eric too was instructing him to run, as well as walk, on them and he was not an inapt scholar, and very delightful Gertrude and Grimley found it to take the awkward,

sliding, intoeing steps together, on the snow-shoes, in the sharp bracing air which was securely excluded by their fur lined over clothing. Very gråceful did each think the other and any one with an eye for form and manner would have thought the same.

It was thus the third Sabbath found our harmonious, though dissimilar island society. After dinner upon this day Gertrude with her voice and instrument again charmed her hearers with selections of sacred song. She selected such melodies in which all could join, but while she sang, her ear was given to the manly, although not very melodious notes uttered by Grimley. She sometimes repeated a part in which he produced even worse than his usual effect. This she did with such a kind tact that, with his dull ear, he did not perceive it to have been done for him. Long afterwards, she frankly owned, to a relative, that "Mr. Grimley certainly executed his musical efforts with a worse grace than anything else he did," and once as an instance when they were together at a public military concert the band struck up the stirring notes of "Hail Columbia"—and Gertrude with her senses thrilled by the music but in an interval with quiet humor, asked, "Dearest, do you know what that tune is?" "No," simply answered Grimley; both smiled into each other's honest and loving eyes at his confessed ignorance; and no more was said. And yet he could have sung the air fairly well, with Gertrude's voice, with its rich fullness and exactness to lean upon. His comprehension of musical sounds was exceedingly deficient. This was not so displeasing to Gertrude as it might have been. She repeated to herself, although her belief was not in accordance with the facts, "Music and singing are not in a man's proper field of effort. It belongs rather to women to produce the world's harmony and when a man does

attempt to produce it, it should always have in it a trace of the lion's roar or a grizzly bear's growl.

It was too, upon this quiet Sunday afternoon, while the others were occupied otherwise, with books and engravings, that Gertrude asked Grimley, very softly, if she had been as open and confiding as he wished her to be. She had aimed to tell him all, but had not done so.

"No and yes," he replied with a fond look that thrilled her. "No, because I never can lose my interest in the smallest detail of your past and present life, but at the same time there are things that those most intimate with each other, should not ask the other to reveal. There are confidences in each life which so involve others that their mere mention is a breach of trust and a meanness."

Gertrude shook her head doubtfully and said, "Are you not wrong? When one truly loves another and the love is equally returned must not each act and thought be clear as crystal between them? I have thought so."

Grimley, with loving expression, replied, "I will have to say, as before, yes, and no. Yes, because open truthfulness is necessary to the continuance of love and trust, and no, because an independent individuality is also necessary to be maintained in order to produce a companionship satisfying for a lifetime. Let me instance. Every complete human being has a religious nature resting on God. This in both man and woman is entirely personal between God and themselves. Each individual is born and is to die separately and with none but their Creator to name the hour and circumstance of the first, nor can any other save he go through the dread shades of the latter. There are thoughts and communication between man and his Creator that should be entirely free from

outward observation—or interruption by even the dearest of human beings."

Gertrude interrupted him and said, "I see your argument; you are wiser than I in this matter and if you will allow me I will tell you two things which will show you how very right you are. It would be quite painful to me for instance to show you daily what I write in my little journal and yet if I were dead I should wish you to read its pages. Its motto is this:

"And I walked by myself and I talked to myself
And thus myself said unto me,"

and I have always written as though no eye but mine would ever read it. And then, Mr. Grimley," added the lovely girl with much color in her face and a little hesitation bordering upon painfulness, "I have too been placed in a disagreeable and awkward position several times by proposals to marry, by the most dissimilar characters. Anxious mothers have asked me to marry their hopeful sons and in my study and practice of music and art, taught by experience I have had to be continually on my guard lest an ordinary friendship or association on the part of those I daily met would be unexpectedly interrupted by protestations of eternal faithfulness, which were anything but pleasing to me. And," she continued, half smiling, "the older and more experienced, were the most difficult to reconcile with my negative answer, and so, Mr. Grimley, I am really glad not to feel obliged to relate these episodes of my life—they are best forgotten —especially as I had a real esteem for each one of these men until they so dreadfully blundered."

Grimley's countenance exhibited conflicting emotions

at this point of Gertrude's story. It was caused by a little shame in the thought of having been one of several suitors—albeit the winning one, and yet another quickly succeeding thought, irresistibly caused him to give a long, loud, infectious laugh. It pealed and rolled up and down the different stories of the lighthouse.

Gertrude greeted this manifestation of vivacity with a look of surprise; her face turned almost purple and something very like anger blazed from her beautiful eyes. Eric, Madame and the two young students all turned inquiringly towards Grimley, who managed between his paroxysms to explain that he was laughing at the recollection of the way Eric had thrown over his head, so ignominiously, the redoubtable "Hole in the Sky," "The Beetle," and the other Indians. This clue was enough to cause the three humblest members of the group to join in most heartily and soon Gertrude, changing her mood, joined the peals of merriment.

In the midst of the hilarity, Grimley managed to say to Gertrude, unperceived by the others, "I could not help it —but it was certainly unintentional, to compare the way you had dismissed your inconsiderate admirers with the way in which Eric served his pagans."

Gertrude answered, with an assumed Irish accent, which was very charming, "It is you, yourself, that can afford to laugh sure, for in your encounter with both Eric and me you certainly were the victor—only now do stop," she added beseechingly. "It is ill becoming in the conqueror, even suggestively, to give such a great burst of triumph in the presence of the vanquished."

Grimley resumed his ordinary gravity and turning to the Madame he begged her pardon. "You must excuse me for such an exhibition of myself but it is in me and I suppose ever will be, to see in certain situations a humor-

ous combination so strongly that I cannot help manifest my sense of the ridiculous as untimely as I have done to-day."

Antoine, who had not yet laughed enough to suit his youthful spirits, said, "Tell us some of those times, Mr. Grimley, and make us feel good some more."

"Well," returned the latter, smilingly, "I will tell you what happened to me when a little boy, and then the ladies will be prepared, perhaps, to the better forgive me for to-day's doings. Now listen, Antoine, when I tell you that when I was a five or six year old lad and I might not have been five, I had a little playmate we called 'Monkey.' This name was only that when we met at the little school, but at home we always called him Monkey Root to designate the particular and important monkey we meant; for a great favorite was our funny little playmate. Well, one sad day the small boy died and all the scholars were in a day or two expected to attend together the funeral of their playmate. It was a solemn event to us all, especially as at the same hour the body of the little lad's father was to be buried. A malignant fever had caused their death within a single day of each other. The event was one never to be forgotten so mournful was it.

"At five years old a boy isn't very tall and when a coffin is set upon a table it takes some length of limb to see what is within its open lid, so it happened that we little boys went to the funeral and could not see even the remains of our dear playmate, because we were not big enough to reach. If we had been little girls we should have been lifted and shown that sad sight which we wished to see, but being only small boys no one noticed us. We gathered in the corners and odd spaces and sadly and soberly said to each other, 'It's too bad that Monkey is

dead,' and sincerely mourned and wiped our tears."

So solemnly did Grimley repeat his story that the dark-eyed Madame's eyes overflowed with sympathetic tears, for she thought it might somehow have possibly been her own little boy for whom his fellows were mourning; even little Antoine felt like crying and at the same time wondering why Monsieur had told so sad a story in reply to his request for a funny one. He had not learned as yet how closely do pathos and humor accompany each other.

"At last with boyish impatience," continued Grimley, "while the sad ceremonies were being performed, the small boy who bore my name made a further effort to see, as well as to hear. Getting close to one of the coffins—the larger one—he raised himself on his tiptoes and looked over the high edge of the receptacle that contained the mortal remains of the father. The line of vision, owing to his shortness of stature, was confined to a limited view of the interior of the coffin, but that brought into sight a portion of the face of the dead man, and that was a fair and perfect vista of his nose and nothing more. One, two, three efforts resulted in the same limited view, and then somehow an inborn chord was struck in the youthful bosom and I saw how very ridiculous it was for me to attend a funeral and be able only to see the uplifted member of the dead face, as though it was to a nose's funeral I had come."

The real humor of the description dawned first upon Eric and Gertrude, and they burst out with laughter, in which they were quickly joined by the others, while Grimley continued and said that such had been the effect upon him he had restrained himself until he nearly died with the repression and the tears ran out of his eyes, and he finally ran out the door.

All his life thereafter his memory had served him the same in reviving the recollection. It had excited his mirth, and when after years had passed he had first told the story he had discerned how his inborn sense of humor had been unconsciously aroused.

Gertrude here said, but very sweetly, "Mr. Grimley, you have given two instances of your inborn love of humor, and in one you nearly surprised me into anger but you are forgiven, if you will remember the day—and the exercises appropriate to it. Shall you read us more today from Thomas à Kempis?"

Grimley shook his head. "No, let us read no more in à Kempis. Let me read you Paul's speech before Agrippa—the Madame must understand that he was one of the very earliest of the Church Fathers."

CHAPTER XXVIII

CONFIDENCES BETWEEN ERIC AND GRIMLEY

THE young man drew from his pocket an ancient leather bound testament and read with eloquence the lofty words of the noble captive.

All the hilarity and levity, if such it should be called, ceased among the little audience and they listened with breathless attention, while he continued to read Paul's adventures on the tossing waters of the Mediterranean, until he arrived at the little island where the venomous snake had bitten his hand and he had shaken it into the fire, and the islanders had pronounced him a God.

Grimley closed the book and continued in the silence and the increasing twilight of the winter evening the subject, by adding in his own words a tribute to the character of the hard pressed Apostle. He reviewed Paul's life and labors, and although he spoke in a low monotone it was evident that he was unconsciously repeating words and sentences from memory. As before—a week previously—he lost himself in his subject. A pain came into the heart of Gertrude lest the gifted Apostle should usurp the place in Grimley's affection which she wished herself alone to fill, so strange are love's thoughts and innate feelings of jealousy of another.

Grimley spoke thus in eulogy with practiced art, without hesitation and without a pause for at least a quarter of an hour, but seeing the half distress in the face of the fairest of his listeners, he changed his tone and more

immediately addressing Gertrude said in closing his monologue, which with charming art had wrapped his little audience.

"But it is unsafe to place our earthly and heavenly happiness on even the most perfect and loving of human beings. Even the beloved Paul had his faults and doubtless in real life was a trying man to deal with. We read of his contentions and disputes with his companions Peter and Mark and his method of conveying instruction was doubtless often contentious and aggravating to his hearers. While it is true, that the truth is to be declared, it should not be roughly spoken, lest it hurt the tender lambs of the flock belonging to the gentlest of Shepherds. It is true also that we should love those dearest to us with a view, moreover, to their being imperfect beings and liable to err. It is well to remember as we eulogize the Prophets, the Apostles and good men, that all, even they, are sinful in the sight of God. It is wisdom to keep always in mind the idea of God as so far beyond us in Majesty, in Power, in Duration, that it is impossible to comprehend Him or to be confident of pleasing Him, our Great Creator. It is well to fix our minds habitually on the Son of God in his human form. This Humanity we can understand but the Divine Nature is beyond us. So in our relations to each other let it be remembered that we are imperfect even in our love; we are limited in what we can do for each other, and that so transient are we that at death all earthly ties are ended and merged into our relations with our Savior—God; and so our own relations with each other become simply incidental."

Gertrude breathed easier at these closing words. She could endure to hear Grimley with his noble utterance, praise his God, but no other rival. And so she listened to the closing of the little discourse with unmixed

pleasure. As she folded her hands to sleep that night —for the maiden had the odd little habit of clasping her hands as though for her burial, ere resigning herself to the twin angel of death—Slumber—she mused that the day had been, with its restfulness, a Sabbath indeed. The music, the reading of the Scriptures, and the further unexpected exposition by Grimley had thoroughly satisfied her spiritual nature.

The effect of the reading and Grimley's added explanation were almost totally lost on the Madame and her two children. Their inward sense was comparatively dull and irresponsive. They listened, it is true, with silent respect, but without comprehension. It was not so with Eric. While Grimley read and discoursed, he was the image of attention. He hardly uttered a word during the supper time and the quiet evening which followed; but afterwards in the dimness of their room at the warehouse the questions found free utterance. Eric had never yet opened the secret of his disquiet but had asked many questions which led Grimley to suspect that his confidence when he did open it would relate to some unsettlement of his religious life, therefore this night the latter was not surprised when Eric asked, without hesitation:

"Mr. Grimley, can you tell me what has become of the gift of healing spoken of in the account of Paul's life you read to-day? Is that gift still existing in the world now and if so, to whom is it given?"

Grimley paused long before he replied, "It is not unlikely that this gift is yet in the world. It was a wonderful weapon in the hands of the early Apostles and preachers in assuring the world of their divine mission, but since those days we have no authentic account of its possession and legitimate use by any single person or body of persons."

Here Eric earnestly questioned: "But you allow, Mr. Grimley, that it may yet exist among men?"

"Certainly it may exist and quite likely does. The gift of healing, as recorded in the sacred word, was a positive force existing two thousand years ago; it is doubtless as much a force to-day as then, but hidden or suspended for the present by the Divine will, as the lightning, which you know is hidden in the atmosphere at all times and is only exhibited upon well understood conditions."

Eric remarked here, "I think your comparison of the lightning is very good. I can see now pretty clearly how a thing may exist and not be in use, nor even apparent to the senses. But, Mr. Grimley, there are men now and have always been who say they heal sick people by placing their hands upon them and praying over them. I have heard of many such."

"I know there are such persons and that the accounts are written of them," seriously replied Grimley, "but they are of one or two classes—either deceivers or deceived."

"How can that be?" eagerly asked Eric.

"Dear Eric," said Grimley with kindly emphasis, "there is an almost infallible rule by which to judge whether a thing is right or wrong, whether it is true or false, whether it comes from the Lord or the Devil. You believe in the Devil, do you not, Eric?"

"Yes," replied Eric, with an intentness, and Grimley resumed:

"What comes from God is always good. It may be hidden for a time but it is always like Him—excellent beyond words—what comes from the Devil is evil—no matter how attractive it may be for a time—it is unmitigated evil—or to use the correct term—devilry. You agree to this, Eric?"

"Yes, Mr. Grimley, that is all absolute truth. I feel it, although I could not have so clearly said it."

"Now, dear Eric, listen," said Grimley, warming with his theme, "never, since the days of the Apostles has the gift of healing, so called, been used for the glory of God or His cause. Where the delusion itself has been practiced, it has been used to influence guileless and susceptible people to their hurt and mainly to extort money from them for unworthy purposes."

Here, Eric bowed his head between his hands, which were resting on a desk near him, to conceal a painful color which came surging into his face, and said, in a tremulous voice, "Mr. Grimley, you are right, so far as I have seen its operation and effects."

Not noticing the interruption, Grimley continued with increasing warmth, "This is enough to convince me and lead me to avoid and condemn the pretensions of its advocates; but scientific men have given the matter an investigation and under the designation of Animal Magnetism have told much of its operation and injurious results, irrespective of religion."

"Is it true that it exists?" asked Eric with some surprise, "outside of God's people?"

"Yes, Eric, in every nation and in all times strong willed, muscular, persistent people have always influenced the feebler in body and mind. The tale is as long as the ages; but when its advocates have claimed to accomplish what may be called the natural results by God's special direction, then evil has been done beyond reparation. Under the influence of this Animal will-power, maidens have been robbed of their peace, rich men despoiled of their property, homes broken up and the poor caused incredible hardships. Its effects have been tremendously

harmful and evidently of the Devil—nay, so widespread has been the disasters that the French Legislature, a little more than sixty years ago passed laws prohibiting anyone from practicing it, under heavy penalties of fine and imprisonment."

Eric here asked, "And were there things done which resembled miracles?"

"Yes, thousands claimed to have been restored to health from seemingly incurable diseases, and the dead were stated to have been raised—the future was foretold in many surprisingly successful cases and immense sums of money were extorted from the credulous. The Commission appointed to investigate the subject reported that very many strange things had been done, that it was impossible to account for, under any known human law; but that the sum total of evil was so immense that the most stringent penalties were advisable to prevent its further practice. The excitement died away and it became almost forgotten—there were no more practitioners of the art and no more victims. Isn't this enough, Eric, upon so intangible and visionary a subject?"

"Yes, Mr. Grimley," sadly answered Eric. "Your answer has been what I feared it might be. You have removed an illusion from my mind. What will take its place?"

"Pure truth, dear Eric. Look always for that pearl. It will fill the greatest vacancy. Truth is absolute and will bear the most microscopic insight. Do not fear to look into the deep well of Wisdom and you will find happiness there as surely as there is both Truth and Wisdom in your daily motto—'God is Good.'"

"I will, Mr. Grimley, I will! I will!" earnestly returned Eric, rising and shaking his hand in a good-night farewell.

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CHAPTER XXIX

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES

THE week following the eventful Sunday just described brought the Christmas to our isolated society. Antoine was in a fever over the event, and Virginie was not far behind him in anticipation. Gertrude with her method, evinced even in such matters, fanned the flame. She read Christmas stories to the boy and talked of the day much more seriously to his mother and sister.

The lesson she aimed to implant in the mind-soil she was day by day so diligently tilling, was to personally interest each one in the Christmas event.

With true and heartfelt eloquence she depicted the universal gloom which would have enshrouded the world if the Savior-child had not been born on that glad morning "so many years ago"; "no blackness of night, no deepest darkness of the deepest mine unlighted by lamp or sun, could equal the dismal gloom with which we must view the untried future beyond the river of death."

"On the other hand," said the dear girl, with kindling eye and voice filled with the richest emotion—"Light and love and life eternal all dawned upon the world with His first faint breath as it exhaled upon the morning air. With that breath of a life renewed by His own might came hope of glory to all His people—those who had gone before and those who were to come after him—

to you, dear Madame, and to you, dear Virginie, and to all whom we love."

The two listeners responded to her loving words with hearts so full that they overflowed with emotion; the one thought of her absent husband and the younger maid of the blue-eyed "Dan'l" and their inward wish was that they too, might share in the blessings brought to light on that first Christmas dawn.

But none the less attentive were the three in preparation of the notable dinner which was to celebrate the day. It was to be served at two o'clock instead of twelve and Gertrude said that a full hour should be spent at the table and that all should share alike in the festivities—that Madame, for once, should make one of the family circle. "The gentlemen can serve on so gladsome a day," said Gertrude archly to Grimley.

To which he responded with humor, "Yes, instead of napkins for our use that day you may provide Eric and me with long white aprons and we will both sit and serve at the table—and do the latter so well that you will wish Christmas came every day."

Gertrude laughed heartily at the idea but ere the famous dinner was ready to be served the two white garments were made. They were no surprise, as Gertrude insisted upon several times trying them on for the purpose of assuring a good fit and also, she said, that they might have a little practice ere the dinner came.

Eric reported day by day the condition of the National bird. "No such turkey," said he, "has ever flapped his wings on the Little Manitou, as my bird this year is doing." In due time it appeared in the Madame's kitchen and the good man was warmly praised. Grimley was near by when the Madame lavished her warm, although broken words upon the donor. He said, "I cannot pos-

sibly imagine a finer sight, but one, than this truly American fowl as it appears ready for the oven. I have admired it this day and before many times, boy and man."

"And what sight can be finer than this, O, Ancient Man?" said Gertrude, imitating his tone as he repeated "boy and man," as though many, many years had gone over his aged head.

Grimley replied, "The same bird as it emerges from the oven, cooked brown and crisp ready for the table." This produced a gay laugh which caused the remembrance of the little jest, which Antoine in after years was accustomed to repeat in far, fair France as his own impromptu story.

The jubilee occurred on Friday and each day was filled with loving attentions each to the other, by all the little group.

The snow-shoe excursions were kept up without cessation. The trips were longer each day, upon the ever deepening snow. The edge of the ice skirted shore was the favorite place of exercise and in some sunny wind sheltered cove the little party, including Hector and all but the Madame would spend two hours very pleasantly, in air that in temperature was much below zero—one day being not less than fifteen degrees.

It was astonishing to Grimley to see how beautiful Gertrude grew under the influence of her new life. Her thin cheeks filled out to rounder proportions and the rich color became almost permanent, while the brightness of her eyes and the elasticity of her step showed how vigorous had become her system.

All the Christmas week the eye was greeted and satisfied with the sight of blue water all around, but whitened with spots of floating ice. This interested none more than Eric. He continually reminded the others that when

the ice once became firm and solid around them there would be no more island life. He said further, "When that does occur it is as though we become a part of the mainland. Men and animals are now, of necessity, excluded but ere long we shall have to keep the same watch and guard as though we were all living on the main shore. There will be risk even in passing from the lighthouse to the warehouse after dark, but," said the brave fellow, "let us put these thoughts aside until we are really within the embrace of the ice."

None the less did Eric, carefully, in company with Grimley, overlook the arms and ammunition of the absent keeper. These consisted, he found to his regret, of but few pieces; namely, a rifle with a long barrel and smooth bore, capable of carrying a large lead bullet a long distance with great accuracy. Eric had seen this gun before but Grimley examined it with great curiosity. It had an inscription written in French to the purport that it had been made—or sold—in Paris "in 1770 A. D." It had a strong spring lock, which operated a flint, which in descending fell with energy upon a steel cap, which, at the instant of yielding an igniting spark flew open and admitted the fire to the powder. It made a great report and its heavy ball was especially fatal to man or beast, whichever might be in the line of fire.

Beside this there was a shorter and lighter gun which Eric said could be used either for small birdshot or the heavier—so called—buckshot, which in effect were small bullets. There was also a long double barreled pistol as heavy as a small gun and of great age. With these three weapons were a quantity of bullets of the appropriate size and several pounds of bright black gunpowder.

Gertrude, as was her habit, as much as possible, stood by the two as they made the investigation with the interest

she felt in whatever interested Grimley. The latter turned to her as they were examining the small fowling piece, and said, "This is a weapon that would answer your use. With a little practice you might make a good shot and find pleasure in the exercise."

"Oh, Mr. Grimley, I should delight to learn, and I shall ask you to give me the lessons." Eric smiled his approval and said, "It is a small thing to learn. Women on the frontier should all know the use of gunpowder for they too, often have occasion to defend themselves." And so it was agreed that Gertrude should be taught the mystery of loading, aiming and firing a gun.

As the examination seemed to be completed and the result not over favorable, considering the absence of any arms or ammunition at either Eric's cabin or the warehouse, Gertrude said to the two men, "I wish you would look at two kegs which I saw the other day when I was examining the condition of our winter's supply of vegetables. I think they contain gunpowder."

Accordingly, going to the ground floor the party soon found two kegs of fifty pounds each of gunpowder, each keg marked "U. S.," signifying that it was Government property. It also bore date of attest twelve years before and was evidently a lot of war material that had been overlooked and forgotten.

Eric remarked, "This is good property for us, but I do not feel that it should be left here another hour. If by any chance it should become fired it would tumble the whole lighthouse into a heap of ruins."

Gertrude's cheek turned a little pale and Grimley observing it said, "I quite agree with you, Eric, except as to time. Not another minute shall this mighty composition remain where it can—without warning—produce such a direful effect."

Accordingly, without delay, the two little barrels were transported to the warehouse, but Gertrude in a day or two became alarmed and said she was afraid that the danger had been removed from herself and the others at the lighthouse and been transferred to Grimley and Eric. "What would I do without you two?" she said softly. "I know! I should die," and both her hearers were impressed with her remark as being very near the truth, for Gertrude, notwithstanding her infinite spirit and even health, was but a slender, fragile girl. Eric once asked her how much she could lift in pounds weight—"Oh, I know that," she smilingly said, "I can lift a great weight —a great weight indeed. I can lift forty-five pounds, but not for long."

The two kegs of powder were a source of interest and yet of disquiet and on Christmas morning, which was, owing to the lateness of the dinner, to be a much longer one than usual, the two thinking of something to do to beguile the time ere dinner, proposed that they should make a cache for the powder. A cache, Eric explained to Grimley, was a term used all through the Canadas and Western States to designate a place where valuable goods and food were concealed. In a country where there were no storehouses and where transportation was difficult, if not impossible, it often happened that hunters had valuable furs, surplus food or supplies of powder and lead that must be hidden for use for another time. It was part of the frontiersman's skill to make a cache so secret and so secure that neither man nor beast could discover it or appropriate the contents.

So Grimley and Eric, under the latter's guidance, set to work to hide the two kegs outside the warehouse. They removed from the fire-place a large flat stone forming a hearth. They excavated a little well until it was five or

six feet deep and then commenced just beneath the surface of the thinly frozen ground, a tunnel just large enough for them to crawl within and continue the work of excavation.

The two worked like beavers or perhaps more like moles, as they aimed to keep near the surface of the ground like that curious animal; they soon passed the foundations of the warehouse and ere time to make their toilet for the dinner, they had a tunnel twenty feet long. They placed the two kegs in the end of this and replaced the stone and nothing remained to be seen, except the large pile of earth heaped on the warehouse floor. "This," said Eric, "is to be skilfully taken away so that no one will suspect that the vacancy has been made." This was done in the course of the next few days, a little at a time being scattered on the ground where the almost daily falling snow hid it from sight.

Let it be remembered that it may almost be said providentially that this little tunnel projected beyond the foundations of the structure in a direction pointing towards the lake shore distant not more than two hundred feet. Gertrude, and indeed all the family, were greatly interested in this work and they made a special trip within a day or two to see how completely the entrance to the tunnel was hidden under the hearth stone.

Indeed, so great was the interest that Antoine persuaded Eric in a few days to extend the tunnel to a still greater distance and enlarge it. Hector used to draw back the loose sandy loam, so that when labor was suspended, it was within a few—perhaps fifty feet of the shore. Gertrude had remarked that the farther off the dreadful combustible was, the safer she felt and this was incentive enough to the three workers, who toiled to make the cache.

"In the spring," said Eric, "all our work will be revealed, but the tunnel we are making will make a good place to lay some earthen pipe for drains—so that our work will not be lost and the reason of its being done need never be revealed, and curiously enough and in the lack of other manly labor, the tunnel was soon completed to the water's edge and the builders drank to the health of the President of the United States in the white water of the lake brought in a bottle through the tunnel, but this was not until afterwards—after New Year's. It was warm work within the tunnel and this made it more agreeable to the workers. Eric said, "We have a warm blanket over us—nearly three feet thick, and the heat that comes up through the earth makes it quite warm."

To return to the weapons once more. The rifle and the double barreled pistol were carried to the warehouse with a portion of the ammunition and bullets and the lead mould to make more should occasion arise. This was done at Eric's suggestion and by his advice also the smaller gun with "powder and ball" were taken to the reception room for the practice wished for by Gertrude. This she obtained by having the gun loaded in her own room and after ascending to the glass apartment above, and opening one of the sashes, she would discharge the weapon and watch the effect, before being chilled by the cold. In this way, daily, she fired a dozen times until she became quite expert; meantime she learned both to load and to do that necessary thing—keep the barrel and lock in good order. This was before the days of the cartridge.

No one took such pleasure in these preparations of defense as did Eric, and so far as he could he utilized every moment looking towards an ample preparation for the worst. Grimley told him that it made him think of the

ancient adage that "man was a fighting animal" and of still another more modern that he was "spoiling for a fight."

Eric shook his head sadly and said, "I have witnessed in my rough life in the far west much strife and bloodshed. I have seen the storm burst out of the clear sky into scenes of turbulence and violence. I have aimed ever to be a man of peace, seeking the good of my fellow man and to lead a quiet peaceful life, but alas, if there has been trouble it was my lot to be in its midst.

"If there were bears and wolves to be destroyed I was the one to do it, and now I have a foreboding dread that before we see the blue waters of the lake in the spring, we shall have scenes of woe and danger to pass through, involving not only myself but each dweller on the island. I fear most of all for the dear young lady and, too, for Virginie. They are both young and fair women—too fair for this wild place. It is ever, as I have observed, that the innocent beauty of women provokes the most dreadful deeds of strife. The visit of the Indians and the disguised white men, was I am sure, owing to the fame of their beauty. A plot might even then have been laid for our hurt. Your weapons and mine were gotten away from us and this leads me to fear the more.

"Mr. Grimley," said Eric, continuing earnestly, "the Satanic pains that men will take to devise evil is beyond me. These Indians, our neighbors, for example, will harbor a deed of violence in their minds, and then for weeks and months or years expose themselves to every privation and risk to strike a deadly cowardly blow—it may be upon the wife or child of their enemy. The white men who live among the savages are even worse, for united to the savage cruelty of their allies, they combine the superior skill and cunning of their own race.

"As soon as the ice closes this peaceful, secure life we have had for a month, will be succeeded for many, many weeks when it will be a matter of constant care and watchfulness to preserve our lives, and not those alone, but our property in the warehouse.

"It is for the latter that the company have secured your services. In the exchange of merchandise for furs they make a great profit but not without risk of a sweeping loss. Your life, Mr. Grimley, is also endangered but that, if lost, costs them nothing—they can get a thousand men to replace an Agent at a day's notice. The cold calculation is confined to the goods and the probable loss and profit. As I look upon it you are to make the Company a profit even if you do risk your person—that is the fair contract—but it is understood, and this is to their credit, that you also take heed for yourself."

"Eric," said Grimley, "I am not given to fear, but your words are full of dread—not for myself—but for the fair women in yonder lighthouse. I fear the responsibility is too much for us.. Would that Miss Pearl was in a place of safety far away from here."

To this the rough but brave man answered: "My life is pledged for her safety and for yours, dear Mr. Grimley. I have prayed God to give me skill and unfailing courage to protect you in the day of peril. But you are always a better man than I am and you must be Captain when it comes to a question of struggling against the many cunning foes.

"I have had a vision, whether dreaming or waking I know not, but in it I saw many scores of men—Indians and white men seeking our lives, and ourselves in deadly peril. I saw in the midst of the strife yourself, the Madame, Virginie and even the little boy and Hector. And stranger still, another weak woman joined with us

and no man to help us. It was our own little company with the stranger lady pitted against a whole desperate gang and we fighting for dear life.

"I woke in the very heat of the battle with the cries and shouts of conflict in my ears. The issue was veiled from my mind. I have tried to dream the dream over, but no, it eludes me—save the one fact of coming battle with a handful against a host."

As Eric uttered his prophetic words a lofty elevation of thought and purpose shone through him and gave him an air of uplifting majesty that Grimley had seen in but one or two individuals in all his life. This look of exaltation soon passed and left the impassive and ordinary personality alone visible.

But none the less did the prophetic words impress Grimley. He trembled in every limb and cold shivers passed through his frame. An impulse to fly seized him and his mind with lightning rapidity sought avenues of escape. The terrors of death were upon him, but not for long. Grimley was a brave man and the fit soon passed and in its place succeeded a desperate courage ready for an emergency or any odds.

From this moment a deliberate sense of responsibility came upon him that never left him, sleeping or waking. In afterwards reviewing the sensations of fear which had so thoroughly possessed him, he realized how similar were his emotions to those which had agitated Gertrude that dark evening when the wind re-echoing through the lofty lighthouse had first spoken in her hearing the weird notes of the coming winter. Each had felt the emotion of positive fear, but the reaction was immediate and without relapse in both.

CHAPTER XXX

WINTER BRINGS FEARS

It would be a pleasant task to describe at length the dinner in the lighthouse on Christmas day but the details must be given in few words. Both Eric and Grimley with smiling faces served in their long white aprons. A spirit of subdued jollity prevailed throughout the repast.

Gertrude set the keynote by her dignified air, thus exemplifying the due observance of the day in its religious import but it was almost idle to attempt much more than to regard it as a high feast day. This was especially the case with Antoine and Hector—the latter being unusually demonstrative. He danced and bow-wowed as though he knew that it was a season of extraordinary circumstance throughout the world and Antoine bubbled over with laughter and playful antics. He even stood on his head to excite the admiration of Gertrude, who nothing averse to his boyish admiration, received it with a benign air of appreciation.

A full hour, as Gertrude had arranged, was given to the discussion of the succeeding courses, which made up the feast. The conversation was not lively but rather bordered upon the reverse. The Madame more than once wondered where her husband was passing the day and was almost certain he was still on the great salt sea or lake of which she had heard but never seen.

This anniversary for many years Gertrude too had passed with her Aunt Estelle, and do what she could to

prevent, the thoughts of the maiden went out in sympathy to the sad hearted woman whom she feared to think was without a home. She wondered how she herself could be so peacefully happy during this passing day when one she loved might be in deep waters of trouble.

Eric and Grimley on their part were unusually silent, in view of their conversation in the morning and the recalling to mind of Eric's dream, but with a trace of the determination in their hearts still visible in their faces and manner.

One other important member of the little group remains to be spoken of, and that is Virginie. Her mind was far away with an imaginary hero—her Dan'l. He was her first love and she was dazed with the view of the perfections, almost altogether imaginary, of her friend, for, let us whisper it, Dan'l after a gorge of stewed deer meat and vegetables had this very day imbibed "Fire Water" with some Indian neighbors in sufficient quantity to get beastly drunk and after certain maudlin remarks and an incoherent song, in honor of the "Lady of the Lighthouse," as he designated Virginie, fell asleep. He did not awake until the remnant of the Christmas, the whole of the night and part of the succeeding day had passed.

But Dan'l was a clever, good natured, although rather uncertain young fellow, and in those days the best of men drank the most fiery liquor they could get. On high days if they went beyond the bounds, they were laughed at, helped to bed and expected to wake up sober, and resolved not to take quite so much the next time.

Dan'l Pease had been the nearest neighbor lightkeeper to Monsieur Malloire for three or four years. He had come across the intervening waters every month or two from his very first appointment and during the past season not a week had rolled over without his calling

at the lighthouse. The Frenchman encouraged the visits of his burly Yankee neighbor and always had his wife set forth her best provisions in his entertainment. On these occasions he came in the morning, remained to the noonday dinner and returned in the afternoon. Is it strange that the soft hearted damsel of the lighthouse, thus meeting so frequently a blue-eyed, handsome young man should yield her maiden affections almost before they were asked? The condition was mutual. Dan'l loved with all the strength of his powerful nature the dark-eyed girl. His feelings made him even more awkward than he naturally was, but they continually drove him to seek her presence. There had never been many words exchanged between them. It was as star or sun worshippers that each beheld the other. The only conversation carried on was by the two keepers with an occasional word or question by the Madame or Antoine.

Such being the half suspected condition between the two young people, it is not strange that the father in leaving his little flock should consider it a protection to them to arrange the signal for Dan'l to come to their assistance in case of need. And it is not strange that in the silent thoughts on that Christmas day that the dark hued maid should make a comparison between Dan'l and the sallow, slender Grimley, and the almost deformed Eric, and so unfavorable to the two latter that she hardly thought them worthy the time it took to make the comparison.

In excuse for this view, so different from that which Gertrude took of the same individuals, it may be said that the maid was over young and ignorant of mankind and that it only needed a jar of revelation to set the girl's fancy again free. It is true that beneath the cold and indifferent manner, rather habitual to her, there dwelt a

wealth of affection and disinterested kindness well worthy of the race through whom she claimed descent on her father's side.

The association with Gertrude and the instruction in manners, language, and personal habit she was now daily receiving was dividing her, although unconsciously, as with a wall of iron from the object of her worship.

The contrast was a vivid one between the good naturedly drunk, untidy and almost ignorant Dan'l, associated with his equally intoxicated, still more untidy, and positively equally beastly companions, and the neat, trim and almost elegantly dressed young Frenchwoman, surrounded by the refining influence of polite society—but, none the less did she dream of him.

During the whole Christmas feast the good Madame did as she never had done before. She sat in honored dignity at the head of her own table without once rising.

Grimley and Eric vied with each other in active attendance upon her and to the needs of all. Need it be said that Gertrude admired the silent, respectful dexterity with which the two volunteers performed their duty.

Grimley was but imitating the play of "the butler," as he had seen it enacted in real life at the houses of hospitable Englishmen to which he had sometimes been invited, and Eric had among the rough and hearty woodsmen but too often enacted in real life the position of cook and helper and attended to their wants.

This helpfulness did not cease with the ending of the dinner but continued until the last platter was carefully put away. Gertrude was happily content to have Grimley at her side as she stood at the table by a deep dish of hot water from which she, one by one, drew forth the plates, the knives and forks for him to finish with a towel. She smilingly gave him directions and criticised his work

but none the less did she notice the quickness with which his task was finished.

That which would have taken Madame and her two children until well into the evening, Eric, Grimley and herself with expert brain and active hand did in less than half an hour, and that short period of time saw every vestige of the Christmas feast removed and the whole company seated in Gertrude's drawing room.

Gertrude rose from the table, as she had often lately done whenever the Madame was over-pressed with work, she took from a convenient closet a long checked apron which was large enough to completely envelope her form. This she tied around her waist, which the fashion of the time fixed very high towards her drooping shoulders, and then as she approached the large receptacle of hot water into which Virginie and Antoine were passing the dishes which needed attention, she unconsciously rolled up the sleeves of her dress to more readily do the necessary work.

Grimley could not but observe and admire the white rounded arms and the long slender smooth hands and fingers as they were alternately dropped into and removed from the hot and frothy water.

As it had now become their daily and almost hourly custom, the thermometer was examined. It showed an elevation of twenty degrees above zero and consequently the air appeared mild and balmy, compared to what had been its frigid feeling for many days. It was proposed that they ascend to the glass story and witness the winter scenery. This was done and soon "the Christmas six," as Antoine had facetiously described the party, were scanning, both with glass and the unassisted eye, the wide landscape. It was a perfect picture of a soft, sunny, winter day. "How truly lovely," said Gertrude. "I

would that Christmas day were always such as this."

To which Eric replied, with his faraway look, "It will always be thus—in heaven. But here in this imperfect world such a scene of peace is but the prelude to the storms of desolation and danger. Look lady," he continued, addressing Gertrude, "at that long dark cloud to the North. It is clear and bright in every quarter but that, not a sign of life, save yonder column of smoke from the people on the schooner, but in that darkness winter and death may be enfolded."

It was as Eric had said—clear, soft and beautiful in every quarter but one, and this was symbolical of their minds. All was serene and hopeful save in contemplating the one fact that their practical isolation was to cease very soon and the calm security in which they had lived was to be exchanged for a vigilant watchfulness. The dark and rolling cloud was not only the symbol but the agent for bringing this change of condition, for it brought an enormous mass of snow, wind, and cold, in its bosom.

Night was approaching and the storm, but the little group stood silently awaiting them both. The mainland was soon hidden by the dark clouds and the North Island became invisible and in an incredibly short time the tower itself was wrapped in sheets of white and falling snow and shaken by the wind. The snow seemed to roll up towards them in masses and then to fall back with a double volume and it grew suddenly dark.

The whole party were affected with a simultaneous dread and Gertrude approached Grimley and putting her hand within his arm, as though seeking his protection, spoke to him with white lips.

"Mr. Grimley, did you ever witness so dreadful a scene? I am afraid."

"Fear not," said he in reply. "This old tower has witnessed many such an onset and stood firm. Let us descend and in your parlor below we will forget the outer world."

But it was difficult to forget the outer tumult; the sound of the snow beating against the windows; the trembling of the huge tower, and the shrieks, almost human, of the mighty blasts forbade it. Gertrude took her instrument and sang with full tones in sympathy with the wild elements, the old song:

"Oh pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep,
I come to face the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep."

This was followed by another, "The Star of Bethlehem," and by still others in which all joined their voices, and peace with its soothing presence, notwithstanding the wild storm, descended upon the little company.

In his turn, Grimley gave an account of the eventful history of the Eddystone Lighthouse and Eric a description of the great storms which sweep through the north of Norway in the black long nights of their winters. The Madame spoke of the ocean storms and Grimley soothed her feelings by telling how secure the sailors felt in the fiercest gales, so long as they had plenty of sea room. He pleased Antoine by repeating some doggerel verses ascribed to a sailor who, in a storm at sea, could not pity enough the poor dwellers upon land, who instead of being safely rocking on the billows were exposed to the dangers of falling chimneys and signs and of being awakened by having their houses blown down about their ears by the wild winds.

It was no easy task for Eric and Grimley that stormy night to attain the safety of their low roofed dwelling. Gertrude bade the two men "good-by" at the entrance door and a little anxiously saw them push out into the face of the bitter wind and snow, but Grimley's heart was warmed and his whole frame glowed with her impulsively added words, "I wish you could stay. I sometimes wonder how I could live if I did not see you again. I should be the most wretched of women."

As soon as the two had lighted their lamps and thrown off the piles of snowy whiteness from their garments, they lost no time in surveying their tunnel work of the morning. The stone was still uplifted on the hearth and the earth piled in great heaps all about. Seeing these evidences of their own activity, Eric said, "Mr. Grimley, I am twice pleased at our morning's work. I am glad to get the powder kegs into a safe place and I can see great advantage in having an underground exit to the warehouse. Let us lose no time in completing it to a good distance. When this storm is over, then our serious anxious life will begin. If I were alone on the island penniless and without goods of any sort to tempt the pitiless fellows then I should be safe, but with these piles of tempting goods and furs and the helpless family in the lighthouse we are certain to have a struggle."

Grimley gravely interrupted Eric and asked: "What would you think of attempting a flight into some of the nearest settlements? Two men against scores of enemies would justify an honorable retreat and I don't wish to have Miss Pearl exposed to unwarranted peril."

Eric replied with equal soberness, "You have sometimes used the word analysis in your conversation and I once asked you what it meant but now let me give an

example of the meaning of the word by applying it to our position. There are six of us on the island. The Madame would leave under no stress of danger. Rather than change the plans of her husband, she would die and see her children perish before her eyes, so blindly obedient is she to him. As for yourself, Mr. Grimley, you have accepted this northern station for the winter as a matter of trust. I cannot see how you can leave it except in the immediate presence of a stronger force than yourself—and myself—and at no time have I ever owned but what you would come out master in the conflict."

"Right! Eric, I cannot leave my charge. It were easier to die than to turn coward; but there remain you and Miss Pearl. Once on your snow-shoes and a pack of blankets and provisions you could gain the settlements."

Eric replied with warmth, "I will answer with my life for her safety in such an attempt but I must immediately return here, for I am under pledge to my superiors to hold this position for the society of which I told you I was a member. As Eric said this, a dark shadow passed over his open face, like a cloud over a sunny summer sky. Grimley observed it and thought, "When Eric opens his heart-griefs it will be something connected with this society," but he said simply:

"That brings the question to Miss Pearl making a safe retreat under your care and it shall be proposed to her to-morrow." This Grimley did most seriously and urgently the next day, but he was met with a smile. "Do you bid me leave these tall strong walls and this useful, happy life I am leading—for it is both—and the protection of yourself and Eric to seek safety among strangers? I shall never do it, unless under your positive commands,

and you are too kind to make me unhappy." Here Grimley first saw the lovely eyes filled with tears and heard the voice he so much loved, choked with broken sobs, hard for him to resist, but he remained unchanged in his opinion, until Gertrude asked him the question: "If it were one of his sisters with him would he send her out? Would he not rather defend her there?" And the Madame added half scornfully: "Oh! Eric and Mr. Grimley, they afraid. Monsieur Malloire he never 'fraid. He stay here four, five winters and nobody come to hurt us."

These two women's arguments decided Grimley's course but against his higher reasoning faculty, for he agreed with Gertrude gone, it would be like the removal of Helen from Troy at the beginning of the siege, or of Zenobia from the city of the oasis, Palmyra, at the beginning of her glorious reign. He urged the question no more but with quiet energy gave his mind and heart to the task of safely and honorably fulfilling his trusts.

But on the Christmas evening of which we write, while the wild storm was sweeping around the rough cabin and as they were seated before the blazing fire, Grimley turned to his companion and said:

"Eric, you have been in scenes of bloody strife, have you not?"

"Yes, Mr. Grimley, I have, but I wish to forget them all. My conscience stands clear before God and before man of the blood of any man. For years now I have lived on the frontier, on the rivers and in the great forests and like Paul the Apostle I have contended with wild beasts and been exposed to the cruelties of still wilder men, which are worse."

"With me," said Grimley, "the experience is very unlike yours. I was tenderly and carefully nurtured. I went to school and college, it is true, among rough and

roystering boys and young men. I have traveled but it was always in settled countries and in all my life I have never seen a man who seemingly desired to destroy the life of another and I cannot comprehend the feeling that would lead one man to wantonly or even for a great prize take the life, even of his bitterest enemy."

"But, Mr. Grimley," replied Eric, "you have engaged with enjoyment in the sports and games. I know that, because I saw you hot with enthusiasm, eager to become the victor in the Indian games. It is so in deadly strife when the prize to be gained or lost is human life or human suffering. I think I have heard some one speak of "the joy of battle." This I have felt and you may yet experience the sensation. When you come under its dominion you will strive for the victory, and human life will be a small thing to weigh against its attainment and even the risk of your own life will weigh less than you imagine if the risk seems likely to gain the victory."

"God forbid that it should be so with me, even if with other men," replied Grimley.

Eric continued: "It were always well to carefully consider before entering into strife, for madness is the only name for it. When the game is to kill or be killed it appeals to the fighting instinct in every man and while the fever is on, madness is in full possession of a man. It is only when the blood cools and the fever is off that men sometimes even weep at the damage they have done. Knowing this, my principle of life has come to be, to save myself by flight, rather than to yield myself to the blind and irresistible rush of feeling which leads to such desperate results."

"Eric," said Grimley, "it was doubtless this same principle of madness, inspired by battle, that led the Emperor Napoleon to rush over heaps of dead and dying men

at the bridge in the Battle of Lodi, seize the battle flag and press to the very front with the almost absolute certainty of losing his kingly life. He won the battle and all history now calls him and will continue to call him the brave and gallant soldier—albeit Emperor."

This was but one of many conversations between Eric and Grimley, the result of which was to thoroughly inspire the latter with the idea of desperate measures if such might be needed for defense both of the lives and property under his trust. In the meantime the storm raged and roared with a violence scarcely conceivable. The wind came from the southwest and bore on its pinions millions and millions of tons of snow, which, added to that already fallen, ere morning made a level of five feet in the woods, with drifts in proportion.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE STORY OF THE "PLUM DUFF" PUDDING

GERTRUDE, contrary to her wont, woke in the night many times, for over the rattling blasts she heard the heavy grinding of the ice, as, driven by the south wind, it piled in ridges, not only on the shore but in all the waters which lay about the island. The ice rock (for ice is a mineral yielding only to heat) rose in great heaps ten and twenty feet high and many miles long, like furrows piled by the farmer's plow, and with level spaces between like flat pasture lands among rugged hills. As the ice became thus fixed and as it were, anchored, the snow clouds furnished sheets of white covering to conceal the rougher crevices and seams, but leaving the sharp points and more prominent elevations still exposed to sight. The extreme violence of the wind and the height and force of the waves laid ridge upon ridge of the floating ice, until from shore to shore and from island to island the depth attained was at least fifteen feet, and the mass so closely locked and interwoven that no existing force, save that of the warm spring sun could dislodge it. It was this strange cementing of shore to shore, accompanied by a prodigious and frightful grinding that cost Gertrude her repose.

The gentle girl, as she felt the swaying of the tower as it yielded to the force of the blast and heard the unearthly sounds which came up to her from the bosom of the lake, turned her thoughts trustfully to God and

supplicated Him for His protecting care over the dwellers, not only of the lighthouse and its adjacent edifice which sheltered Eric and Grimley but also for those who were confined in the stranded schooner, their unknown neighbors.

Ere morning the storm ceased but it was succeeded by a mighty cold wave from the North. The thermometer sank to zero—to ten degrees below, and when the two dwellers of the warehouse appeared for their dinner it showed twenty degrees below.

That morning Eric and Grimley had worked in the recesses of their tunnel with vigorous energy, which had been evidenced by their perspiring bodies and shortened breath. With their snow-shoes it was but three or four minutes' walk between the two structures and not having to wait an instant for the active Antoine to open the entrance door, their vigorous systems were unaffected by the progressively increasing cold.

Within, the dinner passed as usual. The company gathered in Miss Pearl's room for the afternoon exercises. It was here and at this time that Grimley unfolded to Gertrude the ever present perils of their position and had received her refusal to seek to escape them for herself. This conversation with its agitating effects upon the gentle girl showed Grimley clearly how interwoven had become their life interests, and his attentions to her were even more loving and thoughtful than usual. The Madame, whose experience in entering married life had been so different, said to herself, in seeing this, "Guess Mr. Grimley, he 'fraid Gertrude. He act so, he do something she not like, and she kind to him too, so he no feel bad all the time."

Once this afternoon while the Madame, Eric and the two younger ones were deep in their lessons, Gertrude

asked Grimley if he would not go with her into the glass room above, so that they might see how, judging from the signal smoke, their neighbors in the schooner were getting along. They saw that the smoke was still ascending and that greatly relieved Gertrude. She confidently explained to Grimley her anxious and prayerful thoughts of the night before, concerning the shipwrecked crew, and he said that he too had shared her anxiety, and then added:

"In our own comparatively secure and happy condition we must surely not forget the danger and privations of our fellow creatures. I have plans for immediate execution, as soon as Eric says it is feasible to risk the trip over to North Island. From here to yonder shore it is only four to six miles, but to where the schooner lies it is not less than twelve, and if you will observe the rough and jagged masses of ice which fill the space as far as the eye can reach you will see how difficult is the task to reach them and carry the needed aid."

Gertrude here observed: "Oh, I had anticipated that we would all go in a party on our snow-shoes but I see how impossible it would be for me to go and return, and," she added, turning thoughtfully to her companion, "you see too how very hard it would have been for me to have gone away and left you. Think of a long journey hundreds of miles through such a way as that," and Gertrude with a sweeping gesture indicated the long wide sweep of the dreary wintry desolation which lay before them.

"Forgive me, dear Gertrude," said Grimley, "I was only thinking of your ultimate safety. What you now see and fear is naught compared to the dangers from desperate

and wicked men, and this peril was what I wished you to flee from. I have heard it repeated, that in crossing our wide continent from ocean to ocean, man need only dread one danger—not darkness, flood, fire, cold—but the one arising from his own fellow man."

Gertrude almost trembled at the low solemn words of Grimley but he continued in the same grave tone: "In this far off corner of the country there is no law except that of skill and strength. It would be an extraordinary thing that would bring an officer so far from the settlements. Hence, we must be extremely vigilant, as well as brave. It will not do to shut our eyes to the dangers of our position but the rather to ascertain every method and means of defense within our reach."

Gertrude here interrupting him, said hastily: "Oh, let us get below to our companions. I am shivering with both cold and fear. I would to God that spring were here, and yet," she added with a touch of pathos, "I am very happy and the days pass none too slowly. Each day brings its joy and its grateful duties. I am more than comfortable. I wish it was not necessary to speak of danger, and yet," she added submissively, "I will do anything you say to watch and ward it off—only don't speak of sending me away: let me rather die here than go."

The two lovers, so gentle and refined, even in such a wild country, were glad to find themselves in the cheerful parlor in the company of the living circle, who were gathered there busily and happily engaged with books and writing material. The weather outside the heavy walls made but little difference within, and so very intent were the four dissimilar scholars that they had hardly noticed the absence of the two. As twilight approached,

the books and papers were put away and Grimley asked Eric his opinion as to the time and method of relieving the crew of the shipwrecked schooner.

"I have thought it over very carefully," said Eric, "and I think I am the one to make the venture and as soon as the weather becomes milder I will start with a pack upon my back—a small one—to try and reach them. It will take a few hours to go and several to come back and none but a strong man can do it, rough as the ice is and so soft under foot is the snow."

. . . . . .

The Sabbath passed, the fourth they had spent on the island, and with reading, song and conversation it was a delightful day, but outside the cold continued and became more intense. The thermometer stood at forty degrees below and even the trees cracked with the frigid pressure. It was evident that the whole surface of the lake was becoming a solid, iron-like mass; the snow already fallen froze and was covered with a crust sufficiently strong to bear a man. These were Eric's explanations given out during the evening.

Grimley that night with his faithful friend reposed in their fur bags and piled the clothing in masses above them. Eric compared the weather to that which had pinched and frozen their faces two weeks before and said that all through the winter those periodic waves of extreme cold might be expected to descend upon them. Then the only safety would be in yielding for the time to its victorious course and to preserve life by the most careful attention in avoiding exposure to its bitter strength.

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The Monday morning opened with a splendid exhibi-

tion of red illumination of the sky and the appearance of a bright and wintry sun. But none the less did the north wind bring its awful extremity of cold. It was grateful labor that the two dwellers in the warehouse performed that morning in the tunnel. The opening they were making was warm as a well protected cellar in winter time, and the progress made was rapid and the toilers felt repaid. In the lighthouse life was equally busy and active under the inspiration of Gertrude. It was a pleasant sight to see her in a neat woollen morning dress, which exhibited the graceful outlines of her slender figure, as she almost flew from one household task to another but always directing her energy to the production of a palatable dinner.

She said to Madame, who was instinctively following the lead of her young guest: "Dear Madame, in getting a meal, time is everything. An old lady once told me in New England that the success of that whole section came from the universal use of the tall eight-day clocks which stood in the hall of every well-to-do farmer, merchant or professional man. The women, and they so taught their children, did all the work by the old clock and the meals were served to a minute."

The Madame here observed that that was hard to do, when she had dinner to get alone she wanted from two to three hours allowance as to the time it might be ready and then plenty of time to clear up after it.

Gertrude smiled at this frank confession and replied, "If Eric and Mr. Grimley were not coming we might not be so very particular. I know we should not but I delight to see them partake of the dishes we prepare and I know that they like to be served at the moment of their expectations. Our dear old professor used to tell we

girls that the surest way to a man's affections was through his stomach. That's a hard thing to believe but perhaps it's true."

"Yes," seriously said the dark-eyed matron. "My husband he always cross when he hungry. Me no speak to him then. Me get him to eat something very quick."

Antoine, who, boy-like, had listened to this conversation without seeming to do so, while understanding it all, now asked Gertrude to tell him more about these old clocks; which Gertrude did, without stopping her active services. Indeed, while she talked she made Antoine assist her in assorting some raisins for the cake she was making. "Eat all you want, my laddie, while you are picking but don't stop your work. It is against the Jewish law to muzzle the ox which treads out the corn." This last comparison called out still another explanation and it was thus Gertrude by these conversations was daily molding the life thoughts of her three companions. In describing the old eight-day clocks to the boy she told of one set in a farmer's kitchen that had this inscription written upon it:

> "Here I stand with all my might
> To tell the hours both day and night.
> Do thou example take by me
> And serve thy God as I serve thee."

Very quaint and very good are these lines so that Antoine and his sister ere many minutes had learned to repeat them from memory. It being her nature, the shrewd Gertrude preached them a little sermon on the moral contained in the lines, which they unconsciously, but none the less effectively received, and let us hope were afterwards influenced by.

When Grimley and Eric appeared that bright but dreadful morning they duly appreciated the bountiful and almost elegant repast set before them with the exactness which Gertrude had been inculcating. When it came time to partake of the light raisin cake which Gertrude had prepared with her own hands for dessert the praise it elicited was ample return for the pains she had taken. The rich color came in her cheek as Grimley warmly said:

"There are two things about this cake which I admire —the first is its sweetness, for I consider it an imposition on the credulity of humanity to set forth the form of an attractive delicacy and while it pleases the eye that it should disappoint the taste, for all men are agreed that cake to be good should be sweet, and very sweet too."

Eric cordially assented to this and said, "True, Mr. Grimley, and what is the second?"

"The second is like the first, except it relates to the raisins. I delight in plenty of them and in this model cake we have them in abundance."

"That's because I assorted them," gleefully interrupted Antoine.

"True," said Grimley, "I will pay you for picking so many by telling the story of a captain and his mate." Not only the boy but all the others lent an attentive ear as Grimley told, in inimitable style, the following story. It was his intonation, his gesture, the lightness of his laughing, yet loving eye, that gained the applause which followed the story, which, like everything else in the world was not new, except to his auditors.

"There was once a very punctilious sea captain who was navigating a fine ship on a long voyage—let us say a year's trip to China for a cargo of tea. Daily at noon,

weather permitting, the dignified commander sat down to a well served table in his cabin with the sole company, and opposite to the first mate. The decorum which was observed would have satisfied even Miss Pearl.

"The daily bill of fare was carefully arranged between the cook and the Captain and included on certain days a rich plum pudding. Being for simply two gentlemen the dish was a round compact affair of small size, quite suitable for shipboard, but not so for a city family. One day as the epicurean captain was discussing the weighty subject of the dinner fare with the obsequious cook, he remarked in a lofty, off-hand way, 'By the way, cook, Mr. Smith, the mate, is not so fond of plums as I am and you may cook them principally on one side of the pudding. This was done and in dividing, at dinner, the dessert, the one-half part served the mate was minus plums, while the Captain enjoyed a double portion. For a time such continued to be the case, until the victim of the selfish arrangement suspected some collusion or plan by which the Captain had the decided preference in the distribution of the plums contained in the dish, of which he was equally fond, and as all experienced persons know are the essential part of the relish of cakes and puddings.

"Nothing was remarked, but the next time the favorite pudding appeared the mate was on the alert. He saw the cook set it down on the center of the table with the strong external evidence of having all the plums towards the Captain and none on the side nearest him. But just as the Captain with his usual stately manner was about to pass his knife through the pudding, the mate took it upon its plate and balancing it on his hand, seriously remarked: 'Captain, this is a dish I consider emblematic of modern civilization. I wager that no nation of anti-

quity could produce so delicate, so satisfying a pudding as this.'

"Here, the mate having finished his apostrophe, as it were, placed the dish upon the table again but with the plums towards himself.

"The Captain was quite unconscious of any design on the part of the quiet gentleman who sat opposite to him and perceiving that the pudding was in ill position to divide and give him the plums, he then took up the dish and balancing it and turning it, continued the subject:

" 'Yes, indeed, Mr. Smith, I have frequently remarked to the cook that King George of England would be delighted to partake of such a pudding; sometimes called by sailors "Plum Duff."'

"The Captain having finished his praises and given the pudding an extra turn or two and gazing upon it with the eye of a true epicure, set it down again with the plums all towards himself. He was just about to cut it across the center so as to make the usual inequitable division, when Mr. Smith politely again raised and turned it, and cleared his throat for another speech. But the Captain who was no fool and who underneath his austere way dearly loved a joke, broke into a hearty laugh in which the mate joined and it made a merry concert, which was renewed when the Captain pronounced the single word 'caught.'"

Grimley was more than paid for his effort by the delightful and happy laughter which followed his story. He finished it by relating how the Captain and his mate that day and ever afterwards ate the pudding with a fair division of the plums.

"This story," said Grimley, "has been told on thousands of ships and in every clime; it has become part of the literature of the ocean. It was told to me by a rollicking

rotund Catholic priest whom I met on board steamer in the Gulf of Mexico. These stories never die. They serve their end like the Mother Goose rhymes, mother-in-law stories, and such like curiously standard staples of conversation."

Gertrude enjoyed this story and said she should always remember it when putting the fruit into her cakes and not only use a good measure of them but divide them equally, but she continued earnestly: "Would it not be well for Eric to take some cake and other provisions to the shipwrecked crew? How soon, Eric," said she, addressing him, "do you think you will start?"

"I think to-morrow morning at ten, if the cold begins to moderate. I shall not wait for it to entirely change but if it shows signs that its severity is over, my conscience will not suffer me to wait a moment. Yes, let me have some food to carry. If the crew are suffering it will answer for that day, and on my second trip I can take such articles as I find they need. They have been there now nearly three weeks and their stores may be exhausted."

A consultation followed as to the proposed trip—in which all took an especial interest. It was arranged that if Eric found all aboard safe, he should light a fire near the ship, so that two columns of smoke could be seen; for the one already burning so steadily would furnish one of the two smoke columns.

CHAPTER XXXII

WOLVES

ACCORDING to the decision made, Eric started early in the forenoon of the next day. The thermometer showed twenty degrees below zero with a still air and sunny sky. He was equipped for his arduous trip with snow-shoes, his bag to sleep in, if he should not find a place with the crew of the schooner, and a pack of food—bread and meat, with one cake—for "the lady of the lake, if you find her," Gertrude said, as she put it in the knapsack, which was to be bound to his shoulders.

For the exercise and for companionship, Grimley accompanied Eric for a third of the distance to the North Island. The walking was not so very difficult, but owing to the upturned masses of frozen snow and ice, a circuit was often necessary, which greatly increased the distance to be covered and occasionally it was necessary to climb and scramble over wide fields of jagged ice. Eric carried with him a small axe, his only weapon, which he used to great advantage in making a path through these broken fields.

As the two bade each other good-by, Eric said, "Beware of the wolves, Mr. Grimley. Ere eight and forty hours have passed we shall have a pack of them over from the mainland. They are only dangerous in the twilight and dark, and your exposure will be in going in the evening from the lighthouse to the warehouse."

Grimley promised to be on the look-out and they shook hands in parting like brothers, and each turned upon his way. This Gertrude saw through the spy glass from one of the windows, where she was watching the fast increasing distance between the two men, upon whose courage and skill she so much relied. Grimley attained the grateful shelter of the lighthouse and the comforts of a well prepared meal at the usual hour. After dinner the whole of our little family gathered in Gertrude's pleasant sitting room.

"How different," thought Grimley, "is my daily life from what I imagined it would be. Here in this vast and illimitable waste I find the satisfaction of every reasonable desire. Instead of being doomed to a wild, unkempt, wretched condition, I have only enough of rough life to answer for healthy exercise."

Involuntarily he thought of Adam being put without Paradise and wondered if he did not find his surrounding circumstances very much more endurable than he first thought. From Adam the young man's thoughts went to Eve—the mother of all living—and he wondered if she in her lowly condition had not been Adam's greatest solace—so great a one that he was even willing to forego paradise for her company's sake.

"Mr. Grimley, a penny for your thoughts," said a soft voice by his side, which blended wonderfully with the day dream into which he was lapsing.

"I was thinking of Eve, that fateful woman," replied he, with the loving frankness in which Gertrude delighted. "I see her in my imagination, wondrously beautiful but with traces of deep grief and labor, and every feature full of woe, but the spring of all joy to those around her, even though burdened with sorrow so great that it daily crushed her into the dust. A suf-

ferer and a joy in strong combination to the hour of her death, of which we have no record."

"Oh, Mr. Grimley," almost tremblingly said Gertrude, "spare me, say no more. I am a daughter of Eve. Can such a fate be before me? Sometimes I greatly fear it will be so."

"I hope not," said Grimley, with a voice of kindness, "but I have often seen my mother and sisters weep—as you too have seen the gentle woman who is our hostess weep. She is beautiful and loving, but in her dark eyes you can see the same acute suffering which must have followed Eve as she saw Cain, Abel and Seth, her stalwart sons, in their strife ending in murder—and then," he added softly, "I have observed the tears flow from your own eyes. I shall never forget them. I hope never to see them again and yet I fear."

"Then," said Gertrude impulsively, "never speak of sending me away from you and never forget that I have no father, nor mother, nor home," and strange as it was, the tears again suffused her beautiful eyes and Grimley, as he looked upon her, said to himself: "She is indeed a true daughter of Eve, full of joy and comfort to those around her but also one who knows sorrow and will be sure in this weary world to know more of it."

Curiously too, the cold logic of his mind also involuntarily added the question, "Whether she, like Eve, might not bring sorrow upon her companions," and the same cold logic replied, that each dweller on this little island was imperiled by her presence. Gertrude might have had a dim sense of these rapid questions which flitted through his mind or have drawn the same parallel between herself and Eve, for her tears, once started, flowed freely. They were unobserved by the

Madame and her children, for Grimley and she stood by a window overlooking the mainland.

Grimley, seemingly unconscious of the agitation of his companion, said with an even, soothing tone: "Miss Pearl, did you ever hear the conundrum and its pleasant answer: 'How did Adam introduce himself to Eve? Madame, I am Adam,'" Gertrude smiled through her tears and said: "How childish I am, but my heart is full of anxious thoughts. I mean to be brave but when I think of the dreadful possibilities which encompass us I am full of fear."

"Fear on, dear lady," said Grimley. "Courage is not a feminine virtue but faith, patience and hope are such. So trust in God and his servants, Eric and I, and with patient hopefulness you will see the bright Spring-time with nothing to regret in the time you are a prisoner on this lone isle, but now let us take the glass and see how Eric progresses."

Gertrude took the instrument which he courteously first held for her use, and adjusting its focus, she said, "Yes, I see the brave man skirting the shores of the North Island. In half an hour at most he will be there. He is making good progress as I can see by the rapid motions he makes in proceeding. We must watch for the signal."

They did not have to wait long ere the long wavering line of smoke was accompanied by a second dark and slender column, the two saying plainly "All well."

There was a jubilee season held, in which thankfulness and mirth conspired to fill each heart with joy, and all looked forward to Eric's return with impatience, that they might learn the details of the wreck and the story of the inmates of the stranded schooner. It was twelve o'clock by the time Eric had finished his trip

of eight or more miles. Grimley computed it and said that Eric had made more than four miles per hour.

Gertrude had in the meantime, with the glass, been sweeping the shore line of the mainland in search of evidences of life and now exclaimed in almost a startled tone: "I see a man coming from the land—he is half way across and coming as fast as Eric went. He will be here, I am sure, by dark. He is coming on snow-shoes and has a small pack on his back."

Grimley took the glass and carefully studied the appearance of the stranger and at last he said deliberately, "He is an Indian and I fear the forerunner of many more to come. I wish Eric was here to meet him."

"Don't be 'fraid of Indians. They good. It white man bad. I talk to Indian," cheerfully said the Madame and her feelings were shared by Antoine and Virginie, who were wild with delight. Virginie said with a joyful tone: "Dan'l he soon come now, too."

"Indian no come in lighthouse," said Madame decisively, "Nor white man. No one except Monsieur Grimley and Eric," and it was arranged that the stranger should be quartered in one of the deserted cabins and given food, to be prepared by the Madame. The temperature grew milder hour by hour and as evening approached, the air was still, and almost balmy in contrast to what the cold had been. The instrument registered zero only and it was still rising. The approaching Indian could now be seen plainly with the unassisted eye and his movements claimed such close attention, that a dark and shifting mass of blackness was unobserved, which had come from the shore of the mainland about the time Eric had arrived at the schooner and given his signal. If the dwellers in the lighthouse had noticed the strange group they would have seen that it followed the track of the Indian and with a

much greater comparative rapidity. Seen from such a distance the shadowy darkness seemed at times to be a square front, like a platoon of soldiers and anon a long wavering mass like a huge serpent. However the form might change the steady advance of the black mass never ceased nor did it wander from the footsteps left by the fleet Indian.

Hour succeeded hour until it was almost sundown. The Indian in less than an hour would reach the island, to which it was evident he was approaching. The dark shadow following his track would arrive even before him if they kept up their rate of speed, but the darkness of the mass was now broken by shades of light.

Gertrude again resumed the use of the instrument and she was studying with curiosity the Indian's peculiar garb of fur skins and ragged clothing, when by a little movement of the glass the dark shadows following the man came within its scope of view. With an exclamation of horror she dropped the glass but instantly picking it up, handed it to Grimley and said simply, "Look!" At the same time she pointed her finger and the Madame and her children quickly followed its direction and all exclaimed in a single breath:

"Wolves!"

Grimley responded with a cool voice, "Wolves for sure. I will count them, one, two, seven, eleven, fifteen, nineteen. Yes, nineteen in the pack and they are on the scent of the poor Indian. They follow it without looking up and without a pause. Sight is nothing with them—it is by the sense of smell that they are tracking yonder poor fellow, who seems to have no weapon, except his knife and tomahawk. It is a race between man and animal but as yet neither has seen the other."

"Mr. Grimley," said Gertrude, with her cheek still

white from the first shock, "can we not save the poor man?"

"We can try, dear Miss Pearl," said Grimley with unmoved voice, "but it were well if Eric were here with his skill and courage."

"Oh, Eric he no fight nineteen wolves. Nobody save that man," interjected the Madame with anxious voice. "Mr. Grimley he no save him—Monsieur Malloire he always go with more men, two, three, across and lots guns but he never saw nineteen wolves all one time—sometimes six and sometimes ten."

Grimley scanned the situation with deliberation and immovable and voiceless as became one upon whose decision, like that of a wise and experienced physician, in a critical case—rested life and death. He alternately used the glass and then his clear eyes, to study the two approaching parties, one of whom was about two miles and the other four miles distant.

Gertrude gazed with fearful eyes upon the face of her companion and finally with anxious voice said, "Don't risk too much, Mr. Grimley, but surely a man should be a match for those beasts. Make a plan to save him and allow me to join the hazard. I am expert with my gun."

"Miss Pearl," said Grimley, but rather speaking to himself than to her, "in less than half an hour those wild and hungry animals will be under the walls of the lighthouse —the Indian will arrive not over two minutes ahead or behind them, or possibly at the same second. If some plan could be made to stop them for three or four minutes the poor fellow could be saved. It is a question of minutes. We have twenty-five—for me seven out, eight back equals fifteen; to prepare ten. Yes, it will answer to risk it." And the young man drew his watch and noted

that it was exactly four o'clock and then he turned with cold hard voice to those around him and said:

"Antoine, bring two of your father's big buffalo robes down to the entrance door; Virginie do you bring two coils of the rope hanging on the wall in the kitchen; Madame, you bring me quick and sure, two of the fowls and a hatchet, and Miss Pearl, do you put on Hector's collar and get him ready to make a trip with me."

Without delay as each one received their directions they hastily, yet thoroughly executed his orders. In less than two minutes all were gathered by the open door at the bottom of the stairs. Grimley hardly uttered a word through his set lips, but he took the hatchet from Madame's hand and with a blow severed the neck of one of the fowls and wrapped the severed portions with the warm blood securely within the tough robe, tying it with strong Manilla rope.

Gertrude caught his plan without explanation and whispered in his ear, "poison."

"Yes, a good idea," he replied, "get some." And Gertrude rapidly disappeared and ere the second fowl was ready she had appeared with a paper of white powder, marked "Arsenic—Beware," which Grimley with a rapid extra blow or two of the hatchet distributed throughout the body of the chicken. In the meantime Hector with his collar on and a leading cord attached made ready under Gertrude's active hand, stood ready to receive the two bundles which Grimley bound upon him. The intelligent dog seemed to be inspired with the breathless and wordless excitement which prevailed around him and submitted to all Grimley's movements with exact obedience.

As the latter completed his preparations and bound on his snow-shoes he drew forth his watch and said, "All right, eight minutes," and instead of starting, turned smil-

ingly to those around him and said, "You see I go out seven minutes, leave these packs for the wolves to tear for three or four minutes, and return in eight minutes, so have one minute to spare, besides the time the wolves tear the bundle. Good-by, all," and leading Hector he proceeded rapidly, and yet cautiously out upon the lake. It was no miscalculation that caused his pause, for every instant while he spoke had been occupied in doubly securing every strap and cord about his shoes, and besides he did not wish to go too far before returning—but ere he was out of hearing he said to Gertrude, "God bless you. We may come back with a rush. Have the door ready and birch bark lighted."

This idea was an afterthought but none the less readily did Gertrude execute it. She and the Madame took a roll of birch bark and made ready to open the door and to drive back the wolves with fire brands upon Grimley's return.

These preparations were finished in a moment or two. Gertrude then flew with the utmost speed to her room, shut the door and throwing herself on her knees, closed her eyes and with clasped hands towards heaven said, "Oh, God! Heavenly Father! Preserve, keep and protect my love and give him courage and success for Christ's sake. Amen!" After this true Puritan prayer the lovely girl hastened to her window overlooking the icy waste.

The first object she saw was the now frightened Indian, who was making desperate efforts to out-distance the pack of wolves, who were within less than a mile from the island. They were well within sight of their prey and had broken into squads and were making for the Indian by sight and not by scent. Just beneath the window she saw the lithe and agile form of Grimley steadily gliding on his snow-shoes leading Hector with his load of robes sus-

pended from each side. Gertrude's eyes were now fixed upon Grimley and she noticed that the Indian also saw him, for the poor fellow threw his arms up with a joyful shout and redoubled his efforts under the influence of a new hope of life.

Grimley did not intend to time his movements by those of the lone Indian but calculated that each—the pursuing and the pursued—would arrive at the same time at the lighthouse, but his time was wrong to the extent of a minute and in order to save the man it was necessary to pass him, drop the decoys and follow him back. It was almost certain death to do this but with a prayer to God, as short and direct as that of Gertrude's, he took the desperate risk and saw the affrighted Indian pass him on the way to the lighthouse while he detached and threw down the bundles from the back of Hector, and next turned his own steps toward the lighthouse. The man was saved but if the wolves did not stop at the decoys, Grimley's life was in deadly peril. It hung upon one minute or less. It was a full quarter of a mile to the safe walls of the lighthouse and the pack of wolves were coming on at almost the wind's speed. Grimley heard with inexpressible dread their hoarse yelping cries, which greatly magnified their apparent numbers; his exertions were almost frantic and his speed admirable for so inexperienced a runner on snow-shoes. Hector heard the dreadful sounds behind him and ran by the side of Grimley with drooping head and tail—to all appearance, an unmitigated coward, but two points were in his favor—he did not desert Grimley and flee with his swifter speed and he continually uttered a low, whimpering threatening growl, very ominous to one brave enough to grapple with the huge beast, full of intelligence as he was of muscle and strength.

Gertrude from her high position, with her straining eager eyes, saw the dark wave of hungry wolves make a simultaneous rush for the two bundles, left in their pathway by Grimley, which from the distance presented the appearance of porcupines folded to receive their foe. The woods of Northern Michigan are full of these curious and sluggish animals and they are part of the regular diet of the wolf, so it is not out of the way to suppose that the animals in their wild rush thought that they had two porcupines for their refreshment. In any event they all drove in an inextricable mass and tore and pulled and fought over the tough hides. Gertrude clapped her hands with joy as she saw the success of Grimley's plan and the increasing distance between him and the horde of his savage pursuers.

But, oh horror! in another instant half the pack separated themselves from the others and joined in a rapid pursuit of the young man. Grimley had gained, but it was only a minute and, true, but half the gang were upon his track. The day was done and a deep twilight had settled upon the scene which Grimley looked upon as he supposed for the last time, but Gertrude was seized with an idea which thrilled her and she flew down the long stairs and on her way took an armful of birch bark, lighted a piece in the stove and appeared at the door with a flaming torch. The Madame was behind it, ready to open it upon Grimley's approach. The Indian, who had already been admitted, lay panting on the floor.

"Open and let me out," cried Gertrude in an imperious voice, which the Madame obeyed without an instant's pause, and with a flaming fire in each hand the girl rushed to her fate—or Grimley's rescue.

The Indian, as Gertrude appeared on her snow-shoes, looked at her with his dark eyes as though she had been

an angel from heaven. He became instinct with new life and seeing the hatchet with which Grimley had decapitated the fowls he seized it, and without a word dashed out to join the battle. The poor fellow was grateful as well as brave and in a moment he had outstripped Gertrude to the rescue of his rescuer.

As the two flying figures issued from the lighthouse, Grimley was five hundred feet away and he could almost feel the hot breath of the wild dogs of the woods, but their bloodthirsty yelps overcame all other thoughts, and with a despairing, yet resolute heart, Grimley stopped suddenly, turned around to die like a man with his face to his foe, and yet in dying to sell his life as dearly as possible. He held a long dirk knife in his hand, a weapon belonging to the keeper, slender, keen, and of the finest temper—good weapon, thought Grimley with lightning flash, for battle with ignoble foe.

Grimley did not see Gertrude but Hector did and dashed forward to meet her, thus leaving Grimley seemingly alone to his fate.

The place where he turned was a recess in the ice covered with several feet in depth of snow but the frozen surface was sufficiently hard to bear a light person or an animal like Hector even, but the crust once broken through, beneath it, was like a huge drift of soft fresh fallen flakes. The sight which Grimley now saw was one he never forgot and which for many years as he woke up at night's dead hours, caused him to tremble with fearful recollection—indeed the fear came after the event, for at the moment of trial a great peace fell upon him. He thought he was to die and was not unwilling, but his thoughts went back to his mother, to his father, to his sisters and most fondly to Gertrude with a loving fare-

well. The thought of the sorrow that they would feel at his untimely death.

Curiously enough he thought too, of the letter received, according to a recently published account from the western wilds by an English nobleman, whose son had gone to the new country to hunt, and lost his life. The body of the young man had been found with the flesh eaten off its bones by the wolves, called in that section "Coyotes." This was the letter sent over the continent and across the sea to the stricken family by the rough, illiterate, yet kindly men who found the remains: "Dear Sir: The coyotes hev eat your sun. I. Swipes." And even in his last moment of life, as he thought it to be, Grimley thought of the way the story of his death would be told by his acquaintances, in the newspapers, by his college mates, and always with the addition he was eaten by the wolves of Northern Michigan.

Words cannot tell of the wild eagerness of the bright and cruel eyes he looked into; of the red, foam-filled mouths with their rows of white teeth looking like serpents' fangs. With a death calm Grimley looked all this in the face as the wolves made their rush and his ear caught the notes of their joy at securing their prey.

In the rush one particular wolf somehow excited Grimley's ire—he was overjoyed or less considerate of his victim, and Grimley by a little turn of his body presented the point of his knife full at this insatiate animal's breast as he, with others, made a flying leap upon Grimley. The knife sunk home to the heart of the unfortunate animal and his yell of delight was changed into a howl of agony, which Grimley, with curious satisfaction heard over all other sounds.

Afterwards Grimley in describing his sensations said,

"Did you ever encounter an ocean wave, blue, solid, tremendous, which seized, overwhelmed, rolled, buried you with heels over head, helpless, smothered and yet safe on the strand as it left you and receded—that was my sensation. The united weight of the mass of wolves leaping on me broke through the frozen crust and buried me under six feet of soft snow with my head down and my feet up. I was smothered by the weight of the wolf I had killed and could feel his hot blood trickle over me. I struggled for breath, drew in my feet and lapsed into unconsciousness, from which I woke by feeling the strong arms or Eric around me, bearing me into the lighthouse."

In his rapid run to aid Grimley, the lithe Indian saw him turn, receive the onset of the pack, and the whole mass go down into the pit made by the caving in of the snow. With a savage joy the Indian approached the edge and began to ply the hatchet upon the skulls of the wolves. He had slain one, two, three, four, five, with as many rapid blows, when two wolves which had come up from the decoys leaped upon him and bore him with themselves into the pit of dead and fighting wolves underneath which lay the breathless body of Grimley.

It had gone hard with the poor fellow but at this same instant, a mighty arm wielding a regular woodman's axe began to cleave the skulls of the desperate animals. It was Eric, who, eager to join the evening class, had made a quick return and arrived just at the critical moment. In six successive blows as many foes lay dead but even then the remainder of those detained at the decoy came in one great clump and overwhelmed Eric in the common mass.

And now appeared the rescue of the rescuers. Gertrude with her waving torch at the sight of which every living animal left of that dark and angry group fled into the deepening darkness. Has it been told that just as

Grimley was borne down so resistlessly that he had given one wild shout for help—for an instant his calmness deserted him and he called in a mighty voice, "Gertrude!"

She had heard it and now in turn as she looked over the scene of blood and death she murmured, "Edward is dead." Her lips were white and her eyes were staring but the self-control of her race supported her and she deferred the expression of her bitter grief to present duty. The first thing she heard was Eric's cheerful voice as he emerged from the mass which lay before her. "It seems to me, Miss Pearl, you have had pretty lively times since I was gone. These wolves have not made a very friendly call."

"Oh, Eric, save Mr. Grimley. He is buried and I fear dead under these horrid animals." Gertrude said this in an imploring tone but it was an unnecessary request, for Eric, with ready comprehension had already thrown several of the carcasses of the dead animals off to one side and aided by the Indian and the light held by Gertrude he soon cleared the body of Grimley from all its deadly incumbrances and bore it on his strong shoulders towards the lighthouse.

Now a queer thing happened. As Eric held the body on his shoulder he heard a soft voice say, "How did you find them at the schooner?" Grimley had revived, comprehending in part the situation.

That was a thankful happy time which the little circle spent in Gertrude's cheerful apartment. The evening lessons were not forgotten, but they were secondary to the excitement of the day.

CHAPTER XXXIII

JOHN TUESDAY

ANOTHER member had been added to the circle at the lighthouse. This was "Tuesday," the young Indian. Gertrude soon afterwards gave him this name on account of his devotion to Grimley, his preserver. She said it reminded her of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, and as the Indian had come to them on Tuesday, it was quite an appropriate name, and soon all called him by that familiar appellation, and to the end of his life he was proud to be called "Tuesday," and as he married and had children they all retained it as their surname, and the records of a certain portion of the western country are full of the doings of his sons, John Tuesday and William Tuesday, and preserved accounts are given of the marriage of Harriet Tuesday and Deborah Tuesday, his daughters.

The bearer of this name was a quiet, soft-spoken and affectionate Indian. He wore his black and glossy hair long and parted in the middle like a woman, and as he was short of stature and a little rotund, and robed in blankets and moccasins, he conveyed the impression at times of being a woman. Most of all that contributed to this impression was a soft, winning and melancholy voice which Grimley loved to hear as it discoursed in broken English of the doings of the traders, of his tribe, and of the community in which he lived, for Tuesday was an humble Christian and was a dweller in the towns.

The day before the adventure with the wolves a letter had arrived at the post office in Grand Traverse City—so called on account of a settlement of two hundred people who lived in unusual magnificence in thirty houses, all built of logs, save two. The letter was addressed in a round business hand—postage prepaid—which was a little unusual, to Miss Gertrude Pearl, in the lighthouse on Little Manitou Island, care of the postmaster of Grand Traverse City, Michigan.

In this same mail there was a letter to the postmaster—not prepaid—for the honored officials of that day were too polite to collect postage of each other—which contained a crisp five dollar note issued by a New England country bank and promising to pay its full value in gold or silver upon presentation at its counter.

The old postmaster took the bill and carefully deposited it in his leather wallet, bound with a long leather strap and then proceeded to read a brief business letter from Worthy Williams & Co., asking the postmaster to have the letter sent at once and for the service enclosing the five dollar bill.

"Well, I call that kinder good," said the shrewd and honest man, who had emigrated in his sixty-fifth year from Vermont to begin life anew in the West. "I like to see a man that is able to pay han'some for an odd job," and with this sense of appreciation of generosity filling his heart, he sent a boy to find a messenger to carry the letter, some forty miles as the crow flies, but at least fifty by the route necessary to be traversed, to its final destination. The boy in a short time brought in an Indian who agreed to convey the letter for a silver dollar.

"I want to pay ye well, for it's amazing cold and I hate to crowd a man to the lowest notch on the steelyards; and by the way, here is a letter for Eric Johnson, Little Mani-

tou Island, to my care. You may take that, too, and tell the chap to give ye suthin' to eat and a place to sleep." These were the parting words which the poor Indian lad heard as he started by early starlight the next morning on his long and perilous tramp, cheered no less by the possession of the dollar than by the thought of a good meal in Eric's cabin. In passing through the woods the cold and famishing wolves had come upon the fresh scent left by his feet and joining in, one by one, the pack had grown to most formidable numbers, ere it passed out upon the lake.

While Grimley was being borne to the warehouse on Eric's broad shoulders, the Indian followed with the others to find the extent of his injuries. These proved to be nothing more than a fainting spell from the crush of so much weight of snow and the mass of wolves, but the blood of the slain wolves had drenched him from head to foot and his clothing hung in tatters, so that it was no wonder that both Eric and Gertrude thought him dead as he was extricated from the blood stained, wolf encumbered pit into which he had been forced.

It was while the sad procession was passing to the warehouse that Tuesday—with a sense of obligation still remaining, spoke a few words in his native tongue to the Madame and after receiving an answer to his inquiry in the same language handed the two letters to their respective owners. Hence, it was that Grimley knew nothing that evening of the arrival of the two documents; he was faint and weak, although humorous in his allusions to his danger and wonderful deliverance from death. He thanked his deliverers in plain and simple terms and remarked that it was the first experience he had had with such deadly peril. "I never looked death in the face before," he said, "and it will be a long time before I get over the strange sensation."

The supper was a little late but sufficient to the unusual demands upon it. Not a trace of the day's excitement remained except a slight paleness of Grimley's cheeks and brow, and the presence of the Indian. At the supper the latter did not sit at the table, but was fed, like Hector, in a corner of the room. Both Gertrude and Grimley noted with some astonishment the amount of food he consumed; as much as four ordinary civilized people; but the portion which quite satisfied him was the plain food—potatoes boiled, which he ate with the skins still remaining on them, bread and meat. He declined tea or coffee and drank in lieu of either a pitcher of buttermilk.

It was at the supper table that Eric gave an account of his expedition to the schooner. When he arrived at his destination he had been pleased to see evidences of comfort, as well as safety, at each point of view.

The schooner was the *Alnwick* of Port Huron, Michigan, Captain Spring, with twelve men, including the officers and two passengers—a woman and daughter. The vessel was bound out from Chicago to Buffalo and had reached the Straits in safety and in half an hour would have passed them and been sent flying on her course southward with the speed of a bird, but, alas, the blast which might have been so helpful, coming as it did from the North, had blown her backward. A momentary and almost providential shifting of the gale had enabled the Captain to gain the shelter of a little cove in the rear of the North Island. His anchors held and his ship was now frozen in solid ice and immovable until Spring, when he hoped to save his dismasted ship. The crew had made an embankment of snow nearly twenty feet high in the shape of a fort, around the schooner, to keep off wolves and bears, as well as the winds. The cargo consisted of wheat, corn and rye with a single ship-

ment of one hundred barrels of Peoria corn whiskey, but fortunately the ship was well stocked with provisions.

"But, Eric," interrupted Gertrude, "do not tell us too much before you describe the woman and her daughter. I am doubly interested in her, for, like me, she is almost a castaway and the little girl, how old is she?"

Eric colored slightly, as he replied, "Dear lady, it is hard for me to describe a woman. The one at the schooner is dark-eyed and handsome. She is dressed in black and is a widow. Her name is Ruth and her daughter, whose name is Esther, is seven years old and has bright red hair and blue eyes. The mother is sad, pale and wan but the little girl is bright and laughing all the time—a sunbeam."

"Eric," said Grimley, "you have drawn a picture. Did you speak to the good woman?"

"Yes, I asked her if she had lost her husband and she said she had; that he had lain sick of some unheard of malady for a year. The widow," Eric said, "had sold their little home on the Desplaines River near St. Charles in Illinois, and was returning to her kindred in Canada and had taken passage in the schooner instead of a steamer to eke out her little fund of money. She was now cooking for the men and receiving wages for her services. Eric said it was dull times with the whole of them. The men were playing cards nearly all the time they were not asleep. The Captain had tapped one of the whiskey barrels and with its contents kept himself daily under its influence, and the crew, who were composed of Welsh and Portuguese sailors, with the exception of two negroes and the Captain, who was a native of Ohio, also had so liberal a portion served to them that they frequently quarreled."

Eric added that he had a message to the Madame from Ruth. "Tell her that I wish to get away from here and if

she can help me, the Lord of the widow and fatherless will reward her." She said she would like to save her goods which were on the schooner but she was displeased with the actions of the men and wished to leave, even if she risked losing her needed household treasures.

"Eric," said Gertrude, with her face full of interest, "do you advise us to bring the widow and the little girl to make an addition to our number? Is she a proper person?"

"Miss Gertrude," warmly answered Eric, "she is a proper person. She makes me think of Mrs. Montague, my best of friends. You would love her and the little girl and it is cruel to leave her."

It was determined by Gertrude and the Madame to invite the two to come and live with them in the lighthouse until Spring and that Eric and Tuesday should go again in the morning and present the invitation and arrange to convey her, her child, and her effects across the ice.

Grimley made little comment while the three women, Eric and Antoine entered most enthusiastically into the details of the newly found strangers, but he could not help musing on the increased care two beautiful females would add to his already weighty responsibility. With a grim humor he pictured to himself also the effect of the presence in that wild country of so large a quantity as a hundred barrels of fire water, as the natives had rightly named it, should it become known to the Indians. In view of this increased responsibility and risk Grimley determined to secure the assistance of the young Indian whom he had that afternoon saved from death and who had in turn heroically risked his own life to save that of his benefactor.

Tuesday showed Grimley a letter from one of the principal citizens of Grand Traverse City which in effect was a certificate of character, and he was accordingly enrolled

in the service and pay of the Great Western Transportation Co., and the Madame for a moderate stipend agreed to furnish him with food; Gertrude also entered him for instruction in her school and began immediately to give attention to his dress and habits of cleanliness, but it was a long time ere she thought him entitled to a seat at the family table, where, as before remarked, the utmost propriety of behavior and breeding was the invaried rule.

After the three men had departed that evening, Gertrude re-read the letter she had received. As might be supposed it was from her aunt, and was long, and full of a hundred details, interesting to Gertrude, if not to the reader, but there was an added postscript written in Mr. Williams' office which cannot fail to interest.

"I have made some inquiries about the 'E. G.' Agent at the port, for your Aunt's ideas are crude relating to the population, houses and public buildings of the Little Manitou Island where you have decided to spend the winter. You gave his name and the fact that he had been graduated from the same college with young Mr. Jackson. Well! with such a clue I can tell you much about him. In the first place he is an ordained clergyman in excellent standing. His family is among the oldest in the country and they are moderately wealthy with good investments in cotton mill stocks. E. G. stood well in college, traveled two or three years in Europe and the Holy Land, and finally finished a thorough course at the Andover School of Theology. He was known as an independent thinker and an athlete. He was among the leaders of those who are getting to be known as muscular Christians, but notwithstanding the latter impediment, for people don't like that kind of orthodoxy, E. G. received a call to take charge of one of the richest churches in Boston, but he chose to begin his career at a little town in New Hampshire and he

gave acceptable service for several months, but here begins the romance of E. G.'s life.

"One Sunday just as he commenced his morning discourse, there walked down the aisle a majestic stranger, both tall, broad and dark visaged, dressed in nankeen pantaloons and vest, with dark blue broadcloth dress coat, with buttons, it is true, of brass, but which shone like gold. With a walk like an emperor the stranger strode down the main aisle, took his seat gravely and fixed an intent attention upon the preacher, his dark, cavernous eyes, set deeply beneath a brow, wondrous broad and high. E. G. was fascinated by the piercing glance of those large orbs and for a time continued to preach a truly evangelical and orthodox sermon upon the damnation of the wicked; proving conclusively by argument that but one to ten out of a million could possibly, under the accepted conditions, ever attain Paradise. E. G. introduced by vivid example some of his statements and was doing his best to edify his country listeners—who, by the way, were mostly farmers. It was haying time and they were overcome by the heat of the August day, many of them were sound asleep. But not so the majestic stranger. His dark eyes glowed with rebuke of the position taken by E. G., until the latter became embarrassed—forgot himself and finally fainted in the pulpit.

"Let me tell you," wrote her aunt, "that the stranger was no other than the great statesman and orator, Daniel Webster—the 'Godlike Daniel," as he is called. He was stopping for a few days in a neighboring town, and had taken a long walk and came into the church to listen, but with no intention of disturbing or criticising the service. E. G. did not know him but his magnetism, or something, was so great that it overwhelmed E. G., who is with all his bold airs, a modest, diffident young man.

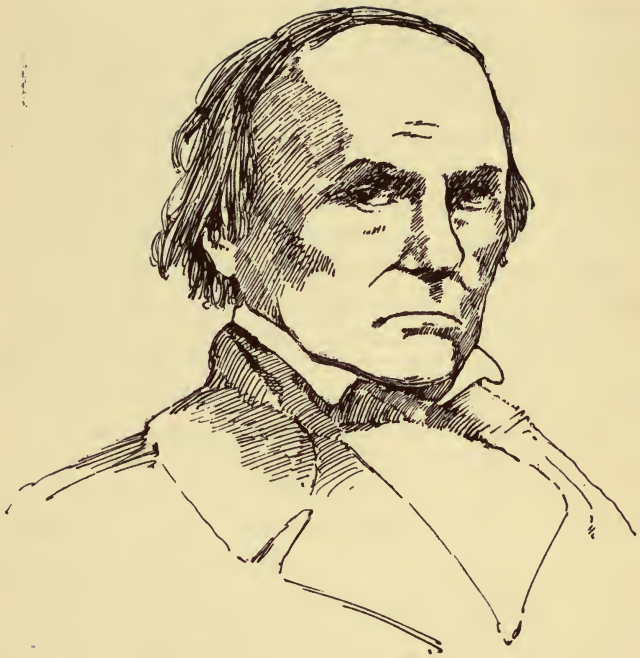
"Well, that ended his preaching; the deacons carried him down the aisle, laid him on the grass and in a few minutes he revived and rising to his feet in the sight of all the congregation, burst into a great weeping and walked away to his lodging.

"The next day he left the village on foot as he could not bear to face the passengers whom he might meet in the daily stage coach. The newspapers got hold of the story and the Whig and Locofoco papers dressed it up in the most aggravating way, although I will give them the credit of not giving E. G.'s name, but one of them said that one good farmer slept right through the whole excitement and when the sexton pushed him to wake him that he fell over in his pew; but that last is no doubt newspaper talk.

"So there you have all about E. G., except that he went to Chicago and a college friend got him the position upon those islands where he now is. But I must close, only I must say a little more for your guidance. If E. G. should make any advances you can receive them with proper dignity. He will inherit property and my friend, Mr. Worthy Williams tells me that he would like to give ten thousand dollars for E. G.'s chances of receiving $12,500 in gold in the Spring from another quarter. E. G.'s family is so very good that I quite approve of him, especially as his character is so high, but I have no more time to write. Pity me, dear Gertrude, your loving aunt and guardian."

In those days to be a clergyman was to be a revered being and Gertrude was both proud and delighted with the record her aunt had given of Grimley. "Of course any young man would faint if he had to preach before Daniel Webster. I would not do it for ten million dollars," and in her thoughts she blamed the great orator and in her anger hoped he never would be president.

She recalled with mixed feelings her intercourse with



"Daniel Webster."—Page 353

"E. G.," as her aunt called him, and especially of the sport she had so thoughtlessly made of him when he was learning to walk upon the snow-shoes, but she was delighted with her aunt's approval of her choice of a true lover. She resolved to keep her information to herself and wait the time when Grimley would himself unfold his wounded feelings and claim her remedial sympathy. Hence, while she freely spoke of the items embodied in the letter, the postscript remained a secret. "This is the proper time," the noble girl thought, "to withhold my confidence from him and see now again how wise Edward was to allow me to reserve something from him."

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE SECRET PASSAGE

THE next morning was bright and clear, although cold, and Gertrude looked from her lofty station upon an interminable scene of snowy winter, which outlook was to remain unchanged, according to Eric, for quite a third of a year. The blue waters of the lake were so covered that it appeared as though the lighthouse was set in the midst of a vast snowy plain, like the steppes of Siberia.

Gertrude was not unhappy. Her heart was full of faith in God and in the stalwart strength and skill of Eric and Grimley. Love was also in her heart illumining all nature, with a rosy hue, and youthful health and strength inspired her with the highest courage. As she finished her morning toilet, such as befitted an industrious, helpful maiden, and yet most becoming to her youthful beauty, Gertrude looked downward beneath one of the windows overlooking the lake side of the tower and saw Eric, Grimley and Tuesday busily engaged in collecting the carcasses of the slain wolves. They had drawn them into one spot and together were engaged in removing the skins from the bodies. Gertrude counted the number of the slain—seventeen, and remembered that Eric had said that each skin was worth six dollars and that the State bounty was twelve dollars for each pair of ears accompanied by a statement that the animals had been killed, inside the State of Michigan. With characteristic forethought she counted and divided and said to herself, "that comes to

more than a hundred dollars apiece for each of the men, but it was a most dreadful sight to see the poor savage creatures dying as I came upon them with my torch."

That evening Eric was absent from the table and so was Tuesday from his corner, and also that night. Hector was away from his post at Gertrude's bed chamber, for the three were at the schooner to arrange for the widow and her child to come to the lighthouse. Grimley explained the matter of the disposition of the profit to accrue by the killing of the wolves. "It brings in," he said, "a full one hundred dollars each, the largest sum he, himself, had ever earned." Grimley added, "The young Indian was overwhelmed at his prosperity, and Eric, not averse to his share, although," said Grimley, "money seems to have no charms for the dear fellow. He has a higher aspiration than its acquisition."

In the quiet of the evening, while Madame, Virginie, and Antoine were resolutely conning their lessons, Gertrude and Grimley had much quiet and uninterrupted conversation, and the former, knowing more of Grimley than she had, before receiving her aunt's letter, yielded herself more unreservedly to his advice and opinion. A reverence was rising in her heart, undiminished by the thought of what she had learned of his failure. That the man she loved had officiated in the priestly office, and was acquainted with all the wisdom of the schools, humbled, while it delighted her. This evening she sang several soft and plaintive airs, which she had never sung before, as she said, to cure him of his wounds. Grimley received her sympathy with an unfeigned pleasure and described his feelings as he had bid adieu to earth with a parting look. "But," he softly said, "I could not die without one burst of regret at losing you—and then I cried out your name, and not in vain."

"I heard it," said Gertrude, "with joy and terror—joy that you should call just as I was hastening to your relief, and terror at the great peril in which we all were.

"But do you know, Mr. Grimley, when I saw you gathering the spoils of battle this morning it made me recall the histories of olden times when war was waged for plunder."

Grimley smiled in answering and said, "You are really entitled to a share of the proceeds of the contest, for in counting up the dead, Eric claimed six, Tuesday five and I only one, and as there are sixteen carcasses, the remaining five were credited to your contribution of the deadly arsenic.

"Well, I forego my claim and think the division into thirds is the proper one."

Grimley replied, lightly, "The Madame shall have my third. Why didn't I think of it before. It will please the good woman."

Gertrude smiled benignly and said softly, "I am glad you so agree, for I would not have you take any money obtained at such peril of life. Our wise old professor used to say that there was good money in the world and bad money. That its excellence or the reverse was owing to the method in which it was obtained. Now I am sure that money which comes by the peril of our lives cannot be good. At least I don't like to have you take this bounty and wolf-skin money, and so I thank you for giving it away."

The Madame had no such scruple and she was wild with the anticipation of adding so much to her store. Gertrude explained to her her good fortune and with her generous nature gave Grimley the credit of the transfer. "Monsieur Grimley he brave man, save Indian; he good man, he give me all his part of the money; he best

man I ever saw." Eric and Tuesday were of the same opinion as to the division of the reward and it was very sweet to hear the praises so freely given one she loved. If her aunt, who knew her well, had been there she would have chided Gertrude a little even in that instance and warned her against her fault of "managing," albeit the results were ever as now most satisfactory.

During this day Gertrude had continuously swept the line of vision for any persons or animals which might have attempted to approach the island but there were no signs of any. She had also closely watched the apparently slow passage by which Eric's party at last gained the schooner.

In bidding good-night to Grimley she told him that she wished that Eric was with him in his solitary quarters. He quieted her fears but did not refuse her when she said that she and Antoine would keep the entrance door ajar until they heard him say from the warehouse that he was "all right."

The next morning ushered in the last day of the year, and Grimley rose cheerfully to greet its dim and wintry light. With deft and active hand he made the coffee and toast, boiled eggs, broiled a slice of ham for himself and sat down reverently thankful for so luxurious a provision for his comfort. The meal having been partaken of with deliberate relish and the utensils cleansed and tidily removed, Grimley, thinking the while of how he would enjoy the company as well as the help of Gertrude, donned a suit of working clothes and applied himself with vigor to what he called tunnel work. It was on this morning that he first struck the water's edge and completed the passage from the warehouse to the lake.

This was no less than two hundred feet from one extreme to the other. While tunnelling, Grimley had a recollection of certain stories he had read about under-

ground passages being used as means of escape in time of need. He carefully worked an opening towards the surface at the edge of the water. Quite to his surprise he found just above the thin and frozen crust of the soil an empty space made by the rolling waves just where the snow and ice joined the water. This stretched along the whole water line and was about eighteen inches high and three feet wide and concealed from outward observation by a snow drift six feet deep. With his candle in hand, Grimley followed this subterranean passage so curiously wrought by the dashing waves, until he reached its termination at the stone foundations of the lighthouse. This passage was, of course, a freak of nature but Grimley ascribed it to a kindly Providence working, as in other cases, in their favor. This was Grimley's morning achievement, and he was more than eager to communicate his discovery to Eric and the others.

At the dinner table Grimley told of his discovery, which was greeted with delight and wonder. After the repast Antoine and Gertrude attended Grimley and aided him in working a passage from the side of the lighthouse steps to connect with the underground passage. Two hours' hard toil finished the opening and the work was done in such a way as to be invisible to one unacquainted with the secret. The opening was filled with a door, cut out of solid ice, and its position concealed by throwing some feathery snow over its surface. Both Gertrude and Grimley were delighted at the accomplishment of this unexpected feat. They smiled brightly into each other's faces. Gertrude blushed a little as she said, "I shall feel safer now that you are so much nearer to me, for this appears to be but an extension of the warehouse to the lighthouse."

Grimley slyly answered, as he observed her confusion,

"It is ever thus with true love. All the forces of nature, ice as well as fire aid the approach of the true lover, but," he added gravely, "it is of the Lord. In disposing of the powder in a safe and secure place we are led without design upon our part to a device that may save one or all of our lives, for it is a common peril."

"And yet," said Gertrude, "is not it a legitimate result of brain and muscle working harmoniously? It has cost you incredible toil. I have watched with interest your cut and bleeding hands made dark and hard with the labor. I said nothing because I felt that you were working with true Yankee foresight to anticipate by adequate means a threatened danger."

The whole day and evening had passed and there was no sign of Eric, or the Indian and as the hours of the second day passed all the dwellers of the little island grew seriously sober at the thought of possible evil. Gertrude remarked that she missed the companionship of her faithful Hector. She had awakened more than once the night before and it had required an effort to avoid a trembling fear. As she said this she again, from the height of the window, with the spy glass, gazed long and intently over the wide and dreary waste.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "they are safe and are thinking of us. Eric has sent up his signal smoke to tell us that much. Thank God for relieving our anxiety, oh!" she continued, "I see a man approaching the ship from the mainland. I cannot see him very plainly but it must be a white man for I can see no sign of a blanket."

Yes, Eric and his two companions were destined to spend the second night on board the schooner. They had made all arrangements to take the widow and her daughter with them, with the most valuable of their goods, on the noon of the day after their arrival. Captain Spring

had consented to part with the services of Ruth and had already displaced her position as cook by one of the Welsh sailors, "John," a cook of no mean skill. He was famous for his brown bread toast. He was accustomed to make it in great piles with first a slice of the toast, next a liberal layer of butter, with a sprinkling of grated cheese, and then another piece of toast laid upon the other and so on until at last he would have a pile approaching half a foot high from the smoking sides of which issued streams of hot yellow butter and flakes of cheese.

"Ruth," said the Captain familiarly to her, "we like your cooking but we love John's." The latter was famous, too, for his buckwheat cakes, of which the imprisoned crew ate every morning without limit as to quantity. Ruth was impatient at this part of her duty—the men reminded her of so many hungry animals waiting to have a bone thrown to them.

The good woman all her life had lived quietly and lovingly in a home circle and now that she was to be released from her present unseemly society, her weary eyes took on another expression at the prospect of other company, and especially those of her own sex. She and her little Esther had occupied a small stateroom, which was not much larger than a pantry. Their beds were simply planks at the side of the apartment, less than two feet wide, one over the other, three in the tier, with one in their diminutive cabin unused at the time.

Eric, Hector and Tuesday were assigned a similar stateroom, so-called, the first night; the dog crawling into the lower bunk as naturally, as if to say, "Yes! This is a regular dog's kennel and I am glad to occupy it." Neither Eric nor the Indian gave the quality of their accommodations a thought. They lay down in

their clothing and were soon sleeping the deep slumber, God given, to all the overwrought sons of Adam. By noon of the second day a sled was constructed large enough for the widow, her child and baggage equal to their combined weight. This was designed to be drawn by Eric, the Indian and the dog. A second or even a third trip was to be made to carry away the remainder of the widow's goods. But alas! As they were ready to load the sled just after noon, preparatory for starting, Captain Spring, evidently intoxicated, appeared and forbade their leaving until after the coming New Year's festivities. This was a bitter disappointment to Ruth. She pleaded with the Captain to reverse his decision and even offered him the small sum of money he had placed in her hands to pay her for her services.

The Captain in a maudlin good-natured way declined her offer and said that he would not miss the presence of a "real lady," as he called Ruth, at the New Year's feast. Eric tried his powers of persuasion, and his experience was not small in dealing with men wild or foolish with liquor, but in vain. Knowing the anxious thoughts that would be inspired by his continued absence to his friends across the channel, he thoughtfully kindled a signal fire to inform them of his safety. The Captain said that the following day being New Year's he was determined to make a night of it and he had arranged a program to pass away the hours of the evening and night in high festival, suited to his own ideas of the proper observance of the season.

To witness the departure of the old and the beginning of a new year in services of song, praise and supplication to the Divine Being had been the habit of not only the sad-eyed Ruth and the spiritually minded Eric but also of the lowly hearted Christian Indian. Hence, the

prospect of being even the spectators of what the crew freely spoke of as a big drunk was most distasteful.

In their joint efforts and plans to move the effects and persons of the widow and her daughter, Eric and Ruth had been greatly drawn to each other. They had discovered a mutual sympathy in many things and when Eric had described Ruth as resembling the true English lady who had so influenced his life in its opening years and molded his after character, he unconsciously confessed the existence of a deep and abiding attraction which he experienced in his first trip. This tender chord which was vibrating found expression in acts of caressing kindness, extended toward the little Esther, who with the illimitable faith and trust of childhood responded with her heart full of love and gratitude. This in its turn warmed the desolate heart of the woman towards Eric.

In her deep disappointment she turned to Eric for help and sympathy and he bade her—when unobserved by the Captain, to keep a good heart and that all would be well. He directed her to withdraw to her stateroom with Esther as soon in the evening as possible but to remain dressed and ready for a quiet leave-taking in the night.

Soon after lighting the signal fire Eric was surprised to see "Dan'l," the lightkeeper enter the little snow enclosure. The two, of course, were acquainted and Dan'l explained that he had been employed to visit the schooner and see if some supplies might be obtained from the crew. "To tell the truth," said the big voiced hearty fellow, "we are wild for tobacco and whiskey and if we can get a little we are willing to pay well for it. We have got the 'chink,'" said he, exhibiting three twenty dollar gold pieces.

"You got those from that St. Louis man, didn't you?"

inquired Eric. "He paid me one like them for my canoe."

"Yes, dang it, that's all the kind of money he has. When he wants anything, and he's a luxurious cuss, he has got to hand out a twenty dollar gold piece. The boys have got one or two each and the women have pretty much all got one too. You see he's lonesome and he visits around and when he's well treated, and that's everywhere on account of his money, he hands out to a child a twenty dollar shiner and says here's something for their mammy or pappy, and makes no sort of account of it. He is stopping with the old elder and keeps his valise there but drinks pretty steady, and smokes to pass away the time. He's short of liquor and this morning he handed me a shiner and told me to come over here and see what I could find. We all know about the schooner, for we could see the smoke from the top of my lighthouse. And how's the Madame and Virginie and the boy? All right, I hope. I hear too that you've a smashing handsome gal stopping at the lighthouse. They tell such things about her mighty high style that it has kept me away. I can't abide these big ladies. My style is the free and easy—meet a fellow half way. But I shall come soon for I hanker for a sight of my little woman. Tell them I have not forgotten the signal and I will be on hand when wanted."

At this point the Captain approached and in a half drunken manner bade welcome to the stranger. Eric gave the two an introduction and the crew one by one gave the new comer a cordial hand shake, with a gruff "How-de-do." Dan'l gave each of them a mighty squeeze and a hearty response which won their hearts. The whole company bade him welcome to the evening feast and John, the cook made mention of the bill of fare. Daniel

nothing loth, accepted the invitation and when told that it had been ordered that no man should go to bed sober that night, he uproariously declared that he would outdrink them, and after seeing them in their bunks would see that he himself did not fail to come into the same condition.

Dan'l greeted the widow and her child with hearty frankness and not unkindly asked after their welfare, and with a blunt frankness opened his business with the captain. The latter replied that he could sell none of his cargo under any circumstances, nor give any of it away. He said this with an honest expression.

CHAPTER XXXV

A WILD REVEL ON THE SCHOONER

"MAN and boy I have sailed the water for nigh sixty years. I have come up from cabin boy to be master of many fine craft and I know the law and I am a law abiding citizen, d— me if I aint. Now the law says that in case of necessity the crew of a vessel can consume for their own needs anything on the bills of lading and the owners shall make restitution at a fair market value. That's as it should be and we are using up our one hundred barrels of whiskey at the rate of about a barrel a month. That's about five barrels for the winter. If the d— stuff does not kill us all."

Several of the crew who stood by and overheard the remark joined in and freely swore that those were the facts. They could use as much as they pleased of the cargo but could not sell or give away anything without exposing themselves to trial for theft. "Come over and drink all you please, but don't ask to buy or beg anything under my care," and the old Captain began to shed drunken tears as he continued, "I may be a sad dog—drunk all the time and going to die in the gutter but I am honest and I will die first before I do anythin' agin' the law. We ain't that kind of persons, me and my old woman. I say, cuss the luck that drove us down here instead of sending us bowling down towards Port Huron and Detroit. I tell ye there's mischief in it and

the bad luck lies in those whiskey barrels, and don't you have nothing to do with them."

With the prospect of a present plentiful supply, the jovial Dan'l was not disposed to quarrel with the facts as presented but entered zealously into the life around him with the reckless indifference to the future or even the present, characteristic of his class and the times in which he lived.

It is not our purpose to describe in detail a drunken debauch but it is true that ere ten o'clock that evening every man belonging to the crew was helplessly oblivious. The early part of the evening was passed with some semblance of human conduct. The men ate their fill of a generous repast, in which a huge plum pudding played a prominent part. It was garnished with raisins, citron and spices, previously sent over by Gertrude. One of the men was a famous singer and he improvised a song with original music, in honor of the Lady of the light-house. This man had occupied a high position in an interior town in Wales—had led a church choir and was a poet of no mean merit, but in an evil hour he yielded to temptation, became a defaulter and a wanderer. Wherever he went his sweet tones had delighted the ears of the mariners who sailed the great ocean. This was the man, as the author knows, who on one bleak winter night, a year before, at Boston, had mounted a high ladder, dashed into the blinding smoke and scorching flames and bore to life and safety a fair young girl.

The crowd viewing the conflagration gathered about the bold rescuer and asked his name. This he refused to give and as he vanished into the darkness from which he had emerged, he sadly said, "No one cares a copper for me."

A gold medal was struck off in honor of the sailor. He saw the advertisements for him to come forward and accept it and other rewards, but with that dark evil overshadowing him he could not come into light, and the medal remains unclaimed at the end of more than half a century. On this evening the man was merry as a boy just let out of school. The jokes, the anecdotes, the songs flowed in a perpetual current and with a natural refinement that permitted Ruth and Eric equally with the rough crew to enjoy them. Eric sang a song and told a story or two, which gained the applause of the company. Ruth presided at the tea tray and concealed her feelings of alarm by those smiles with which weak women are so apt to hide their fearful thoughts. A little while after supper the table was cleared and the cards set out and soon the whole company, save Eric and Tuesday, were engaged in hot and excited games, with watches, rings and money laid out to be won or lost as the games might chance. In the meantime the men had been drinking steadily and as a spark touches the magazine, a hot word was uttered—the lie was passed and as quick almost as powder could ignite and explode, the whole company was in a tumult. Our friends, including Hector, escaped to the shelter of their little cabins and with bolted doors listened to the wild uproar. Let us mention it regretfully, that in that wild beast contest which took place, three men had their eyes gouged out—to use the common expression—several had their fingers and ears bitten off, and all were covered with wounds, cuts and bites.

With the quantity of liquor each had taken and the consequent fatigue following their intense exertion, a dead silence ensued and now Eric and his little party issued forth and in the light of a silvery moon com-

menced their journey in the night towards the silent, calm and protecting walls of the lighthouse.

Ere dismissing this scene of horrid and worse than brutish revelry, let us say that this crew had left port a month before, an orderly, well-behaved, industrious set of men. A month's contact and free use of the juice of the corn had changed them into devils.

The honest Illinois farmer had grown the corn, drawn it with his honest team many miles to the distillery, received fifteen cents for seventy pounds of it on the cob, and then it had been changed into spirits. And strange to relate each of the one hundred barrels had wrapped in its iron-bound staves a tale similar to the one narrated but not for us to tell.

Kind indeed were these same men to each other the next morning—(the protruding eyes were painfully but skillfully replaced in their sockets), the wounds were dressed and the deathly sick carefully tended; the devil was out of them for the time and they were true men again, repentant indeed but ready to repeat the debauch, when the excuse offered.

Dan'l was one of the most active in the strife and his deeds would truly have been heroic, if they had been enacted on a larger field and in a righteous cause. Each time Dan'l's mighty fist was extended a man fell senseless and he it was who remained the sole master of the field. With a deep draught of the fire water he too succumbed to a stronger power than himself and lapsed into a drunken stupor to be unbroken for six and thirty hours.

Let it not be thought that this recital of the scene of brutality is overdrawn. It is in the nature of the case and liable to be similarly enacted whenever the condi-

tions exist—an unlimited supply of intoxicants to a party of drinkers, for such had the entire crew become in the brief month they had been isolated from civilization.

An Angel of Light looking down upon the scene and listening to the blasphemy, wild screams and execrations which had filled the air would have veiled his face in holy horror, but none the more so than at the scenes of similar ferocity enacted in every battlefield and in each naval engagement since the world began. The vision of blood and woe; of headless trunks, disemboweled bodies, extinguished eyes and dismembered limbs and a thousand untold horrors attending battles when the insane love of glory has been the devilish inspiration, would show that not alone the evil of drink is to be feared by mankind.

When two days later Dan'l appeared at the settlement and exhibited his disfigured countenance and bleared eyes and gave his report of non-success in getting any spirits and also told in graphic notes of the wild and delightful excitement he had experienced, together with the intelligence that there were a full hundred barrels of whiskey that the crew were freely consuming, the effect was marvelous. With the speed of the wind the intelligence spread far and near through the forests and along the shores, and always coupled with the information that none would be sold or given away, except a taste as it were of the coveted article. Dan'l's eloquent descriptions were repeated by both Indian and white man and a tempest was raised, which would have made the Evil One smile with delight, and the consequences of which will appear hereafter in these pages.

In the meantime under the light of a moon of silver shining from a starry field of lovely hue, Eric guided

his little company for several hours ere they attained the coveted shelter. The night was still and comparatively mild. Hector's little harness to which Eric had fitted him, answered its purpose of aiding in drawing the sled but Tuesday also helped in this part of their enterprise, while Eric smoothed with his axe the rough ways and aided Ruth at each difficult turn. The little Esther made the whole journey sleeping, enclosed in Eric's furry sleeping bag, securely fastened upon the sled. The soft voices of the widow and Eric were hardly silent through the trip, for the speed of the whole party was regulated by the ability to walk fast or slow by the not over strong woman, and Eric and Ruth walked side by side nearly the whole distance. Very sweet to Eric was it to render this service under the imaginary thought that he was fulfilling his duty to his early benefactress.

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And need it be said that Ruth was soon soothed and made happy by her reception at the lighthouse, intensified by the recollections of the horrors from which they had escaped. In this hour undisturbed by the presence of the silent Indian, Eric and Ruth exchanged first some of those confidences, which exist sacredly between man and true woman—especially did they talk of their abiding hope of heaven and confidence in God to keep them through present and all future peril.

The next day was New Year's and at the sumptuously spread dinner table, presided over by Madame, in honor, as at Christmas, of the holiday, there was a cheerful and happy group.

Gertrude had welcomed warmly the grief stricken woman and her child. She had engaged a room for

them on the floor occupied by the Madame and had agreed with the latter for the amount of the stipend she was to receive for her accommodation, which she had undertaken to pay for her guests.

Gertrude had looked after the wardrobe of each of the new comers and as they appeared at the table they were clothed in raiment suitable for a banquet and showed in each lineament a happy enjoyment very pleasant to witness. With a quiet management, which as the reader knows was almost approaching a fault in Gertrude, she placed the little child by Eric's side and the mother opposite. Grimley soon after charged her with a certain intention in this, of which she blushingly owned the truth. It was pleasant to see the devoted and loyal glances of the honest man directed constantly towards the dignified Ruth and in turn her gratefulness at each attention paid by Eric to the fair little girl by his side.

Without, the New Year's day was calm and bright and the winter's sun streamed through the windows illumining the group with a divine radiance. Eric spoke of the contrast between this festival and the one held the night before in the schooner, to which Grimley gravely responded:

"It is indeed true that each collection of persons thrown together for a longer or shorter time, exert a mutual influence for good or evil. Now I am conscious," said he, glancing towards Gertrude, "that in the single month I have passed on this island shore I am a better, a happier and perhaps a more useful man than I have ever been before."

Gertrude responded with kindling eyes, "It is the same with me and I am sure that it is so with us all."

"But," continued Grimley, "with the crew on the schooner the reverse seems to be true. Each day has

sunk them, according to Eric's story, deeper into a condition of utter worthlessness. It is pitiful and my mind continually reverts to the idea that I can and should do something for them."

Eric shook his head gravely and said, "Nothing will do them any good, except to destroy the whiskey and to do that would be dangerous."

Ruth here joined in the conversation and in a clear and pleasant voice described the life the men led and especially the effect which the drinking had upon them. How under its influence some were funny, some were morose, some were tearful and some pugnacious, but," added she, "without exception each night when sleep came to them it was that induced by intoxication."

Grimley regretfully responded to the widow's information and said what she had told reminded him of what a worthy Hebrew had once told him as to one of their traditions—that to know a man's true character, it was only necessary to see him on one of three occasions; one of which was a state of intoxication, second when he was angry, and third when he was asked to lend money.

This reference diverted the attention of the company to more agreeable thoughts. Eric said that in his experience he had seen the truth of the latter test, and he related how he had once been one of a company of one hundred and fifty men who had unexpectedly run out of money in a distant place, and those who possessed any of the needful articles were compelled to either loan or refuse their companions, and then it was found who were magnanimous and who were not.

Ruth agreed with what he said and told how during the long sickness of her husband and before the little property they possessed was sold, she had been com-

pelled to be a borrower and how surprised she had been at the revealing of both the good will and indifference she had found among her various friends and neighbors.

Grimley listened to the experience of the two with close attention as though treasuring the facts and then remarked that the second test had always seemed the most curious to him. "We had a boy," said he, "in our school who would allow himself to be cuffed and pushed around and quite insulted, without the slightest effort to retaliate. His only defense was to run away most ignobly, but this same boy if he saw any injustice done to another or cruelty practiced upon the weak would fly into the most intense passion and fight like a tiger, irrespective of odds or places. At one time the whole school 'tabooed' a boy who was accused of something and this boy declared war against the whole of his former mates and joined himself in closest friendship to the forsaken and as it afterwards proved to be—innocent youth. Yes," continued Grimley, "let me know at what a man's anger becomes excited and I will unfold his secret character. It is so with the Divine Being—anger is one of his attributes and sin and meanness among men excite the emotion of anger even in His August and unfathomable Nature."

Gertrude listened to these remarks as they were uttered and considered in what measure they applied to the one who in such soft and even tones was expressing his lofty thoughts. She suspected that he himself was the boy who so tamely had received abuse and who resented that bestowed upon others with such indignant anger. She remembered no occasion upon which Grimley had shown any angry impulse, while she had never heard him use a complaining word. In a small way she had tested him in persuading him to give up the one hundred

dollars bounty money as unworthy of himself and he had nobly stood the trial. As to intoxication, it was so at variance with his calm and temperate disposition that it was not to be thought of even in that day of universal use of one form or another of stimulants. Thinking thus, she softly asked him:

"Suppose none of these tests are readily available, how can one otherwise judge a person so as to get an insight into his real character."

Grimley answered: "We have spoken of anger. As you ask me for another test, it occurs to me that Love—as an emotion and a quality of mind and heart might be even better; for anger is explosive and irregular and may never be excited but love is a constant, ever present quality. Hence, it may be the best interpreter. Does a man love God and delight to see Him honored in preference to himself? Who and what manner of people does he love? Does he, as taught in the Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner, love 'Both men and bird and beast'? Yes, love is a better test, although not so sharp and clear and suddenly revealing as anger."

That holiday afternoon Grimley and Gertrude took a stroll together on their snow-shoes. The crust upon the snow was strong enough to bear the slender figure of the latter but Grimley would occasionally, by his greater weight, sink through the uncertain surface. Tuesday and Hector followed at a little distance and guided themselves by the motions of their superiors.

"Mr. Grimley," said Gertrude, as they rapidly proceeded, "I can see a resemblance in the attachment of that poor youth towards you to that felt by Hector for me. Do you think there can be a connecting link between an intelligent noble brute, like Hector, and a lowly almost ignorant and yet noble savage like Tues-

day? In looking at them it seems as though I could trace a likeness."

"Your question reminds me of a passage in a prayer used by a gray haired professor in our college: 'God bless our rough brothers, the brutes.' With this clue I have almost arrived at the conclusion that all animated nature is a brotherhood, at the head of which stands man."

Gertrude interrupted him by saying that if he had been as polite as some Frenchman she had heard of, he would have said woman when he spoke of the apex of created beings." This she said half playfully, half seriously, for it was difficult for Gertrude to jest, so serious and earnest was her nature.

But Grimley smilingly answered, "I accept the change, for I have a theory that all the great powers of nature, electricity, gravity, the mechanical powers are all essentially feminine, and why not woman before man. But in another sense and the true one as I believe it was used by an earnest old preacher—or exhorter more properly—when he was appealing in thunderous tones to a congregation—'Brethren I have used the word man. Now let it be understood that when I say men, I mean to embrace women.'"

Gertrude laughed most heartily at this sally of humor and Grimley gave vent to one of his bursts of merriment. Hector and Tuesday hurried forward to see what might be the matter and the whole party turned in the crisp and delightful air towards the place now becoming so dear to them—the lighthouse.

That afternoon and evening were spent in earnest instruction and study. Two were added to the class of learners, making a class of six. Ruth and Esther entered heartily into the scheme of the schooling and by

their superior personalities assisted in holding the continued interest from day to day of the other less advanced pupils. Both Grimley and Gertrude gave their best thoughts to the direction of the advance steps. It had become with each of those gifted persons a point of conscience so to use their natural and acquired gifts. "Otherwise," Gertrude had said: "I cannot freely enjoy the deep and soul satisfying life I lead. I have no wish unfulfilled and lest I become selfish I must do much, very much for these people who are sharers with me of my daily life."

With her quick perception this same afternoon she was struck with an idea that caused the blood to recede from her veins and leave her white as marble.

"Mr. Grimley," said she with white bloodless lips, "do you not see in this addition to our society a beginning of the fulfillment of Eric's prophetic dream? Here is the addition of a strange lady whom Eric saw in his dream as fighting a desperate fight with us."

"Do not be alarmed, dear Miss Pearl," said Grimley with an anxious expression unlike his usual calm demeanor. "It will not answer to place too much attention upon dreams of any kind, for you see in addition to Ruth, our good Indian, who surely would do battle for us, and Eric saw him not in his vision." And he continued soothingly, "Do not fear, God who delivered us out of the mouths of the wolves, will deliver us out of the hand of even more savage men. I am glad Ruth and the little girl are with us, as God who protects the widow and the fatherless will, it may be, protect us for their sakes."

"God grant it may be so," said Gertrude, almost tearfully. "It is strange that with so much happiness I daily experience, these great fears should oppress me."

"This is man's life," said Grimley kindly. "The storm and the sunshine crowd each other across our pathway. Let us hope that if a tempest does burst upon us it will be followed by the calm sunshine of prosperity." Afterwards, and indeed that very evening, in speaking to Eric as to this resemblance to his dream, Grimley had asked him if he had thought of the coincidence and Eric had replied:

"Yes, Mr. Grimley," I recognized her form and features when I first saw her in the Schooner *Alnwick* as the one who was to fulfill my dream and when I heard the wild uproar made in the cabin, my dream was recalled most forcibly to my mind and I realized then that if it was to come true that our antagonists would be men turned into devils by liquor."

"There is one thing positively sure," said Grimley in reply: "We shall lose nothing and can never regret the most careful preparations possible to be made for defense. I have something to show you which may give you an idea of how ancient and modern war-fare is carried on; that is by mines and counter-mines constructed beneath the surface of the ground. The digging of the trench for the powder has shown how readily the sand can be excavated beneath the snow and now I will show you what we have providentially at hand already made for us."

Grimley, lighting some candles and taking one himself, giving one each to Eric and Tuesday, conducted them through the tunnel to the water's edge and then through the curiously formed cavern to the spot where the connection had been made with the lighthouse entrance. Both of Grimley's comrades were full of wonder at the revelation and Eric said, after a long and thoughtful pause:

"This shows me how God can bless a man's efforts in an unthought of manner humanly speaking; this is the result of labor and brains thoroughly coöperating. If we had not toiled for hours and days we could not witness this that we see. Now I suggest a couple of things that we can do hereafter if necessity arises. We can make a connection with the lighthouse in the same way we have with the warehouse by digging deep underneath or through the foundations and coming up underneath the floor, so in case either place is attacked we can save in these icy recesses all the most valuable goods belonging to the company."

"Bravo!" said Grimley with high enthusiasm. "You have relieved me from a great dread. I have had many disagreeable thoughts of the savages after first dispatching me, appropriating this mass of really valuable merchandise.. At the very first appearance of danger we will begin the removal of the furs and cloths. We can scarcely save the flour, pork and salt but even those we can 'cache'—as you call it—in good proportion."

New Year that year occurred on Friday and for the week succeeding life glided away smoothly with our friends. The presence of little Esther was an added pleasure to Antoine and the two children became inseparable companions; the dark complexion and eyes of the boy were in fine contrast to the pearl white skin and blue eyes of the little maid.

Ruth exercised over Eric a strange influence, blended naturally with the past and present but also with the future through his prophetic dream. The Madame and Virginie were the busiest of the whole party of islanders, as not only were they eagerly pursuing their set studies but the brunt of the labor of the household fell upon

them, notwithstanding what assistance the others, including Gertrude and Ruth, could render them. The family numbered eight and a certain line of comfort and manners were agreed upon to be followed. It came as a consequence that the cooking, washing and ironing, mending and house cleaning were matters of some magnitude, but the Madame undertook the management most cheerfully, especially as she saw her little hoard of money grow larger week by week. The fears for her own safety did not oppress her as fearful anticipations did the others. She had lived in safety in the strong lighthouse for several years and she could not comprehend that any unusual danger was now threatening.

Need it be said that between Gertrude and Grimley there grew daily a stronger and more loving confidence. The latter often smiled to herself as she remembered the contents of her aunt's letter and many things became plain to her which before were dim; the transparent purity of life and thought always exhibited by Grimley; the constant tendency to draw a moral from each event as it transpired, and more than all his delicate appreciation of poetry, his eloquence, and she found an explanation of all he did in his previous history, as given by her aunt.

She remembered in reading some obscure references to muscular Christianity and she grew confident that Grimley was a disciple of that school, for each day she saw he aimed to exercise not only mind but body and not only exercise, but real hard labor did he seek. And he greatly encouraged her in every effort she made towards physical activity and useful effort. More than once he had glanced at her rather large hands and spoke in soft compliment of the marks of her industry, espec-

ially one time when she had cut and fitted many yards of dyed cloth into garments for Ruth and the little Esther, and the chemicals had stained her hands, so that they bore the marks for several days.

Gertrude liked to be praised by Grimley and it grew to be her habit even when away from him, always to guide her efforts to meet his approval. She even felt the withholding of the words of appreciation as a tacit blame and thus, day by day, was guided by the man who had so humble and lowly an opinion of himself.

Grimley even accused himself of downright cowardice, in the contest with the wolves. He was confident, in reviewing his thoughts, that he would have considered any attempt at rescue on his part useless, unless he had been inspired by the superior faith and energy of Gertrude. Now day by day he was in feverish dread of coming danger and was in continual desire for flight as a prudent measure of safety. He even consulted Eric as to the policy of concealing all the merchandise and attempting flight to some of the Wisconsin settlements. But he did not complain when Eric shook his head and said that it could not be, that whatever might come they must face it and trust God for the issue.

The week succeeding New Year was a calm one to all, but on Friday morning Eric, Tuesday and Hector again harnessed themselves to the sled and undertook in a long day's effort to bring the remainder of the widow's goods from the schooner to the lighthouse. It was a lovely winter day with still air and bright sunshine. Gertrude had swept the whole range of the horizon with the spy glass to make sure that no marauders were approaching, and then in a sweet, irresistible manner had indicated to Grimley her wish for a long walk upon the snow. To this he readily agreed and the two with the pony went

several miles. To vary the monotony and relieve her weariness Gertrude rode a considerable distance and it was a delight to Grimley to watch her bright eyes, rosy color and gayety under the inspiration of the dry, still, cold air. The thermometer registered not less than ten below zero, but so still was the air and so complete was the protection furnished her by her fur-lined hood and cloak, that she was unconscious of anything but an exhilarating sharpness.

The two lovers returned without adventure, save the recollection of a delightful season spent in each other's company. It was almost the first and was for a long time the last opportunity they had of any but brief intervals of private conversation.

Gertrude was, by her position, like the head of a large family demanding her every thought, and Grimley was sensitively careful not to intrude his attentions beyond the line of most respectful admiration.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE TRAGIC FATE OF THE SHIP-WRECKED CREW

Eric and Tuesday were destined to receive a great surprise. Upon their approach to the schooner everything was to all appearance as safe and undisturbed as when they last saw it. Now they noticed the absence of the waving line of smoke, which for long had been the signal of their existence and more lately of their safety.

Entering the passage left in the snow walls of the inclosure which the crew had built around the schooner, the two men were struck with the profound stillness which prevailed. The sun shone brightly and the clear air enshrouded all, but a silence akin to that of the grave prevailed. Eric followed by Tuesday entered the ship by the long inclined way which had been constructed of frozen snow to lead to and beyond the bulwarks, and descended into the cabin. Here on his other visits he had met with a cheerful reception, a warm fire and the gleam of many lamps as they lit the dark recesses of the little state rooms and cabins at the stern of the ship. The many voices were hushed and a chilly feeling of awe fell upon the two men and even Hector sniffed and slightly moaned. Passing through the cabin Eric found the widow's goods undisturbed and with the impassive manner born of his rough frontier life, he simply said:

"The crew have abandoned the ship and we will get Ruth's goods and return as soon as possible." The effects, consisting of bedding, a little cooking stove, a box or two, and a trunk were soon loaded, and Eric was about to start when he noticed the strange movements of the dog, who was to be their main assistance in drawing the sled. Hector ran towards the island shore—sniffed the ground—stopped—whined and by every movement indicated that he wished to be followed. The Indian was the first to comprehend the intelligent brute's desire and Eric also soon recognized his wishes, and the two men followed as the dog guided by his sense of smell, ascended the snow bank of the adjacent land. The direction the dog took led them a little way into the dense pine woods, and there a sight met their eyes which caused Eric to utter the cry: "Oh! God!" and the Indian to say "Oof! Oof!" expressive of the utmost horror.

Yes, before them lay the bodies of the entire crew stiff in death. Eric covered his eyes and wept bitterly for a few moments as the Indian incapable of such grief stood silently and mournfully by. Ere long, Eric's feelings having spent themselves, allowed him to examine more closely the scene. Each of the bodies bore a scalpless head, showing that Indians had joined in the slaughter and each body bore either marks of stabbing or the heads had been cleaved by a hatchet. Eric marked with unconscious minuteness the toil worn hands, the rough boots, the coarse and almost ragged clothing, the unshaven grimy faces lying uplifted towards the bright sun. He groaned again and said:

"Tuesday, this is the devil's own work. Human hands may have done the deed but it was Satan that inspired the thought. These poor, poor fellows were killed in

their drunken sleep, coolly and deliberately and quite likely by the men to whom they had given food and shelter, and some of the deadly whiskey.

"Here, Tuesday," continued he, "lies the good old Captain. Well might he have cursed the wind that carried him back into Lake Michigan instead of down the other side of the Peninsula. How his old wife will miss her good man. He thought he should drink himself to death, but he has died a speedier and perhaps a better death.

"Here lies that sweet singer who was always wanting to talk of Wales and of his boyish triumphs. May the Lord have mercy on him. Little did his mother think when she nourished and so carefully tended him that he would die on this lone island, many thousand miles away —so poor—so ragged—so forlorn and lie thus, unburied, bloody and scalpless," and Eric broke into fresh weeping as though he saw in real presence the mother's agony.

Returning to the schooner for fresh evidences of the dark and bloody deed, Eric noticed that all the buckets and other articles capable of holding liquids had disappeared, and, examining still further, he noted there were two empty barrels, which had contained the coveted fire water. It was thus evident that in order to obtain a portion of the liquor the murders had been coldly calculated and committed. There were few signs of robbery, the whole carrying force of the party being given to getting the utmost quantity of the fire water over to the main land.

A feeling of horror possessed the two men and it was shared even by Hector. The three fled from the place as though they were themselves the executors of the

deadly crime. They ran at the top of their speed until exhausted for breath and then with bloodshot eyes, pallid lips and cheeks and drooping heads continued their return journey to the lighthouse.

Let it not be thought that this was a strange and unwonted occurrence. In scores and hundreds of instances since the settlement of the country have bands of savage natives accompanied by their still more savage companions, uncivilized white men, murdered and scalped and left unburied whole companies of unfortunate families, or shipwrecked men, and left not one to tell the tale. This was but one more added to a list so long that no one can estimate its number.

The sun was not down when Eric arrived and with his load of Ruth's household treasures, conveyed his dismal tidings. Great was the grief of the good woman and little Esther as they counted the names and the goodness of each individual man. They were mostly married men and their little families were waiting for spring to open and restore them for a time to their company. Ruth, widowed herself, wept bitterly when she thought of these poor women. Esther wept for the children of whom she had heard the fathers speak so lovingly. Gertrude's tears flowed freely from sympathy. Madame and her two children sobbed and cried from the same cause.

As for Eric, his tears were exhausted. Grimley was greatly overcome but it was with a dreadful fear which almost unmanned him. His cold logic told him that the same fate overhung himself, Gertrude and the others about him. With lightning flash he thought of Eric's dream and seeing Ruth before him as an indirect evidence of the truthful warning, he felt again the impulse to fly—but not for long did he yield to his feelings.

With an effort he mastered himself and said in a voice clear and strong: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord; to Him who knoweth all things we commit the punishment for this dastardly crime and to His care the widows and fatherless, made so by these murderers."

Through her tears Gertrude saw with a swelling heart the white face of Grimley shining with a lofty and unearthly light as he thus solemnly invoked the judgment of Almighty God upon the perpetrators of the deed.

A silence ensued and Gertrude said with equal solemnity: "Let us thank Him that He has spared this dear woman and child from sharing their fate. But for His directing care they too would be lying cold and stiff in yonder snow-clad island."

Ruth turned with eyes suffused with tears and hot cheeks towards Eric and said, "I owe my life to you. What can I render you for it?"

"Nothing, nothing," said Eric. "Let God have the praise. It was He who directed me there and Miss Gertrude who said you must come. Thank her before me." The little Esther, with childish impulse, had in the meantime clasped Eric's neck and through her tears had kissed him many times, and said, "thank you, dear Eric, for saving our lives," but while the brave man lovingly returned the embraces of the child he refused the credit as belonging to Gertrude. Although he did not say it, Grimley thought the same, as it was certainly the promise of the ready money which opened the Madame's domicile to the lone woman and the little child.

In witnessing the composure of Grimley, the little circle soon resumed its former condition of cheerful happy intercourse. The heavy walls of the lighthouse

still stood firm and solid. Each necessity was gratified by willing hands, filled with abundant materials; a quiet trust in an over-ruling Providence to avert future peril, inspired each heart of the elder ones and a thoughtless gayety the minds of the younger; but, more than ever, Grimley considered it a matter of duty to prepare for an attack from the marauders of the mainland, having for its object plunder, if not murder. He freely discussed his plans and his proposed methods of defense with both Eric and Gertrude but the others were left undisturbed, except as they were called upon for their aid in the execution of some part of the various schemes devised by the two men to watch and ward the lives and property under his care.

Among other things looking to their greater security, he, with the aid of Eric and Tuesday perfected the connection between the warehouse and the lighthouse by increasing its size where at places it grew pinched and narrow. And more than all he excavated the earth under the deep foundations and made an entrance into its lower story, but this he did not leave open even to himself. He fastened the opening and it was only to be opened at a certain understood signal and moreover it was concealed from view by a quantity of light baskets which the Madame with her Indian craft had woven for sale to the passengers coming up on the steamers in the Spring and those also which had been left over unsold from the previous season.

This connection with the lighthouse, having been finished with excessive toil on the part of the three men, was next succeeded by the withdrawal into the tunnel of all the most valuable furs and cloths belonging to the Company. These were hidden in recesses, a few in a

place, made in the snow along the line of the tunnel. This labor was ceaseless until, as the days went by, the coarser and heavier articles, such as coffee, tea, and certain articles of hardware and cooking were hidden away. In the accomplishment of these laborious and difficult tasks the enormous strength of Eric and the agility and trained endurance of Grimley enabled them to do the work of six men. The docile strength of Tuesday and Hector was constantly utilized, adding much to the amount of work done but perhaps as much as all to produce these results was the part performed by Gertrude. She furnished twice a day a meal composed of dishes containing the highest nutrition, so that the strength of the laborers did not decrease. But none the less were they inspired by the bright and appreciative encouragement they met from Gertrude and Ruth, for the latter was soon admitted into the full confidence and plans of Grimley, and her experience in Canadian winter life was a continual help to the others.

One thing surprised Grimley, and that was the ease with which they could drive an underground trench just beneath the surface of the snow. The frozen crust of the earth did not extend more than three inches below the surface and with this for a roof and working in the warm and sandy loam there was nothing in the way of very rapid progress. The six feet of snow, soft after once passing the frozen surface, answered the double purpose of a warmth producer and a concealment. Thus when Eric proposed a tunnel to the cabin which he occupied, although the distance was a full eighth of a mile, the plan was executed. The difficulty of conveying the earth too great a distance was removed by breaking through the roof of the tunnel and lifting

the earth into cavities made in the soft body of the snow resting above the harder earth.

A week saw this work finished. Let us describe a device contrived by Grimley and completed during the week following the horrid discovery of Eric. In the stock of merchandise at the warehouse there was a bundle of hollow iron tubing designed for experimental work in the Lake Superior copper mines but left over for a time at the station of which Grimley was agent. The tubes were in long lengths and with a bore of about two inches diameter in the center. With the rough tools at hand, Grimley and Eric cut these into lengths of about two feet and closing up one end and boring a small aperture near that end, they had nearly fifty firearms of a very peculiar but somewhat effective pattern.

The grimed and perspiring workmen loaded one of these barrels with a small charge of powder and a light charge of the heaviest kind of shot and upon trial it proved an efficient weapon. Grimley named them blunderbusses, although as he fastened each of them to heavy blocks of wood they were more like small cannon. In discharging the trial load, Eric aimed the blunderbuss towards his own little cabin and one of the flying shot inadvertently struck and killed his remaining turkey. The fowl was in good condition for eating and the following day it was set hot and steaming upon the dinner table. Grimley remarked to Eric that the trial of their new weapon as a war-like device was doubly a success the first time it was tried: It killed and it had utilized the powder and shot by furnishing them with a dinner, but it is not time now to speak fully of these weapons.

Gertrude in the meantime early and late kept careful watch of the horizon. Within the week she had been rewarded for her attention by witnessing the going and return of several parties of from three to ten men to the neighboring island and to the vicinity, she was confident, of the deserted schooner. Through the clear air and aided by her powerful glass she readily saw that each party returned bearing some foreign burden, which she readily conjectured to be the contents of the barrels of spirits.

As day succeeded day these parties increased in numbers and at the close of a week no less than three or four groups could be observed passing over and returning daily.

Eric said that the news of the prize was spreading like wildfire along the lake side and these parties were but the advance column of hundreds who would be attracted to the gathering of the spoil.

The original party had done their bloody work and disappeared and those who were now coming and going were those who had learned of the great prize and were availing themselves of the unexpected chance for securing the coveted though dangerous article. That it was no lamb like spirit might have been known when it was spoken in hushed tones among the poor women who were sighing for spring time in the hamlets of the mainland. That no less than seven men, five natives and two white men had been frozen to death, owing to intoxication while on the passage to or from the schooner; that one white man and two Indians had murdered, while under the awful spell caused by the use of the stolen merchandise, their entire families and there had been continual contests in which no less than a score of men had

fallen dead or desperately wounded. The fame of these things spread for a hundred miles and instead of deterring them from going into the dangerous evil of the serpent, it but crazed and excited scores of men who were otherwise usually quiet and kind, and they too joined the continually growing throng. The weather was mild and still sunny by day and there was a bright moonlight at night.

Grimley made a remark to Gertrude, which she afterwards recalled, one day as they stood in her little reception room, alternately using the spy glass. "It is half a month since we were so excited by the appearance of the pack of wolves but to me they seem like angels of light compared to those men as they now are crazed by liquor. I would rather meet a hungry pack of the savage brutes with the fierce nature with which God has endowed them than a half dozen of those men, after they have become fighting mad with liquor." So might have said the poor women who were the weak subjects of their blows and imprecations, not to say worse brutality.

It was in effect as though a new and strange pestilence had broken out in that semi-savage district as it was inhabited by a few hundred scattered lumbermen, hunters and fishermen, nominally civilized white people.

Let us return for a moment, scenes of peaceful, almost comfort, among our little group. Grimley maintained an outward calm which inspired confidence in all the others. Every day after the necessary household duties, no particular of which was neglected, the little school gathered and the instructors kept steadily to the mark of thorough advance.

When the queerly assorted class grew weary, as they frequently did, Grimley with a selection, either read or

recited, often revived their attention or Gertrude sang a song of humorous tenor or lead them in one of several chorus songs in which she had trained them.

It was, however, at night that the insecurity of their position oppressed all those who were capable of appreciating it. Ruth remembered the horrid sight she had seen as she cast a parting glance at her companions on the schooner. Eric remembered many bloody scenes in which he had been involved in his troubled career. The Madame missed her husband more and more, and upon Gertrude and Grimley came the full burden of care. With their delicate natures and their inexperience with frontier life they realized that a mysterious peril shadowed their lives.

At length when the tunnel under Eric's cabin had been completed and the blunderbusses all mounted in their blocks, Grimley asked Eric his view of the situation. He shook his head and said sadly: "Mr. Grimley, I am afraid you were right about our getting into a place of safety. Yours were no idle fears but when I said no to your yes, no such murders as those of the schooner's crew were to be dreamed of, nor of the existence of such a quantity of hell fire so near us. I wish you had insisted upon Miss Gertrude's going and yet if you had Ruth and the dear little Esther would not now be living, and the strong man held his head down to conceal a falling tear—shed not for himself but for the sake of those whom he now loved dearer than life.

"Eric!" said Grimley, but with a cool low voice, "I was full of fear then but now I am the other way. Do you know I pant for the battle. I feel that it is on its way, and the wild delight, I have heard men speak of feeling on the eve of battle, I feel coming in my veins. It is as it used to be when I was a lad about entering

into a boyish game. I feel ready for the tug and toil. Do you know that I continually think of that desperate pack of wolves and the way we served them."

"Yes," interrupted Eric, "they were better than all killed—the two who escaped will cause our entire freedom from the whole race for years. These animals—you may call them 'rough brothers' if you will—have a way of communicating with each other and ere now the whole wolf community for hundreds of miles are warned of the danger of coming to our island. It is almost laughable, but true."

Grimley rejoined, "When I think of these human wolves and what deeds of violence they may commit and to which these dear women and children are exposed, my blood flames and faculties of war-like resources flash thick upon me. I feel as warriors must on the eve of contact—a tremendous thirst for blood. Eric," continued Grimley, with rare openness, "I cannot feel it wrong but it is a new and strange sensation. I wish to kill and to destroy and I have felt so, ever since your return from the schooner and I saw Gertrude and Ruth weep for those poor sailors so fearfully murdered."

Eric was warmed by Grimley's eloquence and replied with a cheerful heartiness, "Yes, Mr. Grimley, and when you go into the strife I shall be with you, only, though, as a follower. I have heard of a general who in counting up his forces, ere going into a fight, always put himself as equal to twenty thousand men, and in defense I am sure you will be equal to a score of such men as I am."

Grimley smiled at his companion's complimentary comparison, and said, "I am all unfitted by habit and training for this wild work but perchance the spirit of some far off ancestor—some robber chief or pirate may re-awaken in my blood a portion of his spirit. God grant

that it may be so if the danger we dread descend upon us. A silence ensued between the two for a long time, which Grimley broke by asking Eric in a hesitating voice, "Eric, you know plenty of people over on the mainland, do you not?"

"Yes," reluctantly answered Eric. "Many of them but none whom I wish to see again. I thought well of Dan'l, until I saw him behave so like a devil at the schooner. Now I am sure that if he did not lead the murderous gang, he had full knowledge of their iniquity."

Frontispiece of Book II.

Book II

THE MORMON KING

THE MORMON KING

PART TWO

CHAPTER XXXVII

ERIC APPEALS TO THE INDIANS

In order not to weary the reader with too much detail of the monotonous situation, growing out of the preparation for events which might not transpire, we leave for a time our curiously assorted company on the Island to transfer ourselves to the opposite shore of Michigan, where for many years somewhat before and somewhat after the date of our story the problem of Mormonism was a vital question.

Northern Michigan at this time was thinly populated by hunters in the employ of fur traders, but even more largely by fishermen living in close proximity to the shore of the great lake, from which they drew their sustenance, and also by a few thousand settlers, who had by purchase or otherwise obtained their farms from the United States Government. At the time of our story Michigan had, within a year or two, been admitted to the Union in full statehood. In our narrative the aborigines remain to be spoken of. These roving people could not be described as inhabiting this or any other state. They drifted from point to point for many hundreds of miles

through Canada, Missouri, Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan. The nature of these wandering people has been described by our friend Eric when he told of his journey to the Rocky Mountains. For a year or more in the northern part of the state these various people, Indians and settlers, mixed with each other; part of the time with friendliness, and part of the time with deadly hatred.

The Indians of Michigan were mostly of the Chippewa tribe. They lived in villages of considerable size, moving from place to place very frequently, to obtain fresh grounds. Hence, everything about their villages was of the most temporary character.

Just at the time of our story there was a large village, numbering perhaps three or four hundred Chippewas, located about three miles from the shore of the lake. Their dwellings consisted of tepees, similar to those described by Eric as existing among the plain Indians. It may be noted in passing that the latter had horses, but these forest Indians were without them. When the Chippewas were journeying from place to place they wound their way on foot through the great forests of pine, hemlock and oak, usually in single file, one Indian following the one preceding and stepping into the footprints made by his predecessor, thus leaving but a single footprint for the whole band.

It was sometimes a gruesome sight for a stranger to meet one of these long lines of silent figures walking like animated statues, with eyes straight forward and quite unobservent of trapper, settler or fisherman, whom they met.

These villages are largely without any names, but called after the tribe. In the collection of tepees, which

we have particularly in mind, could be seen the bold warriors described in the games on the Island. They were loafing from lodge to lodge, talking, laughing, gossiping, and displaying the greatest activity in obeying the shrill orders of their unlovely squaws.

Behold, here are "Hole in the Sky," "Beetle," "Iron Arms," "Bad Woodchuck," "Bear Trapper," "The Diver," all redoubtable warriors, but now quite different in their present slouching, indifferent, attitude from the alert and manly way they appeared when we first made their acquaintance.

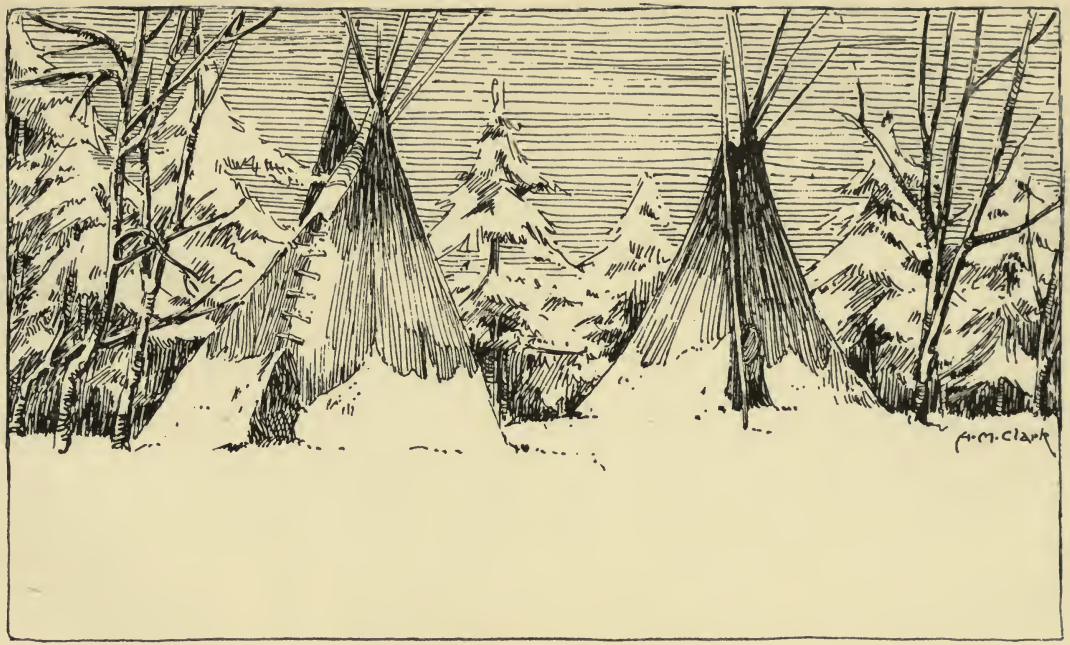
On a certain sunny day there appeared at the village, rosy with exercise, our champion Eric, followed by his devoted Tuesday, who was, as before stated, a converted Indian, but well acquainted with the language and somewhat so, with the various members of the tribe. The latter—Tuesday—walking from lodge to lodge, pulling open without ceremony the guarding flap of the tepees and in a few brief words requested a meeting of the warriors of the tribe to hear what Eric had to say to them.

In a short time the warriors were gathered in council, some sixty or eighty of them, seated in a semi-circle with the long pipe of peace designed to be passed from mouth to mouth, as the council progressed. When the Indians had gathered they sat on the ground with their knees hunched up to their chins, their blankets wrapped about their bodies, and in some cases around their heads, but all arranged so that their black gleaming eyes and their ears were visibly on the alert. In the front row were placed those natives whose fanciful names we have before mentioned; they being the chiefs of the tribe.

Now, quite unabashed, facing the Indians, are to be

seen Eric and Tuesday. Eric spoke in the English language and Tuesday was the interpreter. The deliberateness of the council was a thing to be noted. Respectful attention on the part of the Indians and the careful speech of Eric slowly interpreted by Tuesday bore no traces of impatience. Eric opened the conference with something after these words: "Brothers, we are no strangers to each other. You know who I am, a servant, an employee of the Great Western Transportation Company, whose ships pass so often between the island and the main shore. I know you and you have my heart's affection. We have met in trades for furs and you have found me an honest trader. I don't wish to boast but I have endeavored to be truly your friend and brother. Now, I wish to tell you something which will surprise you. I am a Mormon. I am one of that company of whom so many of you are afraid lest they will take your lands, not for pay but for gratification of their wish to be land-owners. I have discovered that these Mormons are a bad lot of men. When I joined them several years ago I was young and inexperienced. I thought they were true men, nearly all of them are so, but they are led by very bad men. These Mormons caused me to take oath when I joined them that I would obey their head men without question in anything that they ordered me to do. It is true, I have endeavored to keep my oath but I have at times refused to do what was ordered of me, but not often.

"I have decided to resign from among them even at the risk of my life, for you know that among this set of men human life and liberty is counted at a very small price. You know that the Mormons have a settlement about three miles down the lake shore, opposite the island. I am going down to their meeting this noon to



Page 398. "Their dwellings consisted of tepees."

tell them that I resign all connection with their doings, and with themselves as a Mormon.

"Your friend Eric Johnson asks you for your protection when he shall stand before the meeting and express his feelings towards them and what they do and that he is no longer at their service or orders. To this I expect anger to arise in their bosoms, and when men are angry you know what results from it."

It will be remembered that Eric had received a letter of which we have not further spoken, but which contained an order for him to appear before a meeting of his superiors on the mainland opposite the Island. To speak plainly a meeting of King Strang (now first mentioned) and his Council of Twelve.

To explain Eric's narration and his request for protection by the Indians it will be necessary for us to speak of the designs of a new kingdom being established in this new and growing part of the Northwest.

To make this historical, and entirely plain we will have to go back to the time when the citizens of Illinois after years of strife and contention between the Mormons, had driven out with an armed force the Mormon community in Nauvoo, resulting in the killing of their prophet Joseph Smith and his brother.

The following pages are given to the historical facts, important to be known by the reader.

On a farm in the town of Scipio, James Jesse Strang was born March 21, 1813. At three years of age his parents moved to Hanover, Chautauqua county, in the same state; there his life was passed until early manhood. The meager advantages which he enjoyed of a country school were supplemented by a brief term at Fredonia Academy.

As a youth he was known as a great reader and

noted for a remarkably retentive memory. In the local debating clubs he vanquished all opponents. While working on the farm he pored over law books and eagerly read and quite likely partially digested them. He was admitted to the bar and began to practise in Mayville, later moving to Ellington and becoming postmaster there. He was married to Mary Perce shortly after he was admitted to the bar.

He now began a roving life, changing from one occupation to another, seemingly without motive, except to follow the bent of his wandering nature. He taught a country school, edited a newspaper, and even took to the rostrum as a temperance lecturer. He was full of energy and ambition and a remarkably ready and effective speaker.

Up to this time Strang's history was that of thousands of young Americans who end their feverish young lives in some quiet community and are never more heard of, except as good husbands and honored fathers. It might be added that these country lawyers, of which he was one, live with seeming affluence but die poor, leaving their families to begin life where they had begun it themselves—that is with nothing.

But Strang had heard Horace Greeley's remark which had influenced thousands—"Young man, go West." His wife's brother had already gone towards the setting sun and it was at his solicitation that the young and ambitious Strang removed to Wisconsin in 1843. Here he resumed the practice of law, forming a partnership with a Mr. Barnes. In the year following his removal to Wisconsin there came several itinerant missionaries from the church of the Latter-Day Saints at Nauvoo, Illinois. Their arguments appealed with peculiar fascination to the temperament of Strang as a cause

into which he could throw himself heart and soul. It was a field that afforded his peculiar talents full sway, on account of the very limited education and endowments of the average people of the West. Hence, before six months had expired Strang developed from an humble convert to one of the approved heads of the church.

He visited Nauvoo in 1844 and was initiated by the so-called prophet, Joseph Smith, into the mysterious communion of the Latter-Day Saints. As might be expected of such a kindred personage, the prophet Smith conceived a great regard for the young zealot from Wisconsin and but a week after his reception Strang had been made an elder with authority to plant "a stake of Zion" in the immediate village and in the neighborhood of his Wisconsin home. With restless energy and marvelous success Strang began his propaganda and laid the foundations for the Mormon city of Voree. What his ideas were can only be conjectured in the light of his subsequent dream of power. Intensely ambitious and versed in the arts that enable leadership of men, fired with religious fervor, keenly conscious of his own abilities, the example of Joseph Smith's success doubtless inspired him with hopeful ambitions. He saw in Smith an uneducated man, and with no unusual powers who, from the humblest origin became in the course of but a few years the unchallenged prophet of many thousands of men, and he hoped to at least equal his leader.

In June following Strang's visit to Nauvoo the prophet and his brother Hiram were killed by a mob at Carthage in the State of Illinois. These two men had been accused of breaking the law and were taken from Nauvoo after considerable resistance to the county seat, where they were confined, awaiting trial. Here they were over-

powered by a mob of incensed citizens and riddled with bullets.

This tragic event left the Mormons without a leader. They were supposed at this time to number 150,000 scattered throughout the various quarters of the earth.

This seemed to be the opportunity of Strang's life. Upon whom should the mantle of the murdered seer fall? Many sought the succession, but only one of them possessed the energy or capacity to measure weapons for more than a brief period with the afterwards well-known Brigham Young. That one was Strang, who was the only one who displayed any genuine qualities of leadership, except Young himself.

That the latter feared Strang is attested by the bitterness with which, in pamphlets and in Mormon newspapers Strang was assailed, while the other pretenders were almost ignored as if unworthy of notice. In the struggle which ensued between Brigham Young and James Jesse Strang the former had all the advantage of an entrenched position. He was one of the all-powerful council of twelve and at first fed the enmity of his colleagues towards Strang and outside aspirants, by ingeniously suggesting to each individual, hopes of personal aggrandizement. It was a shrewd scheme, to first crush outside aspirants and then narrow down rivalry at home by cajolery or intimidation till his own elevation became possible.

Joseph Smith's Nauvoo followers had not recovered from their leader's assassination before Strang was in their midst exhorting them to follow him to the city of promise in Wisconsin. He exhibited a letter purporting to have been written by the seer, just before his assassination, prophesying that he (Smith) would soon wear the double crown of martyr and king in a heavenly world and

appointing James Strang as his successor. The authenticity of this letter was denied by the followers of Brigham Young and it became in their hands an argument against Strang. With much shrewdness the council of twelve spread among the people the doctrine that the martyred prophet could have no successor and their united opposition disposed of the pretensions of the several claimants. The most vigorous claimant was Strang, fortified with the letter alleged to have been sent him by Joseph Smith. The twelve apostles summoned a conference. With much force and logic Strang defended his position. The apostles contended that no mortal man could assume the prophetic succession and hold the keys of authority which Joseph Smith had obtained from the hands of angels. "Let no man presume for a moment that his place will be filled by another," were the often reiterated words of the council. In the face of the sentiment thus created Strang made a hopeless appeal for recognition. His pretensions were ignored and with the usual directness of the church ritual he was "given over to the buffetings of Satan." The Nauvoo papers at this time fairly teemed with denunciation of the pretender Strang. He was not so easily disposed of, however. With a body of dissatisfied Mormons whom his remarkable powers of oratory had attached to his cause, he returned to Voree in Wisconsin and began to build up his city of refuge, prophesying that the Mormons of Nauvoo on their part would be driven away and that then the words of Joseph Smith would be realized, and he himself be the prophet and leader.

In every detail Strang carried out the policy by which the seer Joseph had appealed to his followers. He pretended to have revelations. These he transcribed in imitation of scriptural language, teeming with vague phrases

upon which he placed such interpretations as were needful to carry out his immediate purposes. He organized his church as prescribed by the sacred books of the Mormon faith, with a council of twelve and quorums of elders and priests. Over all these he exercised supreme authority. Like Joseph Smith when schism threatened or murmurs of discontent came to his ears he would silence all opposition by means of a convenient revelation.

The crowning achievement and one which disturbed the authorities at Nauvoo considerably was the finding of buried plates near the City of Voree. These Strang claimed to be the long lost "Book of the Lord," admirably supplementing the "book of Mormon" which Joseph Smith had in like manner translated from plates dug out of the hill of Cumorah in the State of New York. None of these artifices were original with Strang. Joseph Smith had employed them all successfully but there was shrewd method rather than lack of originality in this imitation. Doubtless, Strang's purpose was to verify his pretension that the prophetic succession had devolved upon himself. In no manner could he have appealed more forcibly to the religious delusion entertained by the followers of Joseph Smith.

The twelve apostles whom he sent as missionaries to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and elsewhere in the East, encountered in bitter controversy the proselyting agents of Brigham Young. His (Strang's) press at Voree turned out thousands of pamphlets aiming to show the hollow spuriousness of the doctrines enunciated by Brigham Young's followers. The "Voree Herald" contained as bitter tirades against them as did the Nauvoo "Times and Seasons" against himself. He displayed tremendous energy with tongue and pen, and the reports of

conferences in the "Voree Herald" gave evidence of it.

The Liverpool (England) paper published by the Mormons assailed Strang with great bitterness. These are the head lines of a published article nearly four columns in length: "Sketches of Notorious Characters. James J. Strang, successor of Sidney Rigdon, Judas Iscariot, Cain & Company, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Most Gracious Majesty, Lucifer the I., etc."

In Philadelphia, August 30, 1846, Strang found Orson Hyde and J. Taylor, two of his old time opponents, holding meetings. He challenged them to a public debate to show who had the best authority to represent the true Mormon faith. This was the answer he received: "Your case has been disposed of by the authorities of the Church, and being satisfied with our own power and calling, we have no disposition to ask from whence yours came."

It must be admitted that in the numerous pamphlets which he scattered broadcast, and in his newspaper rejoinders, Strang kept his temper much better than the Nauvoo disputants. But his failure to secure recognition at Nauvoo rankled deeply.

The great exodus of Mormons across the Mississippi River, and to the wilderness of the West began early in February, 1846. Long before this, however, the knot had been tightening around the doomed city of Nauvoo. Every man's hand was uplifted against the Mormons, and conflicts frequently occurred between the Saints and their neighbors outside the fold. Strang's prolific press at Voree turned out thousands of copies of what he termed "The first pastoral letter of James, the Prophet," opposing the exodus Westward. It bore date of December 25, 1845, and concluded as follows:

"Let not my call to you be in vain. The destroyer (referring to Brigham Young) has gone forth among you, and has prevailed. You are preparing to resign country and houses and lands to him. Many of you are about to leave the haunts of civilization and of men to go into an unexplored wilderness among savages, and in trackless deserts, to seek a home in the wilds where the foot-print of the white man is not found. The voice of God has not called you to this. His promise has not gone before to prepare a habitation for you. The hearts of the Lamanites (Indians) are not turned unto you, and they will not regard you. When the herd comes, the savages shall pursue. The cloud which surrounds by day shall bewilder, and the pillar of fire by night shall consume and reveal you to the destroyer.

"Let the oppressed flee for safety unto Voree, and let the gathering of the people be there. . . . Let the filth of Zion be cleansed, and her garments of peace put on."

This is a specimen of Strang's gift of eloquence, which he used in maintaining his part of the controversy, and is indicative of his qualities of leadership. This letter is dated only a few weeks before the emigration Westward began. It was ineffectual.

By the withdrawal of the Brighamites, Strang's colony at Voree alone remained the center in the Northwestern country of the thousands of Mormons who had embraced the faith of Joseph Smith. Sidney Rigdon had led a small contingent into Pennsylvania, Lyman Wight a few followers to Texas, Smith a little contingent to a corner of Illinois. These were offshoots that came to nought. At Voree the numbers constantly increased. Missionaries were sent to the East to seek both converts and money. The press turned out pamphlets which were scattered broadcast. Regularly the "Voree Herald" was issued for

distribution among the faithful. Some internal dissensions arose from time to time but Strang easily disposed of them. The minutes of one of the conferences note that a certain member was suspended by Prophet James for most grossly slandering two of the other brethren, and neglecting his mission to follow after the diabolical revelations of a certain Increase McGee Van Dusen. At another conference the apostasy of John Page, president of the Twelve, was the subject of comment and this resolution was spread upon the minutes: "Resolved, that we deliver him (Page) over to the buffetings of Satan until he repent." These are specimens of continually recurring bickerings and backbiting, but the city of Voree grew and flourished.

The Saints at first met in a grove, but a splendid temple was planned. George J. Adams, a former actor converted to Mormonism, wrote of this edifice: "The temple is going up steadily and constantly and a most beautiful structure it will be when finished. It covers two and one-sixth acres of ground, has twelve towers, and a great hall two hundred feet square in the center, the walls of which are eight feet thick. The floors and roofs are to be of marble and when finished it will be the grandest building in the world. This strong Tower of Zion is being erected on the Hill of Promise, the foundation walls of which are three or four feet thick, which when finished is for the carrying on of the order of Enoch, in all its beauty and fullness."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

CORONATION OF KING STRANG

It need not be said that the temple was never completed; it soon became apparent to Strang that the same conditions which had driven the Mormons of Nauvoo to a trans-Mississippi wilderness would endanger the permanency of his own colony. For the growth of a Mormon community isolation was essential; where Gentile influences controlled the vicinage there the utter annihilation of Mormonism was but a question of time.

To return again to the first beginning of the new kingdom, it is interesting to recount some particulars. In Strang's wanderings he had caught a glimpse from a vessel's deck of the natural beauty and seeming fruitfulness of a cluster of islands near the door that divides the great inland seas of Huron and Michigan. Here was an ideal spot remote from the obtrusiveness of officers whose views of law might differ from his own; yet, not so distant from the line of travel as to render profitable traffic impossible. The waters teemed with excellent fish; the forest would furnish an abundance of most excellent timber; the soil needed but to be scratched to yield in multiplied plenty. To this land of promise could he lead his Saints; here would they wax fat and be strong.

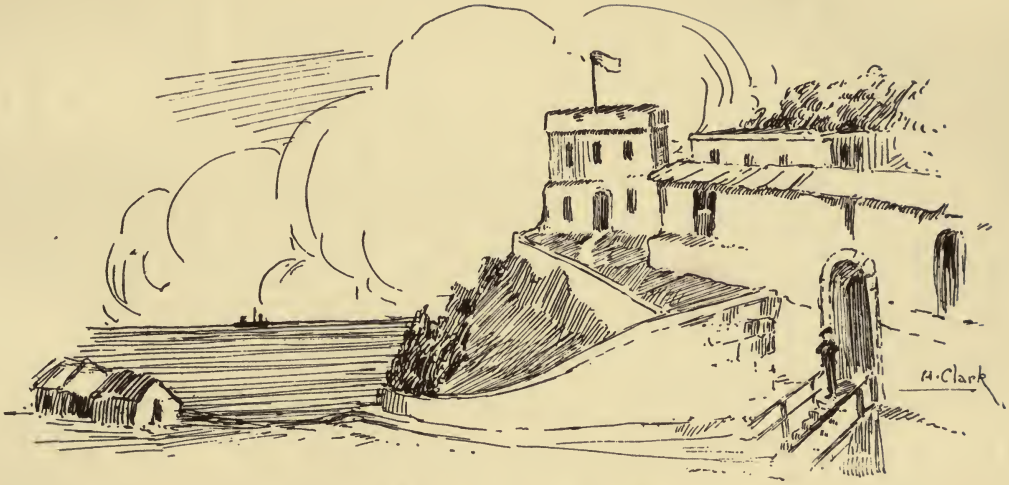
If this was Strang's dream of empire as subsequent events indicated, the beginnings were indeed humble. He is authority for the statement that he fixed on the islands in Lake Michigan as a place for a Mormon community

in 1846. Nearly a year elapsed before his plans could be set in motion. With four companions he took passage on a little craft, the captain agreeing to land him on Beaver Island at the head of Lake Michigan. They sold their blankets to pay their passage and on the 11th day of May stepped from the little sailing vessel upon the soil of the land which the leader prophetically declared would prove to them an inheritance. They were without a cent of money but had provisions enough to last two days. Their reception was inhospitable in the extreme. At neither of the two trade houses then on the island could the five penniless men arrange for lodging, so they sought the shelter of the woods. Constructing a camp of hemlock they undertook a thorough exploration of the island. Leeks and beech nuts served them for food while they were thus engaged.

Their perseverance brought its reward. They soon obtained employment and it was not long before they had accumulated a store of provisions, built a log cabin and arranged for the use of a boat. Strang and two of the men returned to Voree to start the migration to the new land of promise. Winter locked upon the island a Mormon population of five men and thirteen women and children. The following winter the Mormons on the island numbered sixty-two, seventeen of them being men. In the summer of 1849 Saints began to arrive in considerable numbers. Instead of confining their efforts to working for the traders at the harbor they now felt numerically strong enough to begin for themselves. Twelve elders went in various directions to summon the faithful to the new stake of Zion and to seek additional converts. The new islanders began the construction of a schooner, built a steam saw mill and made a road to the interior where the land was exceptionally adapted for agriculture.

They manifested so much energy that the fishermen whose rude huts were built along the coast here, as well as on the mainland opposite, took serious alarm. A land sale being held at this time, considerable friction occurred between Mormon and Gentile claimants of choice tracts. There arose an unpleasantness that later brought bitter fruit. It was claimed by the Saints that the fishermen induced the captains of vessels bearing Mormon emigrants not to land at Beaver Island. Many were carried on to Wisconsin who had been ticketed from the east to the harbor of St. James, for so the Mormons had rechristened the horseshoe bend where vessels came to land and where in stormy weather they found a safe haven.

It was not long before the Mormons bade fair to control the island. They but believed that they had come into their own, for this was the revelation given the seer and prophet long before their coming. The following are the eloquent words of Strang: "So I beheld a land amidst wide waters and covered with large timber, with a deep broad bay on one side of it; and I wandered over it upon little hills and among rich valleys, where the air was pure and serene, and the unfolding foliage, with its fragrant shades, directed me till I wandered to bright clear waters scarcely ruffled by the breeze. . . . And one came near unto me, and I said: 'What means this?' And he answered and said: 'Behold, here shall God establish His people. . . . For He will make their arm strong, and their bow shall abide in strength, and they shall not bow to the oppressor, and the power of the Gentile shall not be upon them, for the arm of God shall be with them to support. . . . It hath abundance in the riches of the forest, and in the riches of the earth, and in the riches of the waters. And the Lord God shall add possession



"Fort Mackinaw."—Page 410

unto the faithful, and give good gifts unto them that keep His law, and He will establish them therein forever.'"

To appreciate the spirit maintaining the Saints in thus taking possession, one must realize the fervor of their faith in the revelation of their seer. There were indeed among them, those who had in mind mere pelf and plunder, but the greater number of the misled people were no doubt inspired by fanatic zeal. The law of Moses was their law, supplemented by the doctrines of Mormon and visions of Strang. To follow these instructions was to do no wrong, no matter what laws of the land they violated. Like the children of Israel they were going from the wilderness to a land overflowing with milk and honey. As the people led by Moses had ruthlessly slain the Amorites, the Amalakites, and the Midianites, so they felt justified in smiting the Lamanites, or Gentiles. There was this distinction, that they lived in an age when prudence forbade violent physical onslaught upon neighboring inhabitants, and legal strategy took the place of physical violence. This, at least, was the policy of the leaders, and they were implicitly obeyed. Strang was to prove that he had not forgotten the intricacies of the law he was sworn to practice honestly.

The Mormons gave a new nomenclature to the physical characteristics of the island. The landlocked harbor was called St. James. The little village which they soon constructed they dignified by the name of city of St. James. A hill in the interior was called Mount Pisgah. The River Jordan discharged into the lake the waters that poured into the bed from the sea of Galilee. Under Strang's guidance they built houses and a large tabernacle of squared logs. Thus

did the names given by the early settlers receive the distinctive impress of the Mormon population.

Encounters between Mormons and Gentiles soon became frequent. The Mormons planned a large tabernacle. While some of them were getting out the timber for the structure they were set upon and cruelly beaten. Drunken fishermen invaded their homes and subjected the women to indignities. Debating clubs were attended by uninvited guests whose boisterous conduct prevented proceedings. Men from old Michilimackinac came in boats to raid outlying farmhouses.

About the year 1850 the Saints began to retaliate in earnest. Their numbers had so increased that they could safely do so. The ambitions of Strang were about to be realized. He had reorganized his community. The book of the "Law of the Lord" which he had translated from plates dug out from the hill of Voree had added another sacred book to the Mormon library, ranking in the faith of the Beaver Islanders with the Bible and the Book of Mormon. Written on metallic plates long previous to the Babylonish captivity, as Strang explained to his credulous followers, the Urim and Thummim brought to him by an angel's hand had enabled him to interpret the characters thereof. Thus had he restored to the chosen people the ancient manuscript long lost to the Jewish nation.

And the Beaver Islander Mormons believed what he said.

"The Calling of a King" was the caption of Chapter XX of the Book of the Law of the Lord, and therein appeared these words as the sixth section:

"6. He (God) hath chosen His servant James to

"Mormon fishing Boat."—Chapter 38, Page 412

be King; He hath made him His Apostle to all nations: He hath established Him a Prophet above the kings of the earth; and appointed him King in Zion: By His voice did He call him, and He sent His angels unto him to ordain him."

The 8th of July, 1850, was set for the coronation of King Strang, and great preparations were made for the event. A threatened invasion by the inhabitants of Mackinac and other points on the mainland, having for its object the extinction of the new kingdom, miscarried. The coronation of the king proceeded according to program. On the date given Strang assumed royal powers.

The ceremonies attendant upon the coronation of King James were described by a young woman then living with her Mormon parents at Beaver Island (as found in the "Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections," Vol. 32—1902):

"I was present when Strang was crowned king. The ceremony took place in the tabernacle, a building about eighty feet long, constructed of hewn logs, and but partly completed at the time of the coronation. Like any young woman under similar circumstances I was anxious to be present and managed to get into the tabernacle. At one end was a platform, and towards it moved the procession of elders and other quorum, escorting the king. First came the king, dressed in a robe of bright red, and accompanied by his council. Then followed the twelve elders, 'the seventy' and the minor orders of the ministry, or quorums, as they were called. The people were permitted to occupy what space remained in the tabernacle.

"The chief ceremonials were performed by George

A. Adams, president of the council of elders. Adams was a man of imposing presence. He was over six feet tall, and he towered over the short-statured king, who, however, made up in intellect what he lacked in frame. Adams had been an actor, and he succeeded in making the crowning of the king a very imposing ceremony. It ended by placing upon the august head of King Strang a crown of bright metal. The crown was a plain circlet, with a cluster of stars projecting in front. It was July 8th that this ceremony occurred, and every recurring 8th of July was known as the King's day and was celebrated as a holiday with many festivities. The entire population of the island would gather at a place in the woods to go through prescribed ceremonials—the hewers of wood and drawers of water to make proper obeisance to the king. There were burnt offerings to begin with. The head of each family brought a fowl and a heifer. Its body was dissected without breaking a bone. After these ceremonials there was feasting and rejoicing, and the people danced on the greensward. King's day was the same with the islanders as the Fourth of July is with us." This is the plain and unexaggerated story told by the maiden as she recalled it in after life.

King Strang was now supreme on Beaver Island, and bade fair to soon control the entire group of islands, one of which was the "Little Manitou." It should be remembered that this young king was a lawyer trained in all the subtleties of the law and a speaker whose voice was magnetic in its control of any audience which he might address. He had spent seven years familiarizing himself with the customs and peoples of the West, and, taken all in all, he

was a powerful character. All this aside from his pretensions as a prophet and king. His policy was to foster the fisheries as a source of profit to his people and to use the power of political machinery to secure immunity for any infractions of the law which might be committed.

As the population of the island multiplied, the power of the Mormons increased without check. Such expressions as "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and "we are the Lord's chosen people" stilled the consciences and justified the use of property owned by others. Reports of these irregular proceedings were transmitted to President Millard Fillmore, who was informed that among the remote islands of Michigan a person named Strang had established what he termed a kingdom but what actually was but a nest of freebooters engaged in robbery and counterfeiting. The President dispatched the armed steamer *Michigan* to the Mormon kingdom and ordered the arrest of the king (?) for treason. The *Michigan* reached the harbor of St. James one midnight. The next morning King Strang went aboard and surrendered himself, as did two score more other Mormons. The officers had been told that in an artificial cavern in Mount Pisgah the workshop of the counterfeiters could be found. They failed to locate such a cave.

After holding court under an awning on the steamer's deck and taking a mass of testimony the United States officers released many of the Mormons and steamed for Detroit with Strang and a few of his leading men. There from the latter part of May till the 9th of July was held a trial that attracted attention throughout the country. The indictments

against Strang included mail robbery, counterfeiting, and treason. He conducted his own defense with such skill and shrewdness as to result in his acquittal. His speech to the jury was highly dramatic. He pictured himself a martyr to religious prejudices. He was a master of emotional oratory, and on this occasion particularly so. His acquittal was gained in the face of a violent local prejudice and the most virulent attacks in the local press. It was a victory that gave him an immense prestige at home and aided him abroad. In the meantime the hatred of the traders and fishermen on the shore opposite the Beaver Island became more intense.

The border feud became so bitter that the newspapers of Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, and New York, and especially the Detroit *Free Press,* were particularly conspicuous in publishing reports of Mormon depredations. Strang published an elaborate defense in the New York *Tribune* of July 2, 1853. As a rule these newspaper accounts represented the Mormons as a band of pirates engaged in plunder and crimes of all kinds. It is difficult at this day to judge how far these reports were true.

Biding his opportunity, Strang planned to secure the machinery of the law in his own hands. He so shrewdly manipulated politics that the solid vote of Beaver Island became of great concern to politicians. To the discomfiture of the people of Mackinac, in 1851 the Mormons had elected all the county officers. They now had the sheriff and the entire machinery of law, and could do as they pleased. A Mormon sheriff could serve the warrants, a Mormon jury convict, and a Mormon judge sentence any one resisting the mandate or authority of the king. In 1853 King Strang

secured his own election to the legislature by clever political manipulation. His candidacy was not announced until election day; the Mormons then plumped their votes for him and snowed under their unsuspecting enemies, who supposed their own candidate would go in without opposition. An attempt was made to prevent Strang from taking his seat by serving an old warrant for his arrest. To outwit his foes Strang barricaded himself in his stateroom and withstood a siege till the boat entered the St. Clair, when he broke down the door and sought neutral territory by jumping on a wharf on the Canadian shore. Arrived at the capital, he ascertained that his seat would be contested. He argued his own case, and made such a favorable impression that he obtained the disputed seat. As a legislator he proved industrious and tactful, so that at the close of the session the Detroit *Advertiser* said of him:

"Mr. Strang's course as a member of the present legislature has disarmed much of the prejudice which has surrounded him. Whatever may be said or thought of the peculiar sect of which he is the local head, throughout this session he has conducted himself with a degree of decorum and propriety which has been equalled by his industry, sagacity, good temper, apparent regard for the true interests of the people, and the obligations of his official oath."

During this period of his reign the power of King Strang was at its zenith. Among his own people his word was law, and those outside the fold dared not say him nay. He was monarch of all he surveyed, and he proceeded to put into effect ideas which he had long treasured. The use of intoxicants was prohibited, and likewise of coffee, tea, and tobacco.

There was a code that strictly governed all moral and religious observances, and violations were punished with a rigor that forbade repetition. Tithes were required of every husbandman, and the firstling of every flock and the first fruits of the harvest went to the royal storehouse. Schools were established, and from the royal press were issued books and pamphlets in great number, all of them the product of Strang's prolific pen. The *Northern Islander* was published weekly and then daily. Nothing escaped the watchful eye of the king, whose capacity for work seemed equal to every demand. He was a busy pamphleteer, and he wrote long letters to the papers of the East defending his people against the accusations leveled at them.

In his government of the island, King Strang developed a marvelous capacity for detail. This found expression in an autocratic sway that dictated not only the ecclesiastical customs of his subjects but everything connected with their daily life. Women were required to wear bloomers; men were required to be as decorous in their conduct as women; gaming was prohibited as strictly as was the use of intoxicants. About this time, also, the doctrine of plural marriages was openly advocated; it had been tentatively broached several years before. Polygamy never made much headway, despite the example set by the king, who enlarged his family by taking five additional wives. It is asserted that not more than twenty of these marriages took place on the island up to the time of the end. History goes no further into the future of these unfortunate women.

At the time of which we write the great western country was being populated by immigrants who were

going before the railroads which were already organized, charters having been obtained and surveyed. There were two of these being built through Southern Michigan and bound to arrive at Chicago within a few months. Along the western shore of Lake Michigan there were processions of immigrants passing northward. The tide was mostly outward, made up of people, many of whom were passing to their doom. They were about to die, largely from disease, thousands of homesickness, and many by violence.

The hardships about to be encountered were almost tragic, for the whole country was covered by thousands of square miles of forests of pine, hemlock, and oak. Hence the wilderness had to first be attacked by the axe before it was fit for the plow.

Have we said enough about the uplifted king? Let it be remembered at this time of our story that his opponent was the discredited preacher, a man of equal brain and of superior physical strength; they were to meet in conflict and one was to lie dead. Which one was it to be?

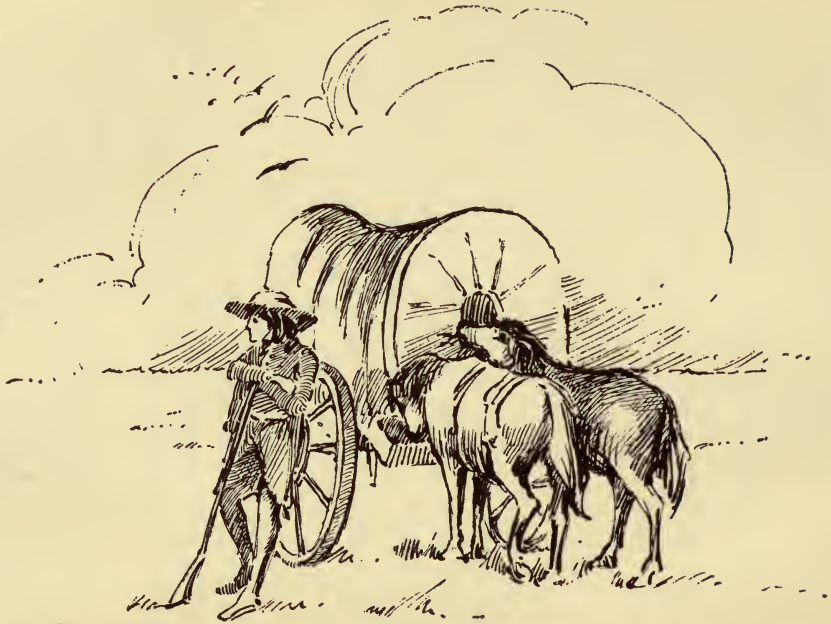
CHAPTER XXXIX

ERIC'S TRIAL, CONVICTION, AND RESCUE

WHILE the great tide flowed northward there was another concourse, although much smaller, returning to the South and back towards civilization.

Among the latter could have been observed on the mainland opposite the Manitou Islands, on a certain bright and sunny February day, a sort of a caravan composed of six covered wagon bodies placed on runners and each drawn by a pair of oxen. Each wagon had painted on its sides a red star. The oxen were of the fast stepping sort, different from the slow moving animals so common in the eastern country. Their pace was twice that of the ordinary ox teams. This caravan was the impressive retinue of King Strang. The roadway upon which these vehicles slipped so easily was composed of about three or four feet of trodden, frozen snow. Strang's kingdom was limited to the island group, but his followers numbered thousands living on the mainland opposite.

His method of travel through the winter was by this rather showy imitation of the chariots of old, such as he probably imagined King David and King Solomon used in ancient days. In effect each wagon body placed upon wooden sleds was a traveling pavilion, and in some respects the forerunner of the more modern Pullman. The extreme difference being in speed, for Strang had these vehicles arranged with many comforts. The first one



"There were processions of immigrants passing northward."—Page 421

was his own private conveyance; the next contained the business department; the last four contained his twelve apostles who were also, when convenient, deputy sheriffs of the county over which Strang wielded absolute control. The outfit was certainly unique, but owing to the self-occupation of the incoming tide of immigrants it attracted little or no attention and certainly no interference.

This retinue, numbering fifteen or twenty men, drew up before a large log house which had over its entrance a sign reading: "The County Court House," or "The Tabernacle." The procession of men filed into the building, which was divided into two rooms. Behind a long table running across one end, standing upon a platform raised one step above the floor, King Strang seated himself. He removed his fur-lined bearskin cap and placed upon his head a crown which shone with brilliance in the darkened atmosphere. His followers ranged themselves on board seats which nearly filled the room; however, with an aisle between.

King Strang faced this open space, up which very soon could be seen proceeding our friend Eric, followed by the Indian, Tuesday. Upon the entrance of these two the King arose and said with an air of assumed majesty: "Remove your hats and answer truly the questions I am about to ask you." One of Strang's attributes with which he was born was a deep, sonorous voice. With this voice he had charmed audiences of thousands in various cities of the country, as well as in the wilderness, when proclaiming himself the chosen prophet of the world and the arbiter of the Mormon community, both in this world and in the world to come, and also of their possessions and consciences. In the meantime Strang had placed a royal red robe over his shoulders and the

effect which met the eyes of Eric and the Indian astonished them and they were visibly agitated. And now followed a long interrogation of the two men. The King, profound advocate as he was, soon was in possession of the events which had transpired on the Little Manitou Island since the *Great West* steamer had left it more than two months before. During this questioning Eric had gradually gained his native courage and he faced Strang with an unquailing eye.

In a full round voice he broke in upon one of the harangues of the impostor and said: "Mr. Strang, I wish to resign and I do resign my connection with the Mormon community. I will have nothing more to do with it. I will obey no more orders and I will pay no more of my money into the treasury. I have found out about you and I do not wish to have anything more to do with your kind of people." It took a man's courage to face the blazing eyes of King Strang and the dark and threatening looks of his retinue. While he addressed the king Eric looked steadily over the audience with the eye of an ancient gladiator.

It would take many adjectives to describe the feelings which animated the despot's mind, to which must be added the anger and rage of an antagonistic audience of nearly twenty powerful men. It seems that Strang had come down the west shore to take possession in a formal manner of the Manitou Islands. Eric was the agent of the Mormons on the island but of doubtful loyalty. Strang had written to him to meet them on the shore opposite the island, there to receive further instructions. Hence his plans were blocked and hence, too, his great rage upon hearing Eric's plain, honest words.

At this point Strang fairly bellowed with his immense

voice, and said: "Eric Johnson, you are expelled from the Mormon community and given over to the devices of the devil from this time forth forevermore. Amen."

Quickly changing his tone, for Strang was a man of powerful self-control, he added, in a gentler voice: "And now, Eric, having turned you over to the devil, I will next turn you over to the law." One of Strang's followers was Adams, the ex-actor, to whom he turned and said: "Mr. Adams, please make out a formal complaint against Eric Johnson and this Indian for stealing the goods and chattels of a stranded schooner now lying over on the shore of North Manitou." Immediately upon his assuming the character of a judge Strang removed his kingly regalia and became the plain prosecuting attorney. It might be mentioned here that our peaceful group, whose fortunes we have followed so minutely, were thus encamped upon the edge of a kingdom dominated by James Strang. This may have been the indefinable feeling, before spoken of, as an unknown danger of the Law, administered by a fanatic.

Days had grown into weeks, ere Eric bade his companions adieu to meet the command made upon him in the letter before spoken of—the one brought by Tuesday.

When the fateful day arrived Eric had chosen to go alone over the ice fields, but both Gertrude and Grimley, although but partly aware of the danger, had insisted that he be accompanied by the faithful Tuesday. They had in mind the meeting of the dreadful wolves, little thinking that he was going to face human beasts of far greater and more untiring ferocity.

Adams prepared in a deliberate manner the document which put Eric and the Indian on their defense against the charge of piracy in taking goods from the

ice-bound vessel. The seriousness of this arraignment might have terrified even braver men than they.

The expression "meshes of the law" is no idle one; for innocent or guilty, any one who finds himself involved in what are called "due processes of the law" is in very much the same position that the spider and the fly occupy when the latter is about to be devoured.

The plan which Strang immediately proceeded to put into execution was to arrest the two men, put them aboard two of the covered sleds with guards to convey them as prisoners to the Emmet county jail, a hundred miles to the north, there to await trial for as many months or years as Strang might wish to keep them.

The feelings of Eric in the predicament in which he found himself seemed to rob him of his immense natural strength; but Eric was no fool; when he was so thoroughly outnumbered he was wise enough to submit. In a moment the two friends were seized by several strong-limbed Mormons, bound with cords, and carried out like two bundles of grain and thrown into separate sleds with as little ceremony as would be used in handling bags of grain. In a very short time Strang had selected four men as guards and given them directions as to how to proceed, and the two covered sleds or sledges started for the north, on the return trip over the road they had come upon in the earlier part of the day.

It may be well to here recall the circumstances of Eric's visit and speech to the Indians, early in the day, and we are now happy to resume our acquaintance with the sportsmen, "Hole in the Sky," "Beetle," "Iron Arms," etc.

While the proceedings were going on in the taber-

nacle, without much regard to secrecy, several keen-eyed natives slouching about the door had become possessed of the fact that Eric and their fellow Indian were arrested and being taken away to a distant prison house. This awakened the slumbering war spirit which ever resides in the red man's bosom. A rescue party was quickly formed and as Eric and his companion were carried northward, at each point of the way they saw gleaming eyes peering upon them and their captors from the underbrush beside the road. This party of rescuers were of course exceedingly brave, but they did not propose to risk either life or limb in accomplishing their kindly design of freeing the prisoners. After several hours of travel the Mormons arranged themselves for the night. They built fires, unyoked the cattle and tied them to the sledges. The two conveyances containing the prisoners were provided with small heating apparatus and the party, including Eric and Tuesday, partook of a supper, not dainty but nourishing. One of the four guardsmen was chosen to stand watch, while three slept, soothed by their dreams of the new kingdom. Whether the prisoners slept or not did not trouble the guards, but it is safe to assume that both Eric and Tuesday were awake and ready to co-operate with any opening that might present itself for escape. They were so securely bound as to be really helpless, but each of them hopefully remembered the kind and friendly manner in which they had been received by the Indian tribe that very morning at the council. The watchman, quite unsuspicious of lurking enemies, and being entirely free of any conscientious scruples, soon joined his companions in their slumbers.

Men very often sleep the soundest at two o'clock in the morning. Indians at that time are very likely to be

awake. Hence at that hour the four oxen tied to the sledges were removed from their places and were driven; to be food for the Indians, to last them through the Winter.

So much done in carrying out the plan of rescue, the next thing was to remove from the sledges the guns, ammunition, provisions, and various other articles of use and ornament into the mysterious depths of the forest, whence our heroes of the ball game, silently and joyfully betook themselves with their fellows.

In the morning there were four astonished and bewildered Mormons left by the wayside without food, arms, oxen, but who should have been thankful that they had their clothing or even their scalps left. Eric and Tuesday had been awake because the cords with which they were bound were painful and owing to their cramped position they suffered from the cold. It was a weary night for them but morning came at last.

With the light came the occasional travel on the road. The passing travelers jeered the unfortunate men and heaped all kinds of unseemly jokes upon them which added to their discomfort. One passerby on horseback addressed them a little sermon on the troubles which awaited the journey towards Heaven for all believers in their faith. Again a party of rough woodsmen administered sundry hearty kicks against the bodies of the four men, accompanied by disrespectful allusions to their religious faith. So between the weather and their empty stomachs, by ten o'clock they were thoroughly disheartened.

And now came the band of Indians—innocent fellows—who surrounded them, hustled them first one way and then another, and finally separated them and without undue violence edged and elbowed them into the under-

brush. Having thus carried out their humorous plan of rescue, the Indians released Eric and Tuesday from their bonds. The two released prisoners and the Indians disappeared like the mist before the sun. When the four guards returned, as they did in a few minutes, they found their commissions as guardians of the law of no further use. It took all the money they had to hire a passerby to return their sledges to headquarters on the mainland opposite Beaver Island. The legal papers prepared by Adams were found by Eric and destroyed.

When that night settled on the Manitou Island, the absence of Eric and Tuesday was sadly felt and when the time came Grimley withdrew to his warehouse apartment and the women and children remained within the friendly shelter of the lighthouse. In their simple petitions that night special prayer was made for the safety of the two men and their speedy return.

In the morning Gertrude took her customary position in the lighthouse tower with the spy-glass in hand. With this she carefully scanned the horizon of ice and snow. The weather was clear and showed some signs of the approach of springtime; that is, the days were longer and the nights shorter, and the power of the sun greatly increased when it had an opportunity to shine forth. Gertrude saw nothing but the same wild scene that had remained for weeks. This morning she resolved that at least once every hour during the day she would keep a careful lookout for Eric and Tuesday.

One thing of the utmost significance may be mentioned. The night before,. noises had been heard; voices of men and the lowing of cattle. The cause of this was the arrival upon the island of King Strang and his retinue. They had crossed from the mainland with a party of axe men to clear off the rough places and

also to guard the passage of the king to the island. Strang himself had a luxurious couch in his separate conveyance, while his followers pursued their toilsome way towards the island. The four remaining sleds were drawn within the obscurity of the woods, fires were lighted and food provided; very much in the same way as described for the four guardians, Eric, and Tuesday.

In what soon transpired relating to this strange company, it may now be well to explain that Strang's retinue was composed of simple countrymen, acquainted indeed with farms and forests, but who had been designated by Strang to the positions of apostles and saints in his kingdom. They were blind followers of a crafty and strong-willed man, claiming to be prophet, priest, and king of the island group, including the Little Manitou.

Gertrude, of course, on further examination took within her field of observation these newcomers. The angle of vision of the spy glass was lowered so that it included the details of the camp. It numbered besides the eight oxen some fifteen or eighteen men, who were busily engaged in preparing food for themselves and their cattle. She did not hear or see Grimley until noon, and so resigned herself to anxiously watching for Eric and Tuesday, and again, to gratify her curiosity, in studying the newcomers of the night. These did not inspire her with any feelings of fear. They were honest, quiet looking men, appearing something like a party of settlers. She little dreamed that the small, upright active man flitting from group to group issuing orders was one of the kings of the earth. Gertrude had never heard of King Strang nor of his kingdom.

At noon she was rewarded in her watch for Eric and

his companion by seeing them emerge from the shore of the Big Manitou Island and approach their home. This was a joyful sight and she wished to impart the good news to Edward. She did not have to wait long before she heard his well known step coming up the ladder-like stairs to the light room, from which her observations had been made.

"Oh!" said she, "Mr. Grimley, I am so glad you have come. I want you to see these men who are down below and I want you to watch Eric and Tuesday coming back. I am so glad they are coming. Who are these strange men? Are they settlers, hunters, or woodsmen?"

Grimley took the glass and first studied the position and appearance of Eric and Tuesday. "I am very glad indeed to see our brave men. To be the only man in the lighthouse is more than I like; especially now that we have these visitors. I cannot tell what they are, but there is no liquor among them. They seem to be very good, temperate working men.

"At the rate they are coming our men will be here in time for the noon-day meal. I hope Madame will have a good one. Now, Gertrude, let me tell what I heard during the night of the arrival of these men. They may be all right, but before we say or do anything it will be well to find out what they have come for. They are too many for us to cope with if their designs are evil. I think it would be well to meet them with absolute silence, both from the warehouse and the lighthouse. I have just come through the underground passage from the warehouse and I have given directions below that under no circumstances should we answer any calls or communicate with these men outside, for under the stress of adverse circumstances, they may become rob-

bers of our supplies and possibly of other goods. It must be our wisdom to get Eric and Tuesday under cover with us unknown to these men. How can we communicate with them so that the strangers may not see them come or know that they are with us?"

"Oh!" said Gertrude, "I can tell them what to do. Eric and I have studied up a code such as I have seen used at sea. I have the flags of which he knows the meaning."

Forthwith she and Grimley opened the windows towards Eric and with a few waves of the signal flags, under the direction of Gertrude, Eric understood that he was to keep in concealment behind the ice ridges upon approaching the island and await further signals. These were given when a short time afterwards the whole of the Mormons were busily engaged in their noon-day meal. Eric was signalled at the hour sacred to dinner. Hard work and regular devotion to food were counted on by Grimley to draw away all attention which the strangers might bestow upon Eric and Tuesday.

CHAPTER XL

THE ARRIVAL AND EXPULSION OF THE MORMONS

Eric already knew from the talk of his guards that King Strang was headed for the Manitou Islands. Hence, he knew more than Grimley the true conditions and was somewhat prepared to proceed to the lighthouse with caution. The two men were footsore and weak from their long travels and glad to enter the open door of the warehouse, and thence to the comforts provided by Madame.

"Not a word now," said Gertrude, "until you are taken, like the man in the Scripture, into the wayside inn and have been refreshed and made over, for it is easy to see that you are more dead than alive. I have never seen two more weary and disconsolate looking men in my life."

"Thank you," said Eric, "let us eat and sleep before we talk. It seems weeks and months since I left the island, and I have a story to tell that needs time."

"At least say," said Gertrude, "who these men are who are on the island. They have finished their dinner and are now searching the whole circumference of the shore and the woodsmen's houses and they are looking around the warehouse, and have pounded vigorously on the entrances of both the strongholds."

"Well," said Eric, "I can tell you who these men are. They are King Strang and his followers—I dislike to use the name of Mormons. They have nearly caused

the loss of mine and Tuesday's lives, besides making us prisoners. They have now come to take possession of this island in the name of the new king, whose headquarters are at Beaver Island."

Here Grimley said: "It is fortunate indeed that we have not answered any of the questionings or signals of the band. Eric, the idea of getting some sleep is the best thing yet. It remains for you and Tuesday to rest until morning, because we are in peril and it will need your best experience to tell us how to manage in this dangerous pass. You are too near dead now to do anything more than sleep, especially after partaking of so much of Madame's good cooking as you have done."

. . . . . .

The period of our story has now arrived at the middle of February. This has left an interval of time for the lovers to unfold each to the other their life histories. Grimley had confided to Gertrude the story of his failure. From some feeling of maidenly reserve Gertrude did not inform him of what she already knew concerning the unfortunate break of which the aunt had written. In return Gertrude gave him what might be called generalities only of her previous existence. She had made one trip to Europe; she had there met several celebrities, both in art and politics. Her life had been like the flow of a gentle river approaching the ocean.

In the meantime Eric and Ruth were becoming nearly as well acquainted. Ruth had related the story of her life, but Eric had not told the whole of his. Esther and Antoine were getting to be more than friends and probably a little more than brother and sister. Virginie was growing more beautiful day by day. She and

Madame Malloire, by their daily study under Grimley and Gertrude, were showing evidences of the higher life upon which they were quite unconsciously entering.

It may be mentioned that Monsieur Malloire was not wasting his time in Paris, but in every possible way he was expediting the time of his return. He had secured his title and his estates and he had in hand a considerable capital to bring his family to France. There was but one cloud and that was his wife's lack of education. He little thought that day by day she was now measuring up to his own standard under the cultivation given her by the two sweet women, Gertrude and Ruth.

These were the conditions which surrounded our little island group while the days were getting longer and the sun more powerful, while the date of our story goes forward to the middle of February. This was the time when Eric declared: "I have orders from my superiors to meet them on the mainland. I must go, although I do not wish to. I go quite sure that I am to meet with trouble." It was then that Gertrude, most fortunately, insisted that Tuesday, who had contentedly passed the weeks like a faithful shepherd dog attending his master, should accompany Eric. By continuous, although exhausting effort, the two were away from the lighthouse but a single night and parts of two days. And now they are sleeping off their tremendous fatigue in the warehouse, where they had gone by the underground passage. On this particular day Gertrude and Grimley passed the hours of the afternoon and early evening watching the operations of the intruders on the island.

The Mormons had placed one word in large letters over the entrance to one of the deserted woodsmen's cabins—the word "Tabernacle." And now was most

oddly repeated the exercise of Christopher Columbus, when he took possession of an island on the new continent of America. The sounds of vociferous prayers and songs of religious ecstasy in men's voices filled the air and continued for hours. These exercises were heard by Grimley and Gertrude as they stood high in the lighthouse and in a position quite concealed from the intruding Mormons. The proceedings were grotesquely interesting. They were soon further entertained by a procession, headed by Strang dressed in his coarse but kingly raiment and also wearing his crown of gilt, with a trumpeter by his side—Adams—who blew mighty blasts upon the instrument at short intervals, interspersed by words to the purport: "Make way for the mighty king and priest."

The procession wound in and out among the forest trees and presented if not an imposing, at least a fascinating spectacle. The ceremony of taking possession of the island was over as the sun was setting. The men disappeared into the tabernacle and a profound silence succeeded for a while. This is what the Mormons called "silent worship." This was followed by a renewal of their fires and preparations for supper.

By reference to the map printed herewith it will be seen that the Little Manitou Island had now by annexation become the southernmost boundary of the kingdom of St. James under the authority of King Strang, but omitting the objections which might be raised by the owners of the two buildings in possession of Eric.

Gertrude was inclined to laugh at what she had seen, but Grimley with man's prudence and deeper knowledge of what men would do and dare under a condition of religious frenzy was truly alarmed.

"Gertrude," said he, "shall we open negotiations with these miscreants?"

"No," said the quiet maiden, "drive them away!"

So henceforth this became the watchword of our friends—"Drive them away!" "And," added Gertrude, "begin without delay to drive them away. Don't fight and kill, but use what in war books is called strategy."

She called the attention of her companion to the cattle which were wandering about the island and said, "Do you not think, Mr. Grimley, that these could break through into our tunnel with their weight?" To this he replied, "I think they certainly might." "Well, Mr. Grimley," said Gertrude, quite serenely, "do you not think the first thing we should do is to drive off the oxen from the island? I think while these intruders are sleeping to-night, Tuesday could untie them from the wagons and drive them towards the mainland. The poor things must want to return to their homes."

Grimley replied, a little anxiously, "This is a matter for consultation. Let us have the views of Eric and Tuesday. They are now asleep in the warehouse, but if an ox should fall through the underground passage-way they would be cut off and I think we had better have them come to the lighthouse without delay and thus we shall all be together."

Antoine was called and sent through the tunnel to call Eric and Tuesday who soon made their appearance, much refreshed by their slumbers.

Eric said that he had overheard two of the Mormons talking quite openly of their plans. They had evidently decided that there was no one in the warehouse, since Eric had been captured, and he had also gathered that the intention of the party was to break in the doors of

the building after breakfast in the morning, take the goods as confiscated by King Strang, load them upon their sleds and return to the mainland. They did not wish to disturb the lighthouse, as it was United States property and Strang was too much of a lawyer to attempt open war with the whole country. In taking goods from the warehouse he was dealing with a private company and the risk was much less, for at the worst he could pay the bill of damages which might be enforced. Strang, astute individual that he was, knew that immediately the confiscated goods were delivered into his home county, he was safe and under the laws of Michigan practically immune from prosecution, having a Mormon sheriff, judge, and jury at his command.

Events for the next few hours moved rapidly. Strange as it may seem, the evening exercises in the lighthouse took their regular course. A day's progress was made in the studies of each of the students. The three men sought their couches in the warehouse, and the women and children in the lighthouse committed themselves as usual to the care of the Almighty power who did not forget them or their three guardians in the adjacent building.

At two o'clock that morning when sleep was heavy upon the Mormon camp, Tuesday slightly opened the door of the warehouse and peered carefully about to see that none of the intruders were stirring. Stealthily as a cat he crept towards the sleds to which the oxen were tied and unloosed them from their fastenings. The oxen, intelligent brutes that they were, seemed to know by instinct that they were released and free to leave their strange surroundings. They missed their cribs and comfortable stalls on the farms to which they had grown accustomed and immediately walked away

from the island, and instinctively headed for the mainland opposite, without any regard to the abandoned condition of their Mormon masters. This being accomplished, Tuesday returned to his couch in the warehouse and quietness prevailed upon the island until preparations for the morning meal aroused the inhabitants. The Mormons gave no thought to the oxen, assuming that their cattle had walked a short distance into the woods and would be readily found when wanted.

In the lighthouse that morning Grimley, Gertrude, and the other occupants were gathered into the lightroom, cautiously overlooking the Mormon party and their leader. Under Strang's directions several of the party carried forward a large limb of a tree. This they used for battering the door of the warehouse, which soon yielded to the vigorous blows of the heavy timber. Immediately five or six of the Mormon party entered the building. One of the men waiting outside called out recklessly in a loud voice: "Well, what did you find?" The quick reply was: "We have found nothing but five barrels of salt and they weigh like thunder. We can hardly move them." To this the facetious inquirer retorted gaily: "It must be rock salt if it weighs like thunder." Promptly came the reply: "We shall all laugh out of the other side of our mouths if we don't find something besides salt. We have no provisions to last over dinner. We thought the warehouse was full of food and goods of all kinds and there is not a thing left but salt."

A rapid search by the other members of the party confirmed this intelligence; none of them discovering the secret tunnel entrance through which the company supplies had been cached.

The Mormons were on their newly confiscated island

without food. To add to their discomfiture another thing now happened—a sudden burst of artillery from the lighthouse. Five of the pipe-guns, which in the interval had been prepared by Grimley, assisted by Eric and Tuesday, were discharged—not among the Mormons but into their sledges. These devices were loaded with light charges of buckshot designed for hunting deer, and in a few moments a second discharge into the sledges ruined them beyond service. The guns were being discharged from the lower windows of the lighthouse and "touched off," to use a boy's expression—for they were really nothing but boys' toy cannons—with the tip of a red hot iron heated in a small portable furnace, customarily used at that time for domestic purposes. The pipes were fastened upon blocks of wood which could be moved about by a strong man. Hence they could be aimed with some degree of accuracy. Grimley and Eric had concentrated their fire solely upon the sledges, which after the second discharge were rendered quite useless; especially the coverings, which yielded readily to the buckshot.

To describe the astonishment of the Mormons is impossible. They precipitately rushed behind the warehouse to avoid the discharges and were ready for an ignominious surrender, as their entire supply of arms and ammunition were in the sleds, to reach which they would have had to risk being wounded with shot from the lighthouse guns. Their confusion was increased by one of their number returning from the forest with the information that the oxen were not to be found and that the footprints of the animals led off the island and towards the mainland.

The soul of King Strang rose to the crisis, and accompanied by Adams, each with a flag of truce, they pro-

ceeded towards the lighthouse. When within speaking distance, much to their astonishment, they were greeted by Eric and Tuesday, whom they supposed were by this time safely locked in Strang's stronghold many miles to the north. Grimley had been informed by Eric as to his and Tuesday's ill-treatment at the hands of Strang and his party and felt it no more than just that he should deal out severe retribution. Grimley addressed Strang, with his accustomed sonorous voice and with warm indignation: "Mr. Strang, I give you credit as a man of sense, but I am afraid that you have not cured the disease with which you were born—that of being a fool. Now, get off of this island and take your men with you."

Strang was about to speak but Grimley continued with increasing heat: "And get off quick or you will be fired upon—certain destruction awaits you and your gang. And, Adams, you are too good looking a man to be caught with such a crowd. Your Massachusetts relatives will be ashamed of you when they hear to what uses the good old Adams blood is now put—the blood which has furnished two presidents of the United States. I am from that State myself and know what I am talking about."

In a situation such as we attempt to describe, speeches are short and to the point.

There are times in many men's lives when they have the appearance of whipped dogs. This was the semblance of the entire company—very different from the day before while parading; there were no hallelujah choruses or blowing of trumpets. In their eagerness to escape, the entire band of Mormons, without stopping to save their property in the sleds, including guns and ammunition, rushed pell mell upon the icy surface of the

lake and started for the mainland six or more miles distant.

Following this retreat of the enemy, there descended from the tower musical laughter from Gertrude and the other members of our own company; high toned screams of delight from Antoine, succeeded by a most vociferous Indian war whoop from Tuesday, who vastly enjoyed the battle.

Gertrude leaned out of the open window from which had proceeded the sounds of her laughter and called to Eric below: "Give them a parting salute but don't wound any of them." No sooner was this suggested than Eric and Tuesday repointed the guns towards the fleeing and terror stricken followers of Strang and fired a last volley, which, with fear in their hearts, and conscience stricken minds, served to hasten their flight. It may be said that they arrived at the mainland about dusk ravenously hungry and exceedingly angry, Strang and Adams vowing vengeance.

After these agitating events of the day, it is saying considerable that the evening exercises at the lighthouse were resumed. Miss Pearl was a conscientious teacher, and when the hour came she expected the presence of her class. She felt the time was short and every hour counted. A secret reason of Gertrude's for calling for the exercises was that she might see more of Grimley and, loverlike, be near him. She was greatly relieved at the outcome of the intrusion. Her heart was full of thankfulness which she desired to express with music, according to the custom of her life. When the hour for study had expired the harp was brought out and Gertrude, seating herself before it, sang a solo intended to soothe the somewhat agitated minds of the company. It is impossible to tell of the pathos and feeling with

which the words were rendered. All were subjected to its influence, but Grimley's heart was melted within his bosom, for it recalled his mother and his home where he had often heard it sung.

"REPORT OF THE WATCHMAN

"Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.

"Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

"Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

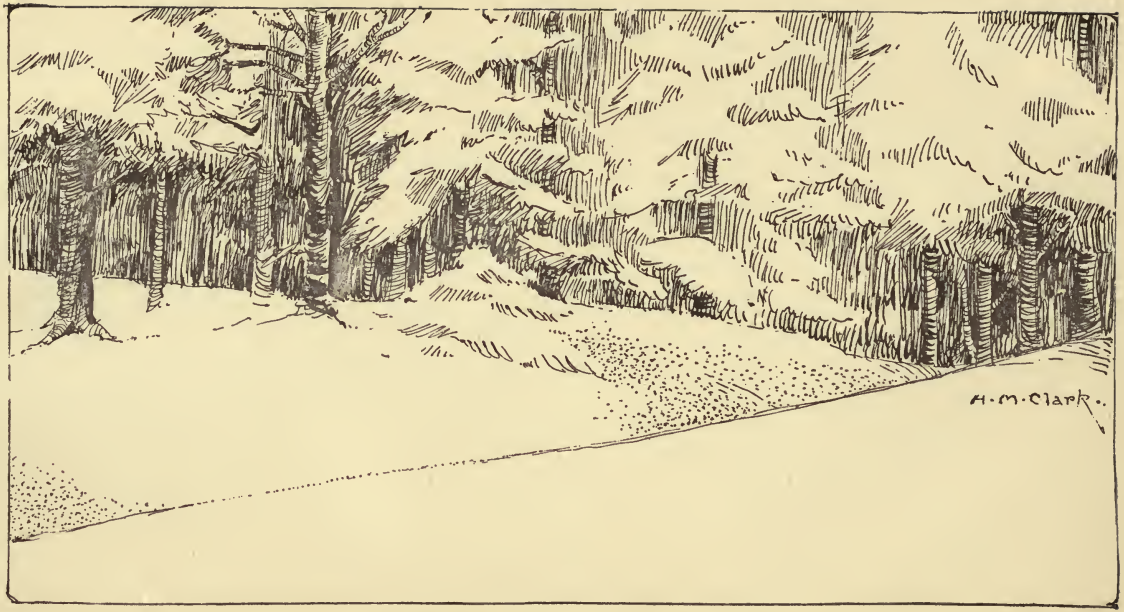
"Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

"Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

"Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.

Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come."

The next morning the warehouse was again put into shape, the door repaired, and all the spoils of the battle were safely hidden in the tunnel, for both Grimley and Eric well knew that the events of the day before were not the last of this adventure. They found in the abandoned sleds, ten of the latest patent rifles and a supply of cartridges. These, added to the arms of Monsieur Malloire, gave our island inhabitants a formidable armament in case of future need.



"Peace."—Chapter 41, Page 443

CHAPTER XLI

THE MAN WITH THE PORTMANTEAU AGAIN

A PERIOD of quiet life now succeeded the stirring events last recorded. That afternoon Grimley, with a pleasant voice, said to Gertrude: "I wish to praise you if I can do so without offense. You have displayed a quality of mind which fully confirms my idea of the superiority of women. That is, a quickness of mind which without argument or apparent reason reaches the right conclusion instantly in a difficult situation. You quickly suggested the idea that these deluded men should be simply driven from the island. This was the proper thing. My own ideas were to kill them or kill part and wound part and make it a decisive warlike victory. This was Eric's view and especially Tuesday's and this was the line upon which we had arranged. We had prepared small cannon, we had them loaded, and we had the powder placed to blow them into the air without regard to the mortal anguish which it might cause the enemy and their families. Your voice prevailed and now we reap the fruits this morning of an easy conscience as to any destruction of life or the needed care of several wounded men. I wish to praise you for this, for the position was exceedingly difficult, because when pushed too far men will fight like beasts, to say nothing of the similarity to the wolf fight when we came so near being horribly defeated."

Gertrude scarcely knew what to say to this, as what she had done seemed to her at this time and afterwards the natural and easy thing to do. She smiled candidly and said: "You will perhaps perceive in addition to what you have said that I am not of the clinging vine style of woman. I am your true helper."

One word more said Grimley: "As between you and me for the long future, let us recognize that our love must be that of the strong for the strong and not of the weak for the strong. In every difficulty of the uncertain future before us, I shall feel that your ready wit is the real complement to my man's strength and power of continued thought. In this case you saw at a glance the best thing to be done. A decision which quite likely I might have arrived at if I had had some weeks in which to consider the emergency."

Gertrude with a half-smile remarked, "It seems to me that this is another way of your saying: 'Two souls with but a single thought; two hearts that beat as one.' It is so, isn't it?"

"Yes," softly added Grimley, "for this life and for the life beyond, this is my heart's desire."

The afternoon of the same day Grimley and Gertrude were in the lightroom enjoying the bright sunshine and between them using the invaluable spy-glass. They first viewed the abandoned schooner, towards which could be seen hastening a few stragglers. This had been the daily sight for many weeks and the whiskey in the cargo of the schooner must have been steadily diminishing. The Indians were the principal consumers, although occasionally a white hunter or lumberman could be seen among the arriving and departing groups about the ship. The bones of the murdered crew lay on the shore awaiting the arrival of spring for burial at strangers' hands; the

wolves and birds of prey had been most busy at the dreadful feast furnished them.

On this afternoon Gertrude and Grimley observed three men approaching the island, traveling slowly over the ice ridges. No signs of water were visible, although the season was now rapidly approaching when the warmth of the sun upon the ice and the water underneath it would cause an upheaval.

Not to make too much of a mystery, one of these men was Gertrude's uncle, who carried a portmanteau which he had weeks before brought to the mainland after his period of retirement into the woods of the island, where he had changed his apparel. The men with him were fishermen whom he had hired to accompany him in view of the ever present danger from an attack by wolves, and to occasionally relieve him of the weighty portmanteau, which contained the money taken from the bank in St. Louis. Part of this consisted of twenty dollar gold pieces, some of which he had been distributing and of which the detective from St. Louis now on his track was cognizant. The uncle was getting ready for his spring departure. His ordinary attire was hidden beneath the upturned roots of a large pine tree and his scheme was to get the money and his clothing together ready for flight on the first steamer that should come through the Straits. It was necessary that he visit the island before the ice began breaking up in the spring.

Grimley and Gertrude watched the three men as they slowly made their way across the ice. Upon arrival at the island Gertrude's uncle left his two companions at the shore and alone he cautiously made his way into the woods. A short time later when he emerged and the trio were leaving the island, Grimley and Gertrude noticed that the portmanteau was not with them.

The following day Grimley and Gertrude were taking a walk through the woods, accompanied by the intelligent animal, Hector, who was their companion on these frequent walks, taken for exercise and for the soul communion which is so agreeable to lovers. This afternoon upon arriving at a certain spot, Hector gave several short, sharp barks and with nose to the ground followed the trail of a strange man's footsteps, leading to a secluded part of the woods. Grimley and Gertrude understood Hector as well as though he had explained at length that there was something to be investigated. He led them to an upturned tree under the concealing roots of which he soon made known the presence of a traveler's bag with the uncle's name on it.

Gertrude knowing what she did, immediately recognized the stolen treasure—one cause of the family disgrace. She was deeply agitated; her tears flowed freely, and her companion was also affected with sympathy.

Grimley and Gertrude returned to the lighthouse bearing the portmanteau which Grimley deposited in what he called the office; afterwards removing it with the aid of Eric to the warehouse proper. The five barrels of salt were piled about the treasure so it became a matter of considerable difficulty to either find it or remove it. And there we may leave it for a short time until the arrival of Major Stone, the detective from St. Louis. This individual appeared about three weeks later and after several lengthy conversations with Mr. Grimley in his capacity as agent for the Great Western Transportation Company, established his residence upon the island. The month of March was now in pleasing evidence.

The winter was almost gone and the sun was changing the whole face of the country. Snow and ice were be-

ing melted and an early storm had opened the strait between the islands and the mainland so that any communication between the two was again impractical for a number of weeks, owing to the floating ice and infrequent storms.

Major Stone received a kind welcome from Madame Malloire to her table for the generous amount he allowed her, and charged to his expense account which the St. Louis bank was to ultimately pay. A few words more can be added to our former description of the major. He was a true southern gentleman—urbane, intelligent, and kindly—and was a welcome addition to the life which our social group had been leading for about four months. He was known as Major Stone, having been at one time an officer in a Tennessee regiment, but now, as such things will happen, making an honest living as a detective employed by the St. Louis chief of police. Major Stone selected one of the woodsmen's cabins and with Eric's and Madame's aid furnished it with a comfortable bed, chairs, writing table, and a Franklin stove. It may be remembered that Benjamin Franklin, the great American statesman and inventor, produced a stove (and prudently had it registered in the newly formed patent office) which proved eminently adapted for American settlers. It was arranged with doors opening and shutting before a movable grate suitable for the burning of refuse and especially for chips such as were made by woodsmen's axes.

As events slowly followed for the next few weeks, the major and the different characters of our story would, in the evenings, often gather before it with cheerful chat. The cabin contained three chairs and two long benches with high backs to shed the heat from the open fire. When the fire was lighted and these chairs and

benches arranged about it, many pleasant evenings were passed by Grimley, Gertrude, and the Major. Eric and Ruth found it most congenial for their outdoor meetings, accidental and otherwise. The two children from the lighthouse were always welcome. Here the Major was now greatly solaced during his absence from his own family group, who were happy—except for his absence—in the soft and sunny Southland.

It may be recalled that Major Stone had been taken, by one of the young lady passengers on the same boat when he started north on the Illinois River, as an inventor. In fact he was an inventor whose name had frequently been entered in the patent office at Washington. He had devised a machine for picking cotton, which if successful would have dispensed with the labor of a multitude of hands. His invention had a few small difficulties yet to be overcome which could be summed up in the too familiar phrase—it was impracticable. The final personal results of the machine were to reduce the major from a condition of affluence, as a planter, to extreme penury. Being an honest gentleman he took the first employment open to him. The chief of the St. Louis police employed him in those cases where it required both an intelligent and an honest man—a combination not easy to be found. Major Stone was representative of a large class of gentlemen then floating upon the tide of advancing civilization, and entirely worthy to be added, with his high personality, to our little island colony.

Major Stone's domicile outwardly presented a view far from attractive—a building made of square logs containing two rooms; the one in the rear was used ordinarily for kitchen and bunks for workmen. The front room, when the Franklin stove was sending forth

bright lights from the burning pine chips taken from the forest, and the benches and chairs in front, presented so cheerful an appearance that even the lighted candles placed about the different corners of the room were superfluous. Now the warmth, the light, and the seats hospitably arranged presented a scene of home life to which something more alluring was added. On a certain afternoon early in March of this year, Major Stone was comfortably seated to the right of the blazing pile, with a corn cob pipe in his mouth slowly smoking, and Eric and Grimley with the two heroines—Ruth and Gertrude—completed the circle. They were indeed an addition to the other comforts mentioned. The Madame and the children, Antoine, Virginie, and Esther, were on this afternoon attending to the household duties in the lighthouse. The Major had invited the company immediately after the noon-day meal to come to his office, as he called it, and they had accepted his invitation.

"Will the ladies kindly excuse my pipe," said he. "I am a lonely man, now my family being away, my pipe is my best friend. This afternoon I have promised myself to tell you something of my adventures before I met you.

"Each one on this island is in great peril, and we had better understand each other so that we may meet together whatever may come to us.

"The encounter which you have already had with these eighteen or twenty Mormons is only a foretaste of what may be expected by us at any time.

"I will tell you in confidence that I am not only an agent of the police of St. Louis but I also belong to the secret service of the United States. This department of the government has been in operation since the be-

ginning of the country. It is very secret and is never changed with the politics of the country, and whoever is engaged by the secret service is considered a life member, with salary. It is full of risk to the members employed, but I mention this in confidence, so that you may understand that what I am telling you now is what is already largely known in Washington, and if our lives are forfeited they will not be unavenged. I have no particular fear, except that there are thousands all through this part of the country who will stop at nothing King Strang demands of them.

"We have all the afternoon before us, so I wish to say a little bit about Eric. He and I have had some adventures together up the great River Platte, whose waters run into the Missouri River, next into the Mississippi, and then flow into the Gulf of Mexico. Its waters flow by the great cities of the South, New Orleans, Natchez, and Memphis. Just now these great cities are humming with life and energy and sunshine, while we are ice-locked on this little island. Some years ago I was sent by the Government to watch the progress of the Mormon immigration towards the Rocky Mountains. Among these Mormons I met Eric. I saw in him an honest, although deluded man, and we soon exchanged confidences and he told me his history, which was not unlike hundreds and thousands of these misled men. They are, I am thoroughly sure, truly converted Christians. They have become temperate, industrious, frugal, and animated with a desire for the highest things. They have the Bible with all its wonderful teachings and history for the foundation principle of their religion. To this there have been added two or more books edited and produced by Joseph Smith, a country boy urged on by ambition and a love of money, and by James Strang,

another young man, also a countryman, animated by ambition and a thirst for money, plus a great desire for knowledge of all kinds. These two men each claimed to have found plates with hieroglyphics upon them which they alone could translate into the English language. First announcing themselves as prophets, each of them claimed superhuman powers and especially the gift of revelation and of prophesy. Animated by their life principle which could be named as one—that is, the love of money—they used the revelations, as they called these translations from plates, to suit their own selfish ends. Among the thousands of people in the country attracted to them by the common faith in God and in doing right, these two men also drew to themselves a certain following of unscrupulous, self-seeking men of no character. Among the truly honest men I place Eric. I spent many months in that section and made my report to the secret service department, and I understand that while seemingly inactive, there is a resolute determination to handle the difficult position with extreme prudence so that the innocent may not suffer with the guilty.

"I need not go into the details of my task as a detective in this case. I will mention that the one clue I had was that several twenty-dollar gold pieces had been distributed in this section. This information was imparted by Miss Pearl, now present, to her relative in New York City. It became known to the secret service department and from it to the chiefs of police throughout the western country. It is through these twenty-dollar gold pieces that I am appointed by the Government, to take charge of the case and the further enforcement of the law in this section growing out of the movement of the Mormons, and incidentally to report and advise as to this new outbreak of the traitors in this part of the country.

"It already threatens the civilization in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains and even the future history of the country. These people have settled on beautiful plains at the side of Salt Lake and they are now building a temple of wonderful splendor. The man Strang has begun a similar so-called temple in this deserted part of the country.

"I arrived on the mainland just as the party of Mormons was made up of which you have told me the issue. The Indian sports, the fishing, and their departure without doing any evil, I also am aware of. I might state that this party of Indians were composed in part of white men disguised as Indians, and that their object was the capture of Miss Pearl and the appropriation of her fortune. A thoroughly thought out plan was laid to carry her, after her seizure, to Salt Lake City where she was to be united in marriage of some sort to one of the principal members of the sect. The reason for her intended abduction was the fact that she had or was the heiress to a considerable sum, verging upon a quarter of a million dollars. A plot was laid by which this money was to be seized and carried with her to Salt Lake City and become the property of the Church through the husband intended for her. You know that nothing was accomplished on that expedition. This was because Eric plainly told the chiefs of the Indians that the plans of the white men were of murder and robbery, and they must not under any circumstances obey the commands of the white men. Hence their departure was owing to Eric's interference. The wild men, I must add, were greatly influenced in their decision to rebel by the admiration they conceived for Mr. Grimley and his athletics, and," he smilingly added, "by Miss Pearl's beauty and manners."

Major Stone warmed with his story, and his audience was equally moved and listened with rapt attention while he continued:

"On the shore I found one or two of these twenty-dollar gold pieces in circulation. They had been passed from hand to hand, and without very much trouble, I found that they were first distributed by a Mormon from St. Louis. By means which a detective does not scruple to use, I found, upon examination of his letters and baggage, that he was an ex-cashier of a bank in St. Louis and that he was the agent of the scheme to obtain possession of Miss Pearl's fortune. I even found the place where his stolen treasure was concealed—it was in the house of one of these neighboring settlers who had surrendered himself to the faith and orders of the Latter Day Saints. It was a matter of conscience with him in God's service to protect the portmanteau containing the gold and bills representing Miss Pearl's fortune, although he knew nothing of its valuable contents.

"The method with which he laid hold of it was a truly devilish instance of misplaced confidence. Miss Pearl's guardian lived in the East and he had gathered her fortune together and sent it westward in the care of his own brother. He had himself very lately become a Mormon and was under orders to convey the treasure to his cashier brother in St. Louis. This brother, who was a regular church man and held in high esteem in the community placed this money in its original shape, bills and gold, in a vault belonging to another bank. He stated to the president that this package or portmanteau with his name on it was left as a special deposit and that he might wish to withdraw it from time to time as he found occasion to make an

investment. Occasionally this unhappy man called in with a porter and asked the use of the deposit according to his original terms, saying he wished to make changes in its investment.

"The president and the cashier were members of the same church and controlled immense sums between them, and the two banks in St. Louis were among the first in the country and what was done between them was another illustration of the fable of the spider and the fly. The portmanteau was of leather and weighed with its contents about forty pounds—and what was a small thing like this to these two men who were accustomed to handle money by the shovelful and by the barrel. The cashier in the meantime had written to his brother that the money was deposited in the bank as a special deposit. He wrote that he did not put it in his own bank because he was punctiliously anxious to protect the interests of his niece whose property he was entrusted with. This letter the brother in New York showed to the joint executors, who were all acting together but tempted by the high rate of interest payable in St. Louis, being then about three times that current in New York, and so were easily deceived.

"When the season was about closing, the brother, still under orders, arranged to send Miss Pearl to Chicago by the lake steamer, where she was to be spirited away with her fortune. Two days before the cashier had called for the box and did not return. Various other defalcations had been committed by him, and he decided to make one action of the whole.

"These criminalities had been published far and wide, and Miss Pearl's connection with them and the intentions of the Mormons relating to her had been exposed and steps were immediately taken by her friends, repre-

sented by Worthy Williams, the New York merchant, to stop and expose the iniquity. Miss Pearl was ordered to be taken off at the first port of call after she passed the straits, so that she would not be seen in Chicago, where a band of abductors were to lawlessly seize her and convey her to the wilderness of the Rocky Mountains."

And now for the first time our company knew the whole plot. While the detective was unfolding it, night had stolen on and the day was so far spent that the whole astonished party adjourned in silent anxiety to the Madame's supper table. The Major continued, "This is not the whole of my story—the rest of it I will tell to-morrow."

CHAPTER XLII

FOREBODINGS

THE day succeeding the last written about, continued mild, still, and sunny, and the same group was being entertained in Major Stone's hospitable domicile. The fire burned brightly and the whole party had partaken of a most satisfying lunch and were ready to listen to the adventures of Major Stone.

Gertrude broke the decorous silence after the manner of a maiden who was not afraid of anybody or to say anything that she thought proper. "Major Stone," she said, "I wish to ask a question. I have the utmost esteem for you as a Southern gentleman of refinement and honesty. I also know that there are two sides to every question. I would like to have you explain your saying that you know about my affairs and my family, as well as other matters spoken of, through the dishonest practices known to a detective."

Major Stone colored a little and answered hesitatingly, "Miss Pearl, you have asked me for a confession. You wish me to say that I have lied and have been secretly reading family letters. There may be a defense to this. Let me say that I was an esteemed member of the Presbyterian Church in Tennessee up to the time when I became a penniless man. When I undertook this task, usually considered honorable, I found that I had to lie and deceive without limit and to assume characters and

to pose as characters which were most distasteful. However, I made the plunge and have done the duty for which the authorities have paid me. I did, however, (give credit to me for this), send in my resignation as a church member and I leave it to the Judgment Day to say what wrong I am guilty of." He continued his defense, gravely and openly.

"When the Indian party returned from their excursion to the Little Manitou and left you all safe and in quiet, I was then living on the mainland as a pretended inquirer into the Mormon faith and also as a farmer looking towards the purchase of a farm. It was at this place that your uncle, Miss Pearl, was living. I met him and can tell you a great many things about his life and I may add, if you will allow the expression, his skull-duggery. I took advantage of opportunities to read his letters and also examined the contents of the portmanteau. I had your uncle in sight when he came over to this island and one of the men with him was under my pay to tell me what disposition he made of the portmanteau. Your uncle's other man was a Mormon and to be trusted by him. When your uncle disappeared into the woods my man could not follow, but when I arrived at the island Mr. Grimley informed me of the finding of the treasure through Hector, your splendid dog. I will mention further on that subject that I expect to capture the man, thief as he is, by watching the place where he put the treasure and taking him when he reappears to get it. Now, Miss Pearl, let me ask you a question. Do you think there are any circumstances which would justify a lie?"

At this blunt question, which has been a poser to many million people, Miss Pearl colored and said:

"I cannot answer that question but I will pass it along

to Mr. Grimley. I understand he has been a student of those questions for several years."

To this unexpected call for information on a delicate subject, Grimley paused quite an interval before answering and then he replied:

"I myself have often wondered at the phraseology of the commandment which says: 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' Now I am sure that Major Stone has not broken that commandment. Hence, it must be owned there are some cases when a lie well stuck to, to use the vulgar proverb, is better than the truth."

Here Major Stone interrupted and said: "Miss Pearl, if you are satisfied with that explanation, I am. My conscience is clear and it will be still more so when I arrest that great thief who is a disgrace to your family."

Major Stone had been speaking with a sad emphasis that became a gentleman reduced to do mean things. His countenance underwent a change, however, when he continued: "The plans of King Strang were freely discussed before me, as he looked upon me as a sure convert, I having left my home in St. Louis, as they supposed, for the sake of their cause. When spring opens, the king, now at Beaver Island, with headquarters at the city of St. James, plans to appear here with the nucleus of his navy. He has one ship armed with cannon which could easily batter down the lighthouse, the warehouse, and every building on this island. The king's navy also boasts several fishing vessels, all armed with the latest rifles and ample ammunition. Moreover, Strang is exceedingly angry because of his recent defeat here and being driven off and his plans frustrated—both in taking the island and in imprisoning Eric and the Indian, Tuesday—as well as the failure of his plans when

he sent several of his Mormon followers, disguised as Indians, at the time of the ball game and other sports. This time he plans to thoroughly succeed in his designs upon the island and its inhabitants. He has a map of the island which he has divided into settlers' plots and small farms, for some of which he has received part payment. He proposes to settle some two hundred families here, making it the southern boundary of his kingdom. He also plans to fortify the island with many hundreds of fighting men, including the settlers. Of course these figures are exaggerated, but they were given out to encourage the members of his church, many thousands of whom are looking towards the new kingdom with high hopes and are ready to die for its preservation and advancement.

"Furthermore," said Major Stone, "I have notified the authorities at Washington, and they have sent word to me that the Government steamer *Michigan* has been ordered to come to this island as early in the spring as possible, not awaiting the opening of the Straits, which is very much later than that of Lake Michigan or Lake Huron.

"And so," Major Stone continued, "we have the situation well in hand. King Strang, it is true, has control of Lake Michigan with the exception of a single government war vessel.

"It might be mentioned here that by treaty the United States Government and Great Britain, in behalf of Canada, have come to the conclusion that neither party should have more than one war vessel, whose tonnage is limited, on what is known as the chain of Great Lakes. This clause relating to the limiting of the vessels to a single government craft was an odd one, but it had worked well for more than forty years. This vessel,

insignificant as it is, compared to the great warships of the world, is destined to extinguish the glowing hopes of the new kingdom, and it has always been at hand, to be reckoned with in every Indian crisis that has occurred on the borders of the Great Lakes."

By some process of substitution or renaming, at the date this story is told, this vessel was called the *Wolverine,* being another name for Michigan.

The steamer *Michigan* at that time happened to be located for the winter at the Port of St. Joseph, the real port with Chicago. No vessel of any kind could pass the Soo until very near the first of May, at which time the ice broke up and permitted the passage of the innumérable number of vessels carrying merchandise and passengers each way, from West to East and return.

The afternoon had nearly passed and during a pause in Major Stone's narrative, Gertrude said with a soft and pleasant voice: "Major Stone, I owe you an apology for my abrupt question early this afternoon. Of course, I was wrong in speaking as I did. Now can't I make it up by a suggestion that will partly balance the account? I propose that you have the portmanteau emptied of its valuable contents, which should be replaced by some rock salt and papers and put in the place from which we have removed it."

To this suggestion the Major heartily acquiesced, and added with a smile: "What commandment will this break when I deceive so cruelly the man who comes for it?"

"Say no more," gaily responded Gertrude.

Grimley asked permission to add a word: "The suggestion I made about the commandment, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,' is so different from the theological custom that very many candidates

would be refused by worthy church congregations. But let us all agree that there is a rule which supersedes a great many others, which is—necessity knows no law."

Grimley continued; seemingly without wishing to argue, "If people will steal and defraud they must be caught, and so possibly the very necessity of catching them may be the proper excuse for prevarication. Before we drop the subject I would like to speak of the difference of this commandment from the others, such as 'Thou shalt not kill,' which is positive; 'Thou shalt not steal,' which is also positive. But the commandment of which we spoke says: 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' This allows all kinds of mercantile evasions, which so largely give an ill reputation to the Jews, who received the commandments on Mount Sinai. Now, the Mormon leaders are liars from the beginning and perhaps this particular form of expression may allow them to enter Heaven—although in another place it says there shall no liars be found there. The Mormons are a deluded people, except those who join the saints for worldly pelf."

Turning to Gertrude, Grimley still further added: "I am afraid that you will lose some sleep over what Major Stone has told us. It is certainly serious. But remember, God is over all. Not a hair of our heads can be injured without His permission. Now can't you this evening sing us one or two songs appropriate to our perilous state?"

Gertrude answered: "I will gladly do so, Edward, if you will read us some selections; also stimulating us with courage to meet the emergency."

Major Stone, who had listened to what passed between the lovers, interposed: "Miss Pearl, if you will make another suggestion equal to the last I will try and

forget what passed between us. You asked for forgiveness—I have granted it. Now I will forget it."

Grimley added to what was said by the Major: "I have already complimented Miss Pearl on her woman's wit. Now this is an occasion for its exercise. Let us all forget we have nothing to forgive."

"Well," said Gertrude simply, "I should say remove all of our hidden provisions, merchandise, firearms, and ammunition from the tunnel into the warehouse to make ready for the coming time which the Major foretells as awaiting us."

Grimley said to the Major, "Now you certainly will have to forget all that has gone before, because that is a most valuable suggestion, worthy of a warrior."

"Quite right," said the Major. "Early to-morrow we should begin the work."

That evening after the supper and school Gertrude, turning to Grimley, remarked: "Have you your selections ready?"

"Yes, after your music has heartened me."

With these preliminaries which always go before amateur singing, Gertrude drew her harp towards her and sang to them, illustrating the four lines she often repeated to herself.

> "At length, upon the harp, with glee,
> Mingled with arch simplicity,
> A soft, yet lively air, she rung,
> While thus the wily lady sung:—

"Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar."

And so on to the end of the familiar air.

A hush followed the melodious air sung with the tinkling harp accompaniment, and Grimley began his part of the program. It should not be forgotten that the little audience comprised the Major, the Madame, Eric, Ruth, Tuesday, the Indian, Virginie and Antoine. Hector was in and out among the others, with his great tail almost sweeping the top of the table on which the candles and lamps were set. Mr. Grimley with his finished and charming eloquence drew from the company an appreciated applause and a request for the repetition of his "piece," as the others called it, and he in turn begged that Gertrude should also repeat her part of the exercises. Both requests were granted and the evening closed most happily.

This gathering was emblematic of thousands of pleasant evenings spent by the settlers of the great west in their humble cabins. They had come with brave hearts and strong arms to make a home in a new country; they brought their religion, their gentleness of manners, and their education in the higher schools and colleges of the east and of Europe. It was among such groups as these, it must be owned, that the Mormon missionaries found their most prolific field of labor. In their arguments they used the Bible and its teachings, and only brought out the evil mysteries of their religion after they had established a magnetic control over the unsuspecting and unsuspicious settlers, whose hearts were hungry for heavenly consolation, which was afforded by the spiritual part of these missionaries' teaching. There seemed to

be no limit to the success which the false religion was destined to accomplish.

While seemingly securely entrenched, the Mormon kingdom was at this time really crumbling. From time to time malcontents were bred among Strang's subjects, and they joined the hostile fishermen on the island group and on the mainland opposite. An incident, which happened at this time, shows the vengeful spirit of Strang. He conceived a brilliant plan to bring the malcontents back to allegiance or suffer the penalty of his displeasure. He called a grand jury to meet at St. James; some of these opponents to his views, were to be summoned as jurors and some as witnesses. The newspaper account now follows: "The Mormon sheriff and his posse went to Charlevoix to serve a summons on one Savage, who had been an elder in the Mormon church and incurred Strang's displeasure by secretly performing the marriage ceremony between one of the young women 'Saints' to the Gentile lighthouse keeper on Beaver Island. Savage read the summons, tore the papers into shreds and stamped his heel upon the fragments. As the sheriff laid his hand on the shoulder of Savage to arrest him, the latter gave a signal.

"There was an answering shout, and a score of sturdy fisher lads came running to the rescue. The Mormons hurriedly ran for their boats. A pursuing volley wounded two of them, but the party managed to put off in their boat. The fishermen also tumbled into boats, and then ensued a race for life. The Mormons struggled at the oars in desperation, as the bullets whistled over them or pierced the sides of the boat, while hard behind came the avengers intent on their death. Over in the distance could be seen the full sails of the bark *Morgan*, and for this the Mormons made as their only

hope. Bleeding and spent, they managed to reach the craft before their pursuers could overtake them, and appealed to the captain, E. S. Stone, to save them. The captain was a humane man, gave them shelter, and refused to yield to the demand of the pursuers that the Mormons be turned over to them."

As given in still another weekly paper, this account was published: "Another serious encounter occurred when a Mormon constable attempted to arrest Thomas and Samuel Bennett, Gentiles who lived on Beaver Island. They resisted. Thomas Bennett was instantly shot dead and his brother had one hand nearly shot away. Such episodes have caused renewed activity in the Gentile strongholds where it is planned to sweep the Mormon settlements with fire and sword."

At this point in the Major's narrative, he observed that the hour was growing late and suggested that as a reward for his efforts to interest and entertain the company, Gertrude should favor them with a selection of the kind warranted to drive away thoughts of danger and insure pleasant dreams to each of the island inhabitants. Gertrude readily assented, and the songs were rendered following which the men bade good-night to the occupants of the lighthouse, all with hearts much strengthened by song and pleasant association.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE BURNING OF THE SCHOONER AND THE BURIAL OF ITS CREW

"MAJOR STONE," observed Grimley, as they proceeded towards the warehouse, "we have enjoyed the account of your life on the mainland and vicinity, but I would like another word as to the dilemma we are in at the lighthouse and the warehouse, to say nothing of your own headquarters in the woodsman's cottage. Let me ask you a question or two. Do you apprehend any danger to our lives or the abduction of Miss Pearl by the Mormons and do we run any risk of life or limb by staying, when perchance we might make an effort to reach civilization?"

"Well, Mr. Grimley, I can tell you in few words my idea of the situation," returned the Major. "The walls of the lighthouse are indeed a sufficient protection. There are provisions enough to stand a siege if it should come to that. When Spring opens, not a vestige of danger will remain. It is now the last half of March and the ice already begins to soften and to break up in the lake. Further north it will be as hard as rock for another month. I have already told you that the armed steamer *Michigan* is ordered to come to this very island. When the Straits are open the great stream of travel will commence. Hundreds of craft will pass this vicinity going both north and south, within a few hours of the breaking up of the ice in the

straits and continue to come and go until December. This usually takes place about May 1st, so do not let us be apprehensive. With God's help we will find some way of escape from every dilemma. Personally, I have tasks before me which are, first, the capture of the St. Louis embezzler and second, getting safely back to the bank with the treasure we have in the warehouse; which by the way, I think should be transferred, with everything else that we wish to save, into the protecting walls of the lighthouse, and the sooner the better.

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Grimley, you will allow that the bundle of money has been handled about without much regard to its great value. When I came through on my trip here, there had been a story circulated that a quarter of a million dollars was hidden away on this island. The embezzler is a man given to drink and it seems that he had told a story of hiding it, and very nearly described the place where it was put. We shall very soon have all kinds of callers. Woodsmen, hunters, fishermen, and fur traders, landing on the shore of the island, and it would not be strange if a band of robbers of the real old sort should make us a visit. I omitted speaking of these dangers while talking to Miss Pearl and the others, in the early part of the evening, but now as I go over the matter I realize more than I did before, the considerable danger we have to pass through before Miss Pearl is safely among her friends—to say nothing of the rest of us."

On the 10th day of April succeeding the events described we may once again see the blue waters of the lake encircling the Little Manitou Island. Nearly every vestige of the ice had been melted and become

incorporated into the waters of the great inland sea which surrounded the shores of the island. The fur sleeping-bags were discarded. The snowshoes were laid aside in any odd corner most convenient to put them in. The heavy clothing which had enfolded the forms of our friends was displaced by lighter and more attractive articles of apparel. There had been no communication with any one outside the island for a month or more, except a brief visit from Daniel. This uncertain and not altogether agreeable character, was still seemingly in love with Virginie. The beautiful girl was under the magnetic influence of the young giant, but she had also a way of her own with him. When the two parted he had frankly told her that as soon as the water was clear he was coming to abduct her, and carry her to the mainland for marriage. He had told her that he was afraid to await the arrival of her father and nothing remained for them now except a hasty marriage.

Daniel also imparted to Virginie the choice bit of information that some of the Mormons had made a design to come over at the same time and if possible abduct Gertrude. One of the Mormons was to carry her to the Far West, where they were to be married willy-nilly on the part of the young lady.

Uncle Goodwin and Daniel had drunk a good deal of the whiskey taken from the schooner and in the friendliness inspired by the spirits had agreed to assist each other. Daniel had back of him in his plans, several of the Indians and Goodwin a number of the Mormons who had settled on the mainland pledged to his support. These conspirators had been waiting since April began for the winds and waves to favor

them in their designs. A considerable portion of the twenty-four hours each day these men were really drunk, so their plans were in the first probability likely to fail. They were simply victims of the Peoria beverage, which had cost many lives and, unless destroyed, would add these two unfortunates to the list of the slain.

Let us say that Gertrude and Grimley were model lovers and their trysting place was the "lightroom" with no one but the moon to interrupt and on this 10th day of April, just after breakfast, their keen young eyes, assisted by the invaluable telescope, showed a birch bark canoe, like those used by the Indians, being paddled towards the island by six rowers, all evidently Indians.

Sweeping the horizon with the instrument with a wide scope, there appeared coming from the North Island shore a fisherman's row boat, also containing six rowers, all white men. These, the reader may understand, were Uncle Goodwin's and Daniel's gangs on their way to capture and bear away the two loveliest of our young women friends. Grimley suspected trouble from what he saw. He sent Antoine, who was always hovering around, to ask Major Stone to step up and take observations with them. Major Stone with his experience, said at once what the reader already knows in reference to one of the parties that they were after the treasure rather than the maid, and added, with a grim determination:

"Now is the time to capture the rascal."

Not to make too long a story of the quickly occurring events we narrate, when the darkness of the evening came upon the island, Major Stone was waiting for his man, but, contrary to his idea of what they

were to do, he saw the half dozen strong and resolute Mormons approach almost openly, in a body to the hiding place of the portmanteau. Now comes the wisdom of Miss Gertrude's suggestion that it should be returned to its hiding place filled with common stuff, that is, rock salt and papers approximating its former weight. Major Stone appreciated the grim humor of the situation. He fired a gun about the time they had the portmanteau in hand. This showed the miscreants that their plans were discovered and they beat a hasty retreat to their boat, followed through the darkness by Major Stone, Eric, and Tuesday. Each of them gave the fleeing men a salute, fired at a safe distance over their heads, which expedited their flight. They literally tumbled into their boat and pulled for the mainland, where the ex-cashier retired with his portmanteau to his own apartment and his confederates to their homes. The reader can judge of the feelings and the remarks made to himself by Mr. Goodwin when he found that the contents of the portmanteau, although bearing the same weight as when he concealed it, no longer contained the money. This ended for all time the plot for the abduction of Gertrude and the treasure.

Daniel's party arrived at the island just at dusk and he proceeded to the lighthouse and gave a call resembling the cry of a wolf, which was understood and agreed upon by our inexperienced maiden, Virginie. As it occurred this night, the appearance of the maid was frustrated by her mother, who required of her some assistance and was already suspicious of hidden danger by the absence of all the men.

After waiting in concealment until nearly midnight Daniel regretfully sought the place where the canoe

and his Indian allies were left. He found them safe and all of them dead drunk and asleep on the ground. On the trip to the island they rounded about so as to stop at the schooner to obtain some of the liquor. Daniel tried in vain to arouse his companions and then laid down himself, being already half stupified, and fell asleep.

This group was found early in the morning by Tuesday in his early ramble. He was surprised to see Daniel disguised as an Indian and recognized some of the bad Indians of the tribe located on the mainland opposite the island. Tuesday with his native shrewdness removed the loose property of the drunken Indians and proceeded to the warehouse where he told his discovery to the Major and soon after to Mr. Grimley and Eric. These all proceeded to the shore and as they were starting called to Gertrude and Virginie to accompany them.

The men had their rifles with them, in view of the excitement of the evening previous. This added, it need scarcely be said, to the feeling of safety, and inspired confidence in the two women.

The party were almost gaily amused at what they saw—six burly men lying like logs on the ground in various uncomely attitudes.

An odd thing occurred.

While they were all amused, the comely face of Virginie was suffused with a purple color, caused by rage. She darted towards Daniel and stamped her heel upon his face; at which the great and ignoble fellow awoke and saw the terrible hatred which had come into the soul and countenance of his erstwhile friend and adorer. He fixed his eyes upon her and this was what he heard:

"You are a beast, you man! I would kill you! What you come here for with these men?"

To which words the stupified fellow said: "Why did you not come out—you said you would—and meet me?"

At this Virginie turned and rushed towards Eric and said: "Lend me your gun; I kill that man! He said he come and marry me. He come with these Indians to steal me away from my father and my mother. Kill that man. Wait, you see what my father do to him when he comes—he kill him. He better go way before my father comes back."

Eric here spoke and said: "Daniel, you better get away. This girl doesn't want you any more. Take your men away and never come to the island again. If you do, I will kill you myself. You know what Eric is—when he says a thing he does it, and you better get out of sight of the lighthouse keeper when he gets back or he will kill you. Is not that enough said?"

Whereupon Daniel, seeing that their guns and knives had been removed by Tuesday, who told them he had taken them, gave the Indians one or two hearty kicks in their ribs to soothe his own anger and ordered them to the canoe, and the half sobered group slunk away. In a few minutes they were paddling towards the mainland, glad to escape. Thus we dismiss the mighty Daniel from our story. If we write the future history of Virginie it will carry us into the most polite society of France, an honored and comely wife and mother.

At this identical moment Monsieur Malloire, clothed in the finest of garments and the whitest of linen, was on board the *Great West*, coming for his family to take

them to his boyhood home in la belle France—to begin life in their own chateau on a higher plane.

Very soon nearly every article of value or use had been removed to the lighthouse—especially everything in the nature of food. "For," said Major Stone, "it is plain that we are to be visited and it will be by people who are so poor and improvident that they will come to the Little Manitou Island and expect to live off its inhabitants. It is often so in war—the famine comes to the besiegers and not to the besieged."

In making the transfer to the lighthouse, care was taken by Grimley to make suitable bunks and cooking apparatus on the ground floor so that the garrison, as they called themselves, would be in position for the best service. This arrangement pleased Gertrude and the Madame.

Events may now be expected to pass rapidly across the horizon of our story, for the next day after the the adventures of the two abducting crews, the principals of our company were in the lightroom, again surveying the coast opposite.

As was ever their custom, they first directed their glasses towards the dismasted ship in the cove on the shore of the Big Manitou. Coming in that direction the unusual sight of a schooner was seen sailing on the horizon. This schooner drew up to the dismasted ship, and through the glass Gertrude and the others plainly saw what seemed to be a piratical swarm of men climbing from one vessel to the other, and very soon a column of smoke arose which continually grew larger.

Major Stone's lips tightened, for he realized that if the Mormons should find him in his present company

with Eric and Grimley, they would make what they called short work of them. Hence, when he spoke it was with a deep voice which showed that he appreciated his danger. "These are Mormons come in one of their vessels and they are burning the dismantled ship. They are fanatic temperance people and knowing about the cargo of whiskey and the work which it has done and continues to do, they feel they are doing God's service in destroying the vessel with the iniquitous stuff."

It was as Major Stone had said. The Mormon vessel had come down upon the first disappearance of the ice and on their trip to the Little Manitou had taken the trouble to set on fire the abandoned schooner. Being extremely pious and good men, they delayed the passage of their schooner and with decorous ceremony buried the bones of the sailors who had been massacred early in the winter, and whose bones were still unburied. Thus passes from our story this unfortunate ship and its crew.

At this time the United States from one end to the other was engaged in a political campaign between the Whig and the Democratic parties for the great and coveted office of President. Hence, these transactions which had occurred and were transpiring in this far-away corner of the country passed unnoticed. The newspapers mentioned the facts in such a brief way that no public interest was aroused. Thus the twelve men were buried and slept their last sleep undisturbed.

The ship in its burning made a sight which any one seeing would remember for a long time. There are no pictures painted of more interest than those which represent a burning ship. This was a most fascinating sight to the group in the lightroom, who for sev-

eral hours had their attention turned towards the north. The scene was one of water, woods, and shore, but it was not to the scenery, gorgeous as it was, that their attention was riveted. The Mormons' ship with its motley crew—we might say piratical crew with truthfulness—continued on its southern course and just as evening came down upon the long pier the vessel sailed alongside and was tied up to the posts. This was the same pier which had received the *Great West* written of in our opening pages. The pier was built by the Government upon solid pilings and extended a long distance into the waters of the lake so as to accommodate the largest ships afloat. Upon this pier and the lighthouse the Government had expended an immense sum, so that while the island was of small size, its port facilities were ample for the great commerce which passed it and in storms sought its shelter. The island was a port of refuge and was well known to most of the crew on the incoming vessel. These "fresh water sailors," as they were called throughout the lakes in distinction to those sailing on the ocean, strolled in little groups up the pier and through the wood paths of the island. Many of them were gathered about the door of the lighthouse and the warehouse. These doors they found locked and the buildings silent to their calls and poundings upon the doors. A policy of silence was established, to be maintained during the coming days, the events of which we are about to relate.

It need not be said that there were anxious hearts in the lighthouse that evening—none more troubled than Eric when he remembered the warrant that Strang had issued for his arrest. He could not forget the severe language used to him by the so-called prophet-

acting sheriff. Grimley was anxious for the safety of Gertrude and for the protection of the company's property. He also remembered with apprehension the inglorious way in which the Mormons, some of whom were probably among the present invading party, had been expelled from the island, with shots flying over their heads. He felt glad nothing worse had been inflicted upon the Mormon crew than the destruction of their sleds and the seizure of their rifles and the perhaps greater chagrin and mortification they had experienced.

Major Stone had his own anxieties when he remembered the part he had been playing and the deception he had practiced upon the Mormons. The others of our friends sympathized with the principal sufferers. There were no school exercises, nor music, nor any conversation above a whisper in the tall tower of the lighthouse that night.

Gertrude said to herself: "This is a serious time. I wish the steamer *Michigan* would arrive."

Profound silence reigned upon the island throughout the night. The Mormons retired to their ship and were soon all asleep in their bunks. It may be said that in the lighthouse there was a silent petition to God from each of the inmates asking His help. The substance of the prayers was alike—a call for Divine deliverance—after which every one in the lighthouse was wrapped in slumber—blessed sleep. Was this the fulfillment of Eric's dream? Dear fellow; he also called upon God for help for the widow and her child, who were all the world to him.

Gertrude had wished and prayed that the steamer *Michigan* would soon arrive. With her quick woman's wit she saw not only the possible escape from their

danger, present and to come, but also the method by which that escape was to be effected, and, as nearly always with self-forgetful women, Gertrude was right in this. There were probable dangers to come which could be averted by the arrival of the big steamer.

When the morning light appeared Gertrude and Grimley were upon the lookout and when the darkness crept away a sight met their eyes which was appalling. There were to be seen no less than twenty fishing boats drawn up on the shore, each representing ten or twelve occupants and quite to their surprise, many of them were women and perhaps a dozen children, and this was aside from the armed schooner.

It was to be a busy day and the activity was not to be shared by any of our group. By nine o'clock the crew of the ship were on shore and all the people from the boats. Every square acre of the island was being tramped over by the motley concourse of invaders.

Strang could be seen with his short, alert square figure, bearskin cap and beaverskin overcoat, hastening from point to point, giving directions as to the labors of the invaders. They had come as William the Conqueror came when he invaded England and divided its land and homes. Strang's brain was fully equal to that of William the Conqueror, and the aim of their coming, while not the same in magnitude, was of the same standard of righteousness. The sound of axes chopping down trees filled the air. The men were engaged in building huts but not until the cabins of the woodsmen had been taken and occupied by those parties who had brought women with them to settle the new possession.

In the main these invaders were American citizens, and they were fully experienced in turning the wilder-

ness into a fairly comfortable habitation. By noon of that day there were scores of fires upon which the noonday meal was being prepared for the several hundred people.

We have spoken before of the building taken by Strang to which he had attached the sign "Tabernacle." This was in fact Major Stone's office and domicile. Here Strang fixed his headquarters where he and his right hand man Adams were seated. The fire in Major Stone's Franklin stove was kept amply supplied with fuel. Strang's tinsel colored crown was hung on the wall immediately back of his seat and the trumpet was suspended lengthwise by hooks put in the wall back of the large framed "Apostle Adams." The trumpet was about eight feet long. Adams himself was somewhat over six feet; while Strang was but slightly over five feet in height. The contrast was grotesque. It has often been said that the greatest speculation in the world is that of buying men at their real worth, appearance, etc., and selling them at their own estimate of themselves. Strang was what could be called a "good feeler" and Adams like a great many big fellows not at all chesty, or self-assertive, hence they got along with very little or no friction.

At four o'clock in the afternoon just before the sun was setting, Adams took down his trumpet and blew three mighty blasts, which echoed and re-echoed throughout the island; hearing which, every man, woman, and child proceeded to the tabernacle. A decorous silence prevailed. Strang put on his kingly crown and arrayed in his royal robes came to the entrance of the cabin, mounted a little platform placed for his use and lifting his right arm towards the setting sun, repeated in a magnificent voice and with the great-

est earnestness the One Hundred and Third Psalm with its lofty words of cheer, praise, and trust. Adams, who was a singer, enunciated every note with the utmost clearness and led in singing of the familiar doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The reading and song were joined in heartily by every one present with great spirit.

This was followed by an address delivered by Strang with wonderful eloquence and a sustained dignity which might excite the envy of the most highly trained orator. His theme was the love of God manifested in his gift of the world and all therein to the church of the Latter-day-Saints.

"But," said he in closing, "we have to exercise patience for a time to suit God's will and to wait His time, but we have it in sure prospect. This beautiful island is a part of God's gift to us; let us take it; let us cultivate it; let us make it bloom like the rose of Sharon; let us enjoy the food which its soil is ready to return abundantly for the seed we are to put in it, and also make use to the utmost of the fish so abundantly filling the waters about us."

This was to be a day of surprises. At the conclusion of this address there was a terrific sound of voices which horrified the assemblage of Mormons. It was no less than an Indian war whoop from a band of these warriors. While Strang's people had been so busily engaged in preparing their habitations a large flotilla of Canadian Indians had landed on the shore, arrayed in their war paint and although only about twenty-five in number had silently come upon the scene. Each Indian was armed with a hatchet and a scalping knife. These hatchets they immediately began to ply amid the screams and cries of the Mormons.

As said before, they were American settlers, and while the Indians were able to wreck their purpose upon a few of the Mormons, the latter soon drew the knives carried in their belts and hastily viewing the preponderance of their numbers, stood shoulder to shoulder and defied the Indians. In less time than it takes to write this the silence was undisturbed except by the groans of several of the wounded who were in the throes of death.

At the moment of the Indians' onslaught several rifle shots from the upper part of the lighthouse were heard and as many Indians fell dead. Under Major Stone's direction the proper time for the garrison to enter the sanguinary scene was indicated. Seeing their comrades fall the Indians retreated, each one behind a tree, and later made a rush for their birch bark canoes, gaining which they rapidly paddled to the mainland shore where they disappeared into the woods. The Mormons had killed none of them, but Major Stone's party with one or two additional shots had killed no less than six, who lay upon the ground motionless. The wounded Mormons were conveyed to the woodsmen's cabins and left to the care of the women. The lighthouse and its occupants again lapsed into self-imposed silence.

Gertrude had seen the approach of the savages from the north and she had called to the Major, Grimley, and Eric to observe them. In the hasty consultation which followed, it was her woman's wit to urge them to await a critical moment and then with the rifles captured on the first visit of the invaders, join in the combat from the safe shelter of the tower walls. The band of Indians were on their way to the ship for whiskey and had loitered about under the alluring hope of scalps to be taken in the surprise.

Thus the second night of King Strang and his followers' encampment upon the island was entered upon with quietness and a condition which would be called in warfare "armed neutrality." The Mormons now knew that the keeper, Eric and his assistants were to be reckoned with as powerful neighbors. It had been the design of this motley crew to come down and by mere weight of numbers seize the land and its adjacent waters and all the "improvements," so-called, that were already upon the island. The silence of the island was unbroken during the night, except for the groans and audible prayers of the wounded.

That evening Gertrude asked Major Stone at the evening meal how soon the steamer *Michigan* might be expected, to which he replied:

"It is probably en route already from St. Joseph where she has been wintering, and proceeding at about the rate of five miles an hour. This would make one hundred and twenty miles a day and as we are three hundred miles north of St. Joseph, she should be here within three or four days.

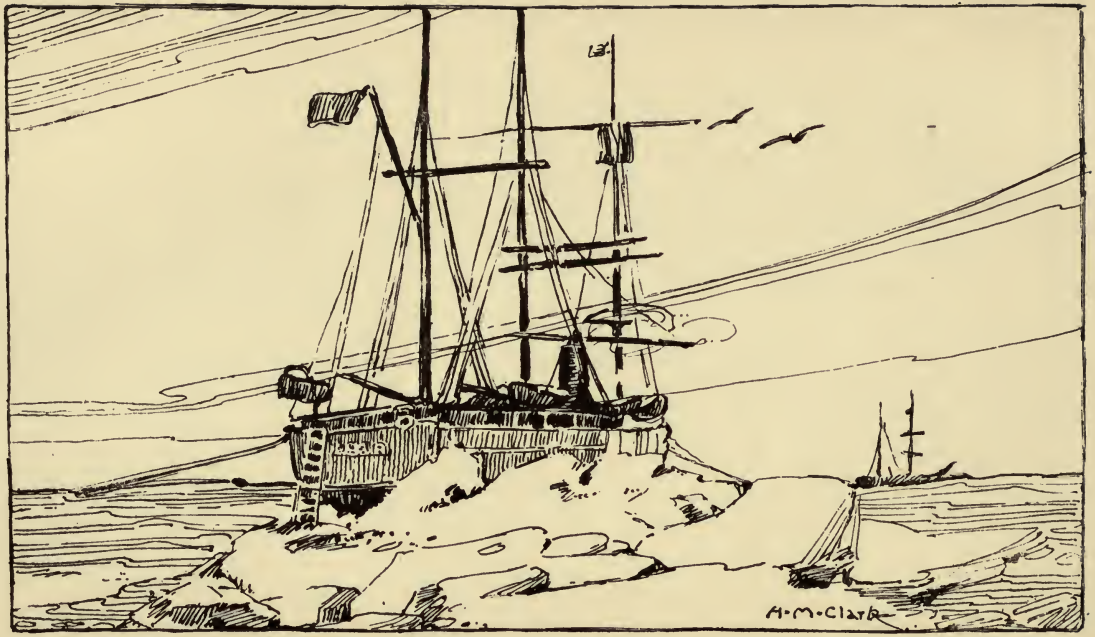
"Of course," added the Major, "something may have occurred to delay the departure of the *Michigan* from its port. Some bit of machinery may be lacking, which would have to be obtained by messenger from Fort Wayne or Chicago. The Captain may have received instructions from Washington to defer his trip for some days, awaiting communication with myself from Beaver Island as to the events transpiring there. Of course this incursion to the Little Manitou Island is unknown, so we will have to wait till she arrives before we can count on deliverance from that source."

Gertrude's whole being was aglow with the ancestral spirit of her forefathers. She was of direct descent

from the Spanish warriors who had expelled the Moors from Spain, and who being under suspicion of the inquisition had left the beautiful country of the Guadalquiver. They had tarried three or four generations in England and then joined the greater emigration to America. The blood of these great fighters was now coursing in the veins of this gifted girl who had claimed, meekly talking to her lover, that it would be a matter of the similitude of the strong to the strong when they came together, for life and not that of a clinging vine. Gertrude turned her steel gray eyes upon Grimley and said, most gravely:

"Mr. Grimley, you know that what I do is always guided by woman's instinct and not by reason. Now I am impelled to ask you to go with me in the morning and call upon this man Strang, as American citizens, and ask him what his motives are in thus taking the island for his own. Eric and Major Stone shall watch for our safety from the tower, with all the rifles loaded. For our personal protection we, too, will take along our noble brute brother Hector."

It was decided to act upon this proposition in the morning. As Major Stone said: "It will at least gain us time, which is what we need, for the *Michigan* to arrive and will also give us a chance for lengthy negotiation. These people do not want to fight. They have had enough of it for one short season, and if you apply directly to Mr. Strang, you will find he is a gentleman and a scholar, within his surroundings."



"Steamer Michigan."—Chapter 44, Page 483

CHAPTER XLIV

ERIC'S SECOND ESCAPE

ACCORDINGLY in the morning soon after ten, the doors of the lighthouse were thrown open by Eric and as quickly closed, after the three had gone out.

It was a short walk to Strang's headquarters, and Grimley and Miss Pearl were soon facing the prophet. Upon their entrance to the doorway of the tabernacle, Mr. Adams had, with the gracefulness inherited by him from his noble ancestry, placed chairs for the two to sit upon. Hector kept close by the side of Gertrude and the group presented a notable picture.

Mr. Grimley, with the composure of a Christian, orator and gentleman, said simply:

"Gentlemen, before we proceed any further I will ask you to forget the scene which took place when we last met. I spoke with some anger, and ask you to forget so far as you can the incident."

Strang was surprised at the manner and dress of Grimley and Gertrude, who were perhaps the highest bred people that he had ever met. His lot had been a humble one. When he had been in the large cities of the country lecturing, and even in the legislature of Michigan, those with whom he had come in contact were upon a different plane of cultivation and refinement, to our two friends now before him. To Grimley's request for forgiveness Strang bowed his head in assent, and spoke the single word: "Proceed."

Whereupon Grimley said: "Mr. Strang, you must know that we are well armed; the lighthouse walls are thick, and we cannot be dislodged from our place by any of your forces. What you are now doing in taking possession of this island, which belongs to the company I represent—The Great Western Transportation Company—can only succeed for a short time. Hence, I ask you respectfully and kindly to withdraw. I understand that you have large possessions in Beaver Island and many followers in this part of the country. You are now operating upon a line that will bring you into conflict with the forces of the United States Government. A continuance of this inroad upon other people's property and possessions will be very brief and followed by serious consequences, perhaps including bloodshed."

To this dignified speech, Strang made a surprising reply.

"Mr. Grimley—I understand that is your name—what have you done with the money?"

To which Grimley replied: "It is already in possession of the United States Government and you can dismiss that from your calculations."

Again Strang spoke: "You have Eric in the lighthouse, have you not?"

"Yes," said Grimley. "He was the one that shot down the Indians yesterday and saved your party from being killed; for the Indians once warmed to the battle, you well know, would make short work of every man, woman, and child in your party, and would have returned to Canada triumphant in the possession of your scalps."

Again Strang answered: "Mr. Grimley, I know that you are entitled to our grateful thanks for your interposition, for which I give God the principal glory. You

were but the instruments in his hands for our deliverance. One more thing I have now to say. Eric is a criminal in the eye of the law of the State of Michigan. He has once escaped when being taken to jail from which he was to be tried for piracy and robbery on the high seas. This he admitted upon being questioned by myself at the time of his arrest. One word further, Mr. Grimley. What you have said has force in it. We have the law on our side because we have made this descent upon the island for the sole purpose of capturing Eric."

At this Grimley smiled and said with some sarcasm, "It looks somewhat different from what you say from the method in which you are taking possession of the land and making sales, does it not, Mr. Strang? With the trumpeting, songs, and speeches it does not appear as though your errand upon the island with this large force is but to secure one poor man. All is known about the St. Louis robbery and escape, and you cannot possibly think of taking that money. It would be even too foolish to contemplate."

At this Strang colored and manifested a degree of anger. When Gertrude observed this she rose and said: "Mr. Grimley, let us return to our quarters. You have given Mr. Strang the notification that he certainly deserved. As to Eric, Mr. Strang and all his party will go away without him; we shall in no case allow him to be taken." Gertrude was also warm with something very akin to anger.

Here Mr. Adams broke in and said, with emphasis: "Now, lady and gentleman, suppose that we defer any further interview for about four or five days—till next Saturday. In the meantime the writ for Eric will stand and if he does not appear by that time we will be at

liberty to batter down with our big cannon on the boat an entrance into the lighthouse and seize his body according to law."

Hector, seeing Gertrude and Grimley standing, also rose upon his huge limbs, gave a tremendous yawn, showing his immense teeth, which were formidable indeed, and with a lurid eye upon Strang he slowly followed the retiring pair.

The news of the interview was received by the lighthouse occupants with great interest and some trepidation. The noble Eric immediately said: "Well, if the fight is over me, I will surrender."

To this Major Stone replied: "Dear old fellow, after they have got you they will trump up a charge against me and more justly than in your case, because I have been a deceiver. That will be the last of you and me in this world. I have already seen a man shot in his tracks on Beaver Island and it was a pitiable sight. The man was a farmer from the mainland and he left a wife and a family of small children. Strang's first question: 'Where is the money?' shows that the island is to be searched foot by foot until the cash is found."

At this point of our story it seems that there was to be a period of quiet and peace for the balance of the week, and the conditions may be expressed in a few words from what was written by a lively lady to one of her friends: "Who was it said, that 'peaceful nations have no history'? That's we; same thing every day and plenty of it."

Outwardly, life in the lighthouse was the most tranquil since we have commenced this history of its occupants. In the evening of that day Gertrude and her three principal champions were gathered in her sitting-room. Major Stone was by permission calmly smok-

ing his corn-cob pipe. Gertrude with her active brain had a thought, which she communicated by a question. "Eric, how is the tunnel under the lighthouse?"

"Oh, it is all right, Miss Pearl. It goes down to the lake through the sand, but it is choked up at the end so that nobody can see it."

"Now, Eric, could you go through that tunnel with Tuesday, get on one of the boats drawn up on the shore and paddle down the lake till you meet the steamer *Michigan?*"

Eric turned almost scarlet. "Oh, Miss Pearl," said he, with solemn earnestness, "you mean for me to fly and leave you and the widow Ruth to the mercy of these wicked men? Let them take me first."

By this time the slower witted men had Gertrude's idea—that the tunnel should be cleared out in such a way that Eric, accompanied by Tuesday, could escape so that in any event he could not be taken.

Let us move our story forward to Sunday evening and look down upon the passive waters of Lake Michigan. In doing so we see the steamer *Michigan* plowing her way northward at a rate that would bring her to the Little Manitou Island by noon of Monday. Approaching her, but as yet out of sight, might be seen Eric and Tuesday paddling a birch bark canoe over the smooth waters in the direction and path of the approaching steamer. Attached to their canoe was another one in tow. By looking a little closer it will be seen that the second canoe contained half a dozen rifles and ammunition and protecting planks, so that if a hostile party were pursuing them they could bring the canoes together and by lifting the short planks upward they would be equipped with a most useful fortification.

Eric with his immense strength and such assistance

as Grimley, the athlete, could afford him, had cleared out the tunnel and cautiously enlarged it so that they could emerge upon the shore of the lake. In these movements, which required a death-like silence at the entrance, Tuesday was invaluable and he was left in charge of that part of the work. These precautions towards silence it is evident were very necessary, as the Mormons had thrown a guard of men around the lighthouse to make sure that no one should leave it. This was to insure securing the money to Strang, which he rightly suspected was hidden in the lighthouse.

Resuming our observations, we see a pursuing crowd of Mormons in their boats rowing in the path of Eric and his Indian companion. Sometime after they had embarked, one of Strang's followers on the mainland arrived with word that he had observed two canoes with a white man and an Indian proceeding southward. Investigation disclosed the fact that two of the Mormons' canoes were gone. Without delay, a pursuing party was organized and the observer looking down upon the lake could have seen the two canoes, followed by six or eight other canoes. The schooner had been untied from the pier and was making ready to join in the pursuit. This is the tableau—the great ship, two birch bark canoes with the two men approaching it, they in turn being followed by other boats, and the armed vessel of the Mormons starting from the pier.

It now becomes a question of time. The distance between the steamer *Michigan* and Eric is twelve miles. This is being reduced at the rate of five miles an hour by the approaching steamer and four miles an hour, the rate Eric and Tuesday are propelling their canoe. The Mormon pursuing party with their larger quota

of men to each boat were but a short distance behind Eric and Tuesday, but as yet not near enough to fire upon them, although slowly lessening the distance between. If Eric's strength can but hold up for an hour and twenty minutes he will be safe aboard the *Michigan*.

Let us see what conclusion was reached in solving the problem.

In the meantime the other Mormons had made a startling discovery. They had found the entrance to the tunnel and some bold fellows had crept inside. In leaving Eric, Tuesday had unwittingly left uncovered the entrance to the lighthouse from the shore.

Several of the invaders were soon ensconced inside the lower story of the lighthouse, where they were quickly discovered by Antoine, who was in his mother's living apartments on the second floor. The alert young Frenchman, with the silence and celerity of an active cat, raised the ladder which communicated to the second floor of the lighthouse and then he uttered his cry of danger. This stroke left the Mormons in possession of the tunnel and the first floor of the lighthouse with its valuable contents.

The tunnel contained plenty of supplies and on this floor of the lighthouse was also hidden the coveted treasure. On the two floors above were the Madame's apartments; above that were Miss Pearl's quarters and then the lightroom. It was from the lightroom that the trouble began. Here the Madame, Gertrude, Ruth, Virginie, Esther, Major Stone, Grimley and Hector were gathered. They were intently observing the boats which had started in pursuit of Eric and his companion. Their hearts were full of anxiety. Suddenly a sound came up from below. Antoine called in a voice, piercing and fearful, which easily echoed through the two intervening

floors. It was the mother who instinctively heard it first.

"Oh! my Antoine, he is hurt," and she flew down as soon as the echoing voice ceased its vibrations, speeded by a mother's love.

Gertrude, also with her quick intuition, called out: "They have found the tunnel. We must drive them out. Get the guns."

Simultaneously the whole party gathered at the head of the opening made for the stairs ascending from the ground floor. The Mormons below were already making an effort to lower the ladder, which would give them access to the stories above. In this they would have soon succeeded, but the Madame with her fighting blood aroused, was already at hand with a dipper of hot water from the large boiler, which opportunely was nearly full. Scalded and blinded by this downrush from the well plied dipper, the six or eight men who had thronged in the ground floor of the lighthouse were thrown into complete confusion and were ready to retreat.

Now comes the quick-witted Gertrude who called out with a commanding voice: "You men get out of here, right back through the tunnel. You have no business here. You are breaking the law. You will be arrested and sent to jail for breaking into the lighthouse—every man of you. This is the property of the United States."

To which one of the men said: "The woman is right. We better get out." Slinking out in very much the same way they had when they were formerly driven from the island, these men crawled back into the tunnel and circulated the news that they were all liable to be thrown into prison, and kept there for life.

The ladder was quickly dropped into position after the invading party had retired, and Grimley immediately

descended and closed the aperture to the tunnel. This happy conclusion allows us to tell of an occurrence of the early morning, while the steamer is approaching the island.

Gertrude and Grimley were in the lightroom making observations which were considered of the first importance, when they heard a great outcry, which broke the silence of the island. "Oh, my God!" said a voice, "spare me, spare me, you are killing me, you are killing me!" This was followed by deep groans and yells beyond description, and then silence. The cause of these sounds and by whom produced, our friends did not know till later.

Time passes rapidly during crises and Gertrude and Grimley again found themselves in the tower. The Major and Antoine were guarding the lower floor and our friends in the lightroom now easily saw a stream of heavy black smoke, announcing the arrival of the steamer, so long looked for and, we may add, earnestly prayed for.

The fate of Eric and Tuesday was as yet unknown. Quite to the surprise of the two observers the Mormons' armed schooner turned her course at this moment from the pursuit of Eric and headed towards the mainland in a diagonal direction. It appeared that the crew had, upon observing the approach of the steamer, thought it best to make for the mainland and give up their chase.

In a short time the *Michigan* in all its massive proportions drew up to the pier and a gangplank was thrown out. A messenger from Strang went aboard the steamer and returned immediately with a note from the Captain inviting Strang to visit the Captain of the vessel. In a short time Strang proceeded towards the *Michigan* with the most deliberate dignity, his heart full of swelling

vanity and confidence in his ability to explain the presence of his people upon the island with the story that they were in pursuit of a culprit who had committed an act of piracy. It was a lovely tale for a natural born orator and liar to enlarge upon. But King Strang, prophet, priest and king as he was, in his own estimation, never had an opportunity of delivering his tale or making excuses for his acts.

At this moment Gertrude saw, with the aid of the glasses, a man whom she distinctly recognized as her own uncle, coming rapidly after Strang. Her uncle was accompanied by a companion, who, to her astonishment, she recognized as her New York uncle. The two proceeded with as much speed as Strang's pace was slow. On this occasion Mr. Adams did not appear, he being a natural born gentleman and ashamed of his company, and preferred not to be seen by the officers, also gentlemen, of the steamer. Hence, Strang was without his usual big bodyguard.

Gertrude saw her St. Louis uncle draw from his waistcoat a double-barreled pistol which he deliberately fired into Strang's body with both barrels. Quite to the surprise of Gertrude, her two uncles rushed up the gangplank onto the steamer and without stopping, deliberately delivered themselves as prisoners on board the government boat.

The Mormons, scattered about, were stupefied by the shooting of their prophet, who had fallen to the ground as though killed. In an instant, rage filled their hearts with a desire for vengeance. They swarmed upon the vessel, howled, cursed, even the most pious of them, and called down the vengeance of Heaven upon the murderers. It may be understood by the reader that Gertrude's uncle had been tried for drunkenness by the

Twelve Apostles and had been found guilty and sentenced to receive according to the Mosaic order, forty stripes, save one. These had been administered with such cruelty that they had drawn from the poor man the cries of agony Grimley and Gertrude had heard. He had become a common drunkard unable to curb his appetite for liquor. The affair culminated in the shooting and badly wounding of Strang, in revenge for the lashing he had suffered.

However, the anger which filled the Mormons' hearts was of no avail. Strang lay upon the ground—not dead, but so seriously wounded that within a few weeks he died in the arms of his faithful old wife in the adjoining state of Wisconsin. With his death ended the kingdom of St. James, after an existence of about six or eight years, the astonishing details of which we have given but an outline.

For a moment let us return to Eric. He reached the steamer just before his pursuers, but in order to gain it he was obliged to cast off his accompanying canoe, thus restoring to the Mormons some of their rifles and ammunition. Eric, dear fellow, was glad not to be obliged to fire and kill or wound any of his pursuers. The boats which had been following Eric were turned towards the mainland, as the schooner had been. The Captain of the *Michigan* took no further notice of either the schooner or canoes. The Captain received Eric, heard his tale and soon after gave his attention, as we have read, to the docking of the steamer.

At the time of the shooting the Captain, with several of his officers, was curiously waiting in the cabin to receive Strang when he might appear. Hence, he did not witness the shooting event nor did the Captain have any hand in the repulsing of the onrushing Mormons who were intent on the capture of the two uncles. Several

of the steamer's crew, ex-fishermen who knew the circumstances of Strang's life, pushed ahead of their companions and repelled the advance of the Mormons. One of the officers appeared and completed their dispersion, and ordered the wounded Strang to be taken on board, where he received the ship surgeon's attention. The officer then ordered the two uncles to be locked up on board the steamer. Upon examination, Strang's wounds were found to be fatal and left no hope of recovery.

And now Eric and Tuesday came on shore; the former bearing a message from the Captain of the *Michigan* to Major Stone, requesting him to come aboard and make a report supplementary to that which the Captain had received from Washington. At the end of this interview the Captain ordered the steamer's course to be continued to Beaver Island where he had expected to arrive under his instructions. In the wake of the steamer *Michigan,* containing their wounded leader, as well as his murderers upon whom they yet hoped to wreak vengeance, Strang's disconsolate people followed in their boats. Their movements were now in a way being directed by Adams.

That night our lighthouse friends were again the sole inhabitants of the little Manitou Island. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and peace, which Gertrude said "was like the peace of God which passeth all understanding" was with them.

The Mormons had taken their wounded along when leaving the island, but the dead bodies of the Indians yet lay where they had fallen. The morning light was needed to reveal a perplexing discovery. Eric and Hector in the very early morning were taking a survey of the island and viewing with interest the half completed work of the invaders. The amount of work accom-

plished in so short a time was astonishing, but these men had been taught by their leaders that industry was one of the prime virtues of a "Saint" while still on earth. One of their prophets in addressing a large concourse of this deluded people had said: "It has been revealed to our Twelve Apostles that there has been much complaint among the women members. Now, sisters, a plain word to you. Round up your shoulders and work, and keep rounding them up, and keep working and your reward will be in Heaven."

The partially constructed cabins were built of hewn logs, and were complete excepting the roofs. Many household conveniences were arranged within the roofless walls, awaiting immediate occupancy by the women and children.

A grewsome sight awaited Eric, and the tender-hearted fellow was made sorry to see the outstretched dead bodies of the Indians. He was horrified to observe among them the body of one white man. The effect of the shots, coming as they did from above and striking the heads of the victims, had been to cause instant death, and a total of six Indians and one white man, painted in the Indian war paint, was the result of the interference of Major Stone. For it was under his direction as an officer of the law that the firing had been done. Eric, followed by the faithful dog, sought the lighthouse and communicated the finding of the white man and Indians, adding that there was a large package of papers protruding from the white man's belt.

Antoine was sent on a willing errand to secure the papers and bring them in, this at Miss Pearl's request. The Mormons had evidently declined to bury the bodies and so they had lain until Eric found them. Antoine secured the papers which he brought with celerity to

Major Stone. Gertrude refused to touch them, remarking:

"Oh, horrors!" and averted her face.

Major Stone had already rearranged his office to which he now retired, bearing the papers, saying: "These may contain information demanding some thought." This is similar to an answer made by a very rich philanthropist suddenly approached by a poor widow who poured out a tale of woe. This philanthropist was a money maker and a money giver but no sudden call for help, even of this poor widow, caused him to relax his rule of knowing before giving. This was how he met the request: "Madame, this is a case which requires an investigation and I will see that your needs are attended to." There was no sudden movement of his hand to his pocket, but no doubt it would be better for the woman in the end, if hers were a worthy case, than if he had at once given her a small coin.

Thus it was with Major Stone. He took the package of papers, piece by piece, to ferret out the true inwardness of the attack. The bodies were soon given a decorous burial, and this party, like the twelve sailors lying on the adjacent island, were covered in a few brief weeks with the green verdure of the surface of the turf under which they lay.

That evening Major Stone, in reply to an inquiry from Gertrude, told what he had learned from the papers found upon the white man's body. It seems that the disappearance of the sum aggregating a quarter of a million dollars from the St. Louis bank had become public and an organization made on speculation attempted to trace it and secure it for themselves. Three men of the underworld from St. Louis were sent to the north, where they had discovered a trace of the absconding

cashier and followed him to the island. Before coming across from the mainland they had hired a rough band of Canadian Indians—probably Blackfeet—who were already incited by large promises and the hope of obtaining many scalps of the settlers.

The Major summed up his findings by stating that this added to his cares, as the party come so far for such a purpose would not stop in their attempts to gain the money, by the loss of one of their number—the Indians not counting in their estimation. The Major said: "Doubtless the two men yet in the vicinity would be on board the first steamer that came to the island and would continue their attempts to obtain the money, and so must not be lost sight of."

A wonderful change had taken place in the appearance of the island since the first of April. In the dead of winter the little island had been rock bound, for ice is classed among the minerals. Apply heat to ice and it turns to water.

At the Straits the ice still held fast. If one could have looked down upon the south and east coast of Michigan, it would have been observed that scores of craft of all descriptions were waiting in the harbors or anchored in the waters of Lake Huron. Among the largest of these waiting vessels was the steamer *Great West,* with Captain Sprott still in command and nearly all the old crew which the vessel had when it passed through the Straits towards Buffalo the previous autumn. The *Great East* and scores of craft were also waiting the dispersion of the ice in the Straits but on the west shore of Michigan. There were many short trips being made by fishing boats, steam tugs, etc., on both Lake Michigan and Lake Huron.

The first of May has always been the ideal day for the breaking up of the ice in the straits. When this occurs

the desolation of which we have spoken so frequently is succeeded by the activity of hundreds of craft passing back and forth from West to East and vice versa. It was this large activity which suggested to Strang the thought of building up a Mormon colony on the Beaver Islands and ultimately laying tribute, if not in money, then in trade, upon the passing commerce.

The steamer *Michigan* was bound upon an errand through the Straits to some port on Lake Erie and the Captain decided to wait the breaking up of the ice at the Port of St. James. This name was given to the capacious harbor on Beaver Island, where craft could lie in safety from the drift of ice. The one notable observation made by the Captain, officers, and crew was the exodus of King Strang's followers. The movement was phenomenal. It was indeed a dispersal.

The wounds of Strang proved fatal, but ere he departed this life he made a last request, which was that his body should be taken to the city of refuge (Voree) which had been founded in Wisconsin. There he died July 9th, 1856, and there his bones rest in an unmarked grave. History does not record what became of his crown or the eight foot trumpet of Apostle Adams. The kingdom fell with Strang. Adams assumed some sort of control, but every hour carried away numerous families of the misguided followers.

The Gentile invasion came soon after Strang's removal to Voree. The fishermen, whose occupation and trade he had expected to grasp, came with torch to burn and axe to demolish. The printing office was sacked. The tabernacle was reduced to ashes. The Mormons were exiled. On the islands of Green Bay and its adjacent peninsula a few of them built new homes; some sought the land whence they had followed their prophet;

the rest were scattered to the four points of the compass. Like that of the prophet, Joseph Smith, the life of the prophet, James Strang, ended in a tragedy and the dispersion of his people and erstwhile kingdom.

One word may be added suggesting a point upon which the two thoroughly agreed. It was strange but true that they were both liars and deceivers from the beginning of their careers, and they ended their lives thorough believers in their own deceptions.

At the very last Strang called his Twelve Apostles about him and discussed the best plan for continuing the kingdom. He was crowned July 8, 1850, and died July 9, 1856—completing six years and one day of a turbulent reign. The Prophet Smith when his life was ended was estimated to be worth under his own hand one million dollars, besides an immense treasure which he controlled as head of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints. This accumulation of capital was used in furnishing the money for the removal of the Mormons to Salt Lake City. Strang on his part was never without money but he had not been in power long enough for his tithing system to accumulate any more money than was required from day to day. Hence, the Mormons who scattered from Beaver Island were poor indeed. They had been deceived and robbed, but being industrious and temperate they soon found places for themselves among the fishermen and lumbermen of Wisconsin and Michigan. The places which knew them once knew them no more forever.

The problem which might have arisen if Strang had lived will never be answered. That the results might have been disastrous to the country is most certain.

CHAPTER XLV

THE LIGHT KEEPER RETURNS AS MARQUIS MALLOIRE, ETC.

QUITE punctually on the first day of the long expected event the ice gave away. This had already been softened by the advancing season and it did not take very much power from the steam vessels of the waiting fleet to force their way through, so as to mark the usual season of "May Day." All over the West and East the word was passed: "The Straits are open."

It was a lovely sight to see the vigorous activity of the vessels' crews as the various craft, little and big, went upon their appointed courses.

The *Great West* plowed its way southward and at the exact moment drew up to the pier at Little Manitou Island. The *Great East,* as it had done in the fall, drew up on the opposite side of the pier and then there was re-enacted the bustling scenes detailed at the opening of this story. On each thousand mile trip this was the program of the arrival and sailing out of these two sister ships.

Eric and Grimley had already removed the trading goods to the warehouse and were busy supplying the many customers from the two steamers and other craft moored near the island. The damage done the warehouse by the invading parties of Indians and Mormons had been repaired. The furs had been bundled into great packages by Eric and were now sent on board the *Great West* to be taken to Chicago. The barrels of

rock salt were soon sold to parties from the mainland, for supplying their cattle with this most vital food; two of which customers paid for their purchases with twenty dollar gold pieces. Neither Major Stone nor Mr. Grimley, like wise men, made any audible remarks about the offering of the payments in gold.

It was on the *Great West* that Major Stone, or the detective, as we first introduced him, departed for St. Louis. But behold a change—the Major has suddenly within an hour become exceedingly corpulent. His rotundity was caused not by eating up a fortune and swelling out from within but by layers of currency and certain rolls of twenty dollar gold pieces which had been woven into his system from the outside by the use of various pockets which had been stitched into his clothing by the widow (to make it quite plain, we may say Eric's widow), so that there was no semblance of anything unusual. The task of concealing the $180,000 in this manner proved to the end most successful. For ten days later a burly, red whiskered traveler with a fur lined woodsman's cap walked into the office of Samuel Latham, at St. Louis and asked for an interview with that honest gentleman, who gave him a welcome, which Major Stone was glad to recall in all his later years.

The officers of the bank were sent for and the bundles of treasure were taken from their hiding places, much to the relief of the Major, and were quickly counted by Mr. Latham and the bank's representatives. The amount stolen from the bank was intact, with perhaps the exception of some four hundred dollars—that is, twenty of the twenty dollar gold pieces, which had been distributed from island and shore and proved the undoing of the criminal. A worse fate might have overtaken him than that which came to him had he not been stopped

at the beginning of his career. No warrant had been issued for him, nor any records made in the courts of the crime he had committed. Gertrude, who was really a wealthy woman, soon and readily gave a check for the amount necessary to clear the family name. When she paid the amount she had said gaily, it was like handing herself the sum, that is, she paid her own loss with her own money.

At Major Stone's elbow when he entered Latham's office, was to be seen our friend Tuesday, who had kept upon his master an eye that never wandered while on their trip. Several times the detective had noticed on the *Great West* two of the worst criminals of the time. These men, however, overlooked the portly woodsman and his Indian companion and made no attempt to discover the cause of his rotundity. It was a relief to the honest southern gentleman to be rid of the responsibility of carrying so large an amount through so rough a country. In reviewing this period of his adventurous life, Major Stone was often heard to say: "To the lovely Gertrude I probably owe my life, as well as the successful delivery of the large sum of money, for it was at her suggestion that I concealed the currency about my person in the many small pockets, sewed under her direction by the good widow Ruth."

It is at this point of our story that the twenty thousand dollar reward should be divided according to the promise of the excellent Mr. Latham, who it will be remembered, was to divide that sum between himself and Mr. Grimley, the agent of the Great Western Transportation Company, located on the Little Manitou Island. Mr. Grimley received his share of the money in the form of a deposit book from the principal bank of St. Louis, together with a check book of the customary style, and a request from

the bank for his signature upon a slip of paper to verify the signatures to be made on the checks, as he should fill them out at any time for any amount up to ten thousand dollars to suit his conveniences.

Gertrude's aunt was a passenger on the *Great West* under the care of Captain Sprott. The meeting with her niece may be left to the imagination of the reader. Gertrude shared her room in the lighthouse with the good lady, who by the way had written to Gertrude one or more letters, which had been received, giving an account of the social life in New York for the winter.

Aunt Estelle's heart was still unhappy; it had been broken when she became aware of her husband's flight to the Mormon settlements. "It is hard after a married life of thirty years to be rewarded for all of my faithfulness with such a desertion," and much else said the aunt to her niece upon the sad subject.

To all this Gertrude responded: "Dear Aunt, keep your mind in a forgiving way and don't despair of again being a happy married woman. Remember no man or woman is really perfect. The best of them have their faults and every one of them has to be forgiven for something. Now uncle is a most agreeable gentleman; somewhat weak and liable to be over-persuaded by designing people with whom he comes in contact. Uncle has been rich. All his capital is lost and the poor man has been overcome by the devil. But, dear Aunt," continued Gertrude, taking the lady within her embrace, "there is a power on earth as well as in Heaven superior to the devil, and that kindly Heavenly Father will bring you out of this trouble in the same way that he has brought me out of mine. When I tell you all I have gone through and that at every emergency I called earnestly upon Him for deliverance, which always came,

I know you will feel forgiving and your love for uncle will return to you."

Sharing the same room together these two women's principal topic of discourse was that relating to Mr. Grimley. Of course, these conversations cannot be repeated. They were frank and loving on both sides and in her frankness, Aunt Estelle remarked that it seemed to her the courtship had not proceeded very rapidly since the understanding had been arrived at, that Edward loved and would die for Gertrude, and Gertrude loved and was equally ready to die for Edward. Aunt Estelle said with continued frankness: "That is not the way they did when I was a girl."

To which Gertrude responded: "We have to make some allowance for the fact that Mr. Grimley is a clergyman and has met with a great disappointment."

"Yes," said Aunt Estelle, "and he is a poor man until his parents die and then not very rich, and you are quite a rich lady. That would make some difference."

"Yes," said Gertrude, "that is a great obstacle, and how to get over it, I don't know."

To this, Aunt Estelle said: "I can tell you how to get over that. There is no doubt but what he loves you and that he is an honorable gentleman. Now I have known several ladies who are rich and who married worthy men; themselves "proposing" and no evil arising from it. It was but forestalling a little of the intimacy which comes after marriage." She continued, very softly, "My dear, you certainly understand me and can easily arrange it with so worthy a man, who is ready to take you—imperfections and all."

Gertrude's aunt was very fond of Grimley and she felt a great deal of satisfaction when she recalled what she had written at an earlier date of our story to her

niece, recommending Grimley as a "proper" gentleman. She felt the joy that usually fills the heart of the real matchmaker and she was now upon the island to see that the matrimonial scheme went well to the final giving away of the bride.

Grimley, although not knowing how much he owed to the aunt, was fond of her, and the hours the three spent together were most delightful. Aunt Estelle was a musician and the songs and playing of the harp were renewed with the utmost zest within the lighthouse walls.

Upon the steamer *Great East* which had come up from Chicago, there was a passenger booked as the Marquis de Malloire, who was no other than the returning lighthouse keeper.

Malloire was certainly an odd character. He had passed several seasons among the Indians of Michigan. He had obtained the appointment of keeper of the lighthouse on the Little Manitou Island. Combined with this he did a small mercantile trade. He made periodical trips to Chicago where he would buy perhaps twenty barrels of flour, various yards of cloths, in which his specialty consisted of immense red bandanna handkerchiefs, which he bought for six cents each and sold to the Indians for one dollar each, so eager were these wild children of the woods for the bright colors. He also bought various articles of hardware, such as knives and a few guns with their ammunition. In these trading ventures his profits far exceeded his modest salary from the Government and he was growing rich in his way.

Malloire was kindness itself towards the faithful mother of his children. His two lively offspring have already become well known to us and they shared the affections of his warm heart. He was nearly as dark and swarthy in countenance as was his wife. His progeni-

tors were from the south of France where they had lived for several generations since their expulsion from Spain, in which country they had been classed as Moors. Hence his complexion and his habit of industry, for the Moors were always great workers. The Marquis's hands were as hard as iron from pulling the oars of his trading boat. His duties at the lighthouse were confined to keeping the lights during the night, and the leathery condition of his hands showed his private occupation, winked at by the inspector. He traded along the shore of the mainland during the day and returned often late at night. In the meantime the person we have called Madame in our story, understood her husband's duties and co-operated so cordially in all his enterprises that before first starting for France he had already a good bank account and large credit in Chicago, the result of his trading profits.

At this point in our story we can bid farewell to the Marquis Malloire, Madame, Virginie, and Antoine. The latter had by this time grown to be a delightful young gentleman under the fostering hand of Gertrude, and was destined to become a swarthy cheeked Parisian with irreproachable manners and fairly well educated in writing and reading English, thanks to Gertrude's teaching.

Virginie, of whom we have said little since her abrupt dismissal of Daniel, was a dangerously handsome young lady. Her career, after arriving in France, was a short one, except as a married woman linked with the fortunes of one of the oldest families of the nobility in the south of France. Virginie was an illustration of the old proverb that says: "A woman born handsome is born married." Farewell, dear maid, we would gladly go much further with you.

The Marquis turned over his duties at the lighthouse

to Eric and wrote a letter to the authorities at Washington recommending his appointment. This letter was filed in the cabinet of recommendations, to which was added at the same time a letter from Major Stone, also recommending Eric's appointment. Without further ceremony Eric received the coveted appointment, signed by President Millard Fillmore.

Eric, it may be said, was in luck. The widow who had already been his comforter through busy scenes and whom he had escorted from the deserted ship to the hospitality of Gertrude, now indicated to him with considerable plainness that she could not live without him, owing to the admiration and love with which he had inspired her. Such is the nature of woman. It requires but a short interval of time for the transfer of her affections, deep and true though they are, from one individual to another, provided circumstances allow. This deep principle is proved in the authentic tale of "Auld Robin Grey," told by the poet.

The noble Frenchman, suspecting the condition of feeling between Eric and Ruth, proposed to his wife that she should hand over to the pair her savings of the winter, which as may be suspected from what we have written from time to time was no small sum. It amounted to several months of Eric's salary. The wolf skins and ears had brought a nice round sum and this increased the amount given to Eric and Ruth.

Their position in the lighthouse was a trifle awkward, and it devolved upon Gertrude's aunt to officiate upon this occasion as matchmaker. She rather bluntly proposed to Grimley, he being an ordained clergyman, that he should marry the couple. Grimley, being a thorough gentleman and never refusing to do the agreeable thing, consented. This caused Gertrude burning

blushes when she thought of it and talked of it, especially before Edward. Her inward thought was: "When he marries these dear people, what is he going to do with me?" For Gertrude was in that condition of powerlessness which is a part of woman's destiny when she truly loves a man and one only, and is forbidden by the laws of womanhood to take the manly part of proposing.

During the preceding weeks which had grown into months, Grimley's attitude towards Gertrude had been one which may be expressed by the two words—punctiliously polite. Gertrude and her aunt had ascribed the rather distant manner of the lover, as he surely was, to the difference in their financial positions, but there was a deeper cause than this.

Grimley was determined to retrieve the one untoward incident mentioned as having occurred in his short ministerial career. He had vowed to himself that he would resume his calling as a preacher in any obscure place where he could proclaim the gospel, and the more humble the locality the better. Grimley's pride stood in the way of a complete surrender, but Gertrude was the one who, with the assistance of Aunt Estelle, solved the question upon which hung the future happiness of two true hearted lovers. Her method of procedure can soon be told. She simply stayed upon the island and said nothing, while hour by hour and day by day the self-contained and manly lover worked.

Eric and Ruth were united by Grimley in a simple ceremony, engineered and directed by Aunt Estelle, and the newly wedded couple succeeded to the quarters occupied by Gertrude and her aunt, who took up their abode in the comfortable cabin deserted by Major Stone. Gertrude's effects, as well as her aunt's, were moved into the cabin and with artistic skill were so scattered about

the single room that it was truly picturesque and homelike. The services of two skillful assistants were secured from a passing steamer—a mother and daughter—who were capable of doing all the labor required of what, in those days, was called "help"—that is cooking, laundering, and personal attendance. The Franklin stove became the center, in the early part of the spring, of the warm hospitality dispensed from this island home.

When once settled, quiet and peace reigned supreme. There was no longer danger from wolves, Indians, or Mormons. It is in times of such peace that a man and his maid find it easy to arrange the preliminaries of a long future to be spent together. The method proposed by Gertrude to bring her lover to his knees was simply this—that she would if need be, spend some months on the delightful island and await the auspicious moment when Grimley would say, "I cannot live without you."

Grimley was a busy man attending to his duties as agent of the Transportation Company. His most profitable occupation for the company was the buying of furs. His reputation spread very far as a just and honorable trader. This reputation was established not only among the trappers but also among the Indians, and so exact was his attention to the details of his position that the transportation company doubled his salary and thought they had an agent who would remain in their service for many years. However, something happened which upset the company's calculations.

Here were two ardent lovers, living day by day near each other, restrained as it were, by sheets of steel from passing the line of strictest conventionality. It must be told, however, that Mr. Grimley, disappointed preacher that he was, delivered many sermons to Gertrude, as though she were the audience, which she demurely re-

ceived. Sometimes at nights he dreamed he was standing, as he had often stood, before a great audience with Gertrude sitting, closely attendant upon each word and every thought of his mind and heart. These dreams often changed into words and formulated themselves into a regular sermon. Afterwards, when they were together, Gertrude had a wish to write down the heads and division of the discourses, as she heard them repeated to her, when, the hard day's work at the warehouse being finished, he was able to repeat them to her, almost verbatim.

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There were several logs that lay pointed towards the shore which had drifted in from saw-mills along the lake. These were bridge timbers, designed to be used five or ten hundred miles southward, but they had escaped their booms and stranded on the island shore and became fixed until another storm might come up and release them. Gertrude had a way of running out on these logs to relieve her exuberant hilarity, and one day she slipped into the water twenty feet from shore. There then occurred an incident in which Hector once more showed his qualities. Before Grimley could draw a breath of horror, the noble beast ran out on the log and jumped in to the relief of his mistress. Grimley followed the dog, calling him by name, and completed the rescue. The water had not acquired its summer temperature, and the shock of the fall, and the almost icy water was nearly too much for the lady. She very politely, as was the manner of the times, took his arm as her support, leaned heavily upon him until the lighthouse was reached. This was the last seen of her for several days. A low fever set in and the Madame prescribed and

administered various Indian remedies for cases where chagrin and shock both had been experienced, as was the case with Gertrude. This caused a total separation of the lovers for over two weeks.

Even at a month's end, when she first appeared one beautiful spring morning, pacing with Grimley back and forth on the pier, she was forced from illness to lean upon his arm to aid her trembling steps. The strength had gone out from the beauteous girl, whence she knew not—a terrible weakness—the remains of the shock and the long illness—succeeding her fall in the water.

This first day, as they sat side by side, Grimley took the wasted fingers, and said simply, "I am very sorry for you." He could have said for himself also.

His tones were so tender that the stricken girl began to cry silently, and a little sob of sorrow broke the silence. true woman as she was, there followed a few words from her unwilling lips, "Dear Edward, have you anything to say to me? I need consoling." These simple words were emphasized by a slight pressure of the hand, which caused Grimley a thrill of joy.

But these were his measured words in response, "Dear Gertrude, you know my feelings, but I cannot put them into words until we are restored to civilization, because we both have a future life to live. For the present, I must be only the agent of the Transportation Company, and you the disembarked passenger put in my care." "Say no more," was the response of the agitated girl, "let us continue to be friends."

There remains one thing to be said of considerable importance in our story. It was during this month that a transformation took place in Gertrude. At the beginning of the month she was a gay, thoughtless girl, said by certain envious people to be inclined to flirt. But

that was talk, as she was a level-headed, frank girl, loved by many of the opposite sex, who offered her every inducement to lead a frivolous life. At the end of the month Gertrude had become quite dovelike. Her dress even was changed, and became like that of a Quakeress. Her tones which had been a little too dominant softened almost to a pleading inflection, even in ordinary conversation. She became, in fact, a fit companion for an inspired preacher.

"Lake scenery."—Chapter 46, Page 513

CHAPTER XLVI

THE ONE-ARMED BORTREE, EVANGELIST

One day a passenger on the steamer from Chicago arrived at the island—a one-armed man by the name of Bortree. This man was a missionary, by appointment, an ordained preacher from a society in an Eastern city, with a gift of persuasiveness. He had the voice of a young man, strong, clear, and accurate.

His songs of Zion melted the hearts of all who heard him, whether in a small group or a great multitude. He was, however, otherwise but an indifferent preacher.

Bortree and Grimley, as might be supposed, became quite chums, and the latter had invited Bortree to share his apartments in the warehouse, and had imparted to his young roommate his life failure. When Bortree began at the very first his labors as a missionary on the mainland he easily and naturally asked Grimley to join him.

The first place on the mainland to be visited by the missionary was to be Traverse City, a very lively town—in the season of navigation—a short distance up the lake, where Grimley accompanied him. As a matter of courtesy, not expecting it to be accepted, Bortree, who was always a zealous worker, also invited Aunt Estelle and Gertrude to join them on the trip. It was to be the occasion of a special all-day Union service conducted by the

preachers of Traverse City and the surrounding towns and settlements, under the management of the missionary.

Bortree occupied the center of the platform upon that notable morning and with his opening songs magnetized and molded his hearers into a warm, receptive, and appreciative audience. The dear fellow, however, knew his own deficiencies in the way of preaching and seeing Grimley before him, seated with Gertrude and her aunt, he left the platform, went down the main aisle of the great hall and addressing Grimley said: "Brother Grimley, now is your opportunity. I want you to do the preaching this morning."

Gertrude, who was seated beside Grimley, heard this request. She had already been wrought upon by the singing and the magnetism of the crowd, and said appealingly: "Yes, Edward, this is your call. Go with Mr. Bortree and help him out in the service. He will have a miserable failure unless you do so, and it's God's work." Estelle—the aunt—added her own urgent request for his favorable reply.

Grimley's soul was already on fire with the memory of his old associations, coming vividly to his mind and heart. He proceeded at once to the platform and delivered to this true Western frontier congregation a sermon which he had prepared for a different audience. His discourse electrified the hearts of the people, and especially so Gertrude. When Grimley met them after the service Gertrude said: "Dear Edward, you have found yourself again. You are indeed a true preacher of the Word and it is in this work I wish to be your assistant. Do not deny me the place." These were moments fraught with the destinies of the lovers. The words thrilled Grimley, but he passed them in silence.

Before our group had left the hall they were sur-

rounded by a warm hearted circle of believers, so called, who insisted that they should conduct another meeting in the evening at the same place, with Bortree and Grimley to lead. Gertrude accepted for them with an irresistible impulse. Upon their agreeing to come, one of the group who had been shaking hands with the preacher and singer called out in stentorian tones: "This meeting is adjourned until seven-thirty o'clock this evening. Let all who are now here come and bring their friends." The gentleman who gave this announcement was one of the principal citizens. A good man, albeit one who was known in those days as a land shark—or better described as a land operator—that is to say, he was a land buyer—principally of timber lands. Moreover he was a rich man who had come from Detroit in his own steam yacht, the *Commerce.*

Bortree and Grimley themselves had come with Gertrude and her aunt on a small passenger steamer which plied along the shore and expected to return the same way to their island home.

The Detroit gentleman had offered to convey them in his little steamer to their landing place, provided they would conduct the meeting in the evening. He said it would be a fine moonlight ride.

This became the arrangement for the two ladies and their escorts. The subject of Grimley's evening discourse at the meeting was to be a familiar talk, in which he was to make the point that the Mormons, who were now retreating to the mainland in considerable parties, should be treated with the utmost kindness, and all possible help extended to them and every legitimate influence used to convert them from their delusions.

Traverse City being but a small town, it had become known near and far that Mormonism was to be the sub-

ject at the meeting. This had attracted a throng of people, among whom were many of the believers in Mormonism. His theme or text was Forgiveness. Grimley began with a history of Mormonism. He told of its rise in the East; its transfer to Ohio not many miles from Cleveland, and the building there of the first tabernacle and again to Nauvoo, not far from St. Louis. He alluded especially to the tragedy of Nauvoo; of the death of Smith and his brother at the hands of a mob, and then to Strang's attempts to assume the leadership, with later his return to Voree, Wisconsin, where he had died. The speaker said: "Since the false prophet came to Beaver Island you all know his career better than I do. He being dead, I refrain, except to add that the cause was and is a bad one, as known by its fruit."

Pursuing his subject, he gave in softened tones the stormy events which had occurred at Little Manitou Island, ending with the pathetic account of the death of Strang and the utter failure of the misguided enterprise. In conclusion, Grimley said:

"Reverting to the text and my advice as to the forgiving and forgetting what is passed, I will repeat a poem, which I lately read upon these subjects." Grimley then very effectively repeated the following poem.

FORGIVENESS

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate

Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling *I forgave!*

He had had much practice during the Winter, and his pleasing tones on this very evening were vibrant with his devotion to Gertrude, who was sitting before him. She and the aunt joined with each other in their admiring and almost tearful sympathy; they followed word by word the finished and telling recitation.

During the recitation of the poem Grimley exerted all the arts of eloquence which he possessed. No one in the audience was so touched as Gertrude as she thought of her uncles and her duty, should events transpire that would allow her to aid and point them to a better life than that which they had led. It would be difficult to describe what Gertrude's feelings were when she saw her lover standing before the motley audience, exerting his utmost power, both natural and acquired, to persuade his hearers to righteousness. She recalled a quotation she had once transcribed into her diary. She had read it so many times that it was firmly fixed in her memory. It described a teacher and scholar of the sixteenth century, by name of Nicholas Berandt. Of him Erasmus says: "He was a man of great eloquence, grave bearing, and courtly manners. Even now methinks I hear that tongue explanatory and eloquent—that voice sweetly musical and blandly eloquent—that discourse, fluent and yet measured—that face so friendly, so full

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of goodness, so void of pride—those manners, polished, easy, graceful, and winning. He was one of the best scholars of that early time."

As Gertrude recalled this description which she felt applied almost word for word to the one to whom she had given her heart's best affections, tears rushed forth from eyes that were not usually affected to that extent.

After the meeting had broken up and as the crowd dispersed slowly to their homes, Gertrude saw a strangely familiar face and in a moment another similar one. She gasped for breath and was agitated beyond words when she realized that these faces were those of her two uncles. Most wretched and forlorn did they look. It was evident that they had been affected by the services and the repeating of the poem on forgiveness. They were not bad men at heart and it is an odd fact that the two score stripes, save one, had with the healing of his bloody wounded back caused the departure forever of the devilish thirst for liquor which had brought Uncle Goodwin to his present condition. But the devil had substituted another thirst—that of revenge. The St. Louis uncle had stolen into the Mormon tabernacle on Little Manitou Island where he had found a double barreled pistol, which Strang had appropriated from Major Stone's stores. This lay upon the table, and no honest Mormon would so far demean himself as to steal it. The pistol was in prime order, ready for use, and like a flash of lightning the plan of shooting Strang filled the mind of Goodwin. Partly concealing the weapon in his rough clothing and hobbling along, for he was stiff from his wounds, he overtook Strang just as he was passing aboard the steamer *Michigan*. Coming within a short distance and taking deliberate aim, he fired first one and then another barrel of the pistol into Strang's body.

Goodwin was in a strange frenzy and rather expected to be instantly killed for his act, but seeing the gang-plank of the steamer lying before him, he ran aboard, scarcely realizing his fortunate escape from the wrathful Mormons following him. Seeing an officer, he shouted: "I surrender myself to you as a prisoner and I claim the protection of the law against these men following me." Quite to his surprise one of the Mormon crowd who was the nearest to him cried in a high piercing voice, "I am his brother; don't hurt him." This had some effect in saving Goodwin from the anger of the Mormons.

The New York uncle had, as he thought, been thoroughly converted to Mormonism and he had, when his difficulties became insurmountable at home, fled to their protection in the new kingdom. He had just arrived and was looking for his brother, whom he discovered in the act of shooting down Strang.

Thenceforward their career was one. They were put into guard quarters and manacled. The two men were to be carried, as they supposed, immediately to Detroit, but the *Michigan* laid up at Mackinac Harbor for a day. By this time they had learned that the Captain of the *Michigan* was a social acquaintance—in fact an old schoolmate of one of them. A note was sent to the Captain requesting an interview. The shackles removed, they were taken into the presence of the supreme ruler, according to maritime law, of all aboard the ship. A short interview and a detail of the dreadful humiliation of public whipping inflicted upon an old schoolmate and friend, greatly exasperated the Captain. Calling the Third Lieutenant, he said to him, in a rather peremptory tone, as the two men were standing by: "Lieutenant, take these men to their place of confinement, and do not lose them in the crowd. There are many visitors

aboard and you have to be very careful that they don't slip away."

The Lieutenant was somewhat surprised at the Captain's tone, but he appreciated it a moment later when the Captain, who had given him a signal with his hand, drew his ear to him in a familiar way and whispered, "Johnny, you heard what I said about losing them. Now lose them so I never see them again. Take them through the crowd and if they dodge around let them go." And then turning to the two brothers, he said: "Gentlemen, we are bound for Detroit but will remain at this port for about two hours. If any of the citizens here offer you hospitalities don't refuse them on my account. Go and don't forget our old times together."

Strangely, the lieutenant lost the two brothers in the crowd ere he had reached the guard room. Such was the extreme hustle and bustle upon the *Michigan* occasioned by the unusually large number of visitors aboard, it being the first visit that season of the famous steamer at the Port of Mackinac, that no one noticed the two men, who in modern days would have been classed as tramps, so ill did they appear with their unshaven faces, tangled hair and coarse clothing. Their boots were so badly worn out that some of their toes protruded. Hence, it was recorded in veracious history that these two men were carried to Detroit and released without trial. These were not the exact circumstances but they sufficed to relieve the Captain and the Lieutenant of the responsibility. After finding themselves free, the two men lived from hand to mouth, largely by begging, until the time when they had strayed into the hall at Traverse City and heard the eloquent discourse of Grimley and songs of Bortree. From that moment the two men were

thoroughly converted from the poisonous false doctrines of Mormonism, and the sweetness of their former lives, when they had been truly excellent men, returned. We may now leave them cured of their delusions.

Gertrude introduced her two uncles to Grimley and Bortree. The latter took charge of what he called "the case"—meaning repentant sinners in need of salvation. Gertrude opened her purse for them, which was now always well filled with money, and they disappeared into that condition of life which has often surrounded Eastern men in the Western country.

But stay, what was the condition of Aunt Estelle's mind upon seeing her husband? She promptly fainted and was taken to the hotel, where she spent the intervening time before the sailing of the *Commerce* for Little Manitou Island that evening. From the hotel she proceeded to the boat without again seeing her husband. Whether she ever met him in later years is not in the province of this story to tell, but there was a report that when Grimley and Gertrude were a happy married couple, living with Aunt Estelle, in the city of Detroit, that a long letter was received by her, which it was supposed was from her husband, who was then in New Orleans. Winter coming on and the cold weather having no attractions for her, Aunt Estelle next appears riding behind a span of handsome horses with a gentleman on the famous shell road which leads out of New Orleans towards Mobile Bay. It was remarked by all who observed the middle aged couple: "What a refined gentleman that was with his wife." But this may be a fairy tale by some one who has glanced through the manuscript and says at its conclusion: "What are you going to do with Aunt Estelle before the writing is finished?" Per-

haps a better ending of the story would be that Worthy Williams, who in after life had become very intimate with Gertrude and Grimley, had found his long-lost love upon the death of Aunt Estelle's husband following an accident in the rough country in which for a time his lot was cast.

That evening as the steamer *Commerce* began plowing the waters southward with our party on board, they were truly affected by the loveliness of the scenery. The moon, nearly full, shone over the waters of Lake Michigan. After a short time the lighthouse of Little Manitou Island appeared above the horizon like the evening star, towards which they sailed over waters sweet and clear, quite different from the old ocean with its bitter saltiness, and, as Gertrude said, its dreadful suggestion of a bottom filled with wrecks and dead men's bones. They were drawn toward the island.

Let us go back a very little in our story.

To their left the shores of Michigan were very near and covered with pine forests to the edge of the lake.

The scene was most charming, but as the hours passed it became almost painful to the two lovers. "Gertrude," said Grimley, "are you trembling? Are you chilly with the cold?"

"No, Edward," she softly said with wavering voice, "I am, oh, so anxious about my future. If you leave me now I shall die very soon. I shall be like a faded flower while you go on to a great career to which your talent and high calling will surely bring you. I shall be left by the wayside, forsaken and forgotten."

"Oh, do not say that," said Grimley. "You will always have me."

The weeping girl, who had once before yielded to her

emotions that same evening when listening to Grimley's discourse replied: "How can it be that I shall have you always?"

Grimley affected by her evident distress, said the words that he had known long she wished to hear him say: "Be my wife and my guardian angel for this career you describe, will you?"

Gertrude was a true woman and when the final question was asked she knew the answer that would give the man she loved the greatest satisfaction of his life—a word of three letters. It could not have been "no" as that has but two letters.

Aunt Estelle, experienced matchmaker that she was, had arranged the party so that Bortree and she were at a safe and convenient distance from the lovers. Hence, by the time the boat arrived all the preliminary understanding that was necessary for the life work of these two gifted persons was arranged.

It may be said here that Grimley was a man of some experience in preaching. While a student, he had even received many calls to preach to the very largest, as well as much smaller gatherings. Upon one occasion, at a seaside resort where ten thousand visitors had gathered, a service had been given out, but the preacher was unexpectedly absent. The word went out, where is the man who can hold such a large gathering? To which the answer was given:—There is a man by the name of Grimley, a student, who has the voice and every requisite for holding the ten thousand people. The invitation was given him and the success of his efforts was considered marvelous and quite prophetic of his future career. So brilliant a man must need be humbled, so the Lord brought down his pride, but He gave him such a wife as Gertrude proved to be.

The fitness of Gertrude for a semi-public career was equally good, as may be gathered from the incidents related in this tale.

Grimley now continued preaching and Bortree continued singing during the whole of that season at the different Lake ports, including Mackinac, Green Bay, and others until the Autumn, when the country around the upper lakes again became ice-bound.

The weeks and months which intervened between Grimley's resumption of his career as a preacher and the time when Autumn breezes began to grow cold and chilly were halcyon days for our lovers. They frequently availed themselves of the use of the yacht *Commerce* which was very kindly offered. In fact its principal employment that summer was among the islands and the lake port towns upon what was called evangelical preaching trips. Grimley and Bortree were true yoke fellows who extended their sphere of influence from Mackinac to the many growing towns on the shores of Lake Superior, Lake Huron, and Lake Michigan. Also on Green Bay, on whose Southern waters the famous John Jacob Astor built a city whose name has become widely known through the writings of Washington Irving in the work called "Captain Bonneville's Adventures in the Far West."

The efforts of the young men and Gertrude and Aunt Estelle, who accompanied them upon nearly all their trips, were of large influence in fixing the character of the population for the far future. One of the subjects in which Grimley made his voice and personal efforts felt was to assure the welfare and reformation of the multitudes of deluded persons who had been the followers of King Strang in his reign of six years on the Beaver Island Group.

The waters over which the yacht *Commerce* passed are and have always been of the finest natural water and land scenery in the world. Gertrude and Grimley especially enjoyed this period of their lives when love and duty raised their hearts to an exalted condition which was akin to Heaven. Their favorite seat was in the bow of the little steamer where they often leaned over and gazed upon the fish which were in the clear waters, and the drifting sands which could be seen twenty or thirty feet below. No rocks nor gravel were to be seen, for these had been carried away by the glacial drift when this mighty valley which became Lake Michigan was first formed.

It was not all smooth sailing, for more than once while going from port to port the winds and waves threatened the lives of the lovers. There were other dangers too, incident to living and journeying in a new country.

That summer Grimley used his check book to cover the expenses of the party in what he felt to be the best work of his life. It were vain to try to tell the combined effects of Grimley's marvelous eloquence and his glowing words supplemented by Bortree's sonorous voice in song. The party of four made a quartette capable of producing most extraordinary and lasting effects upon their congregations of settlers, woodsmen, hunters, fishermen, and not a few Indians. The people professed conversion in multitudes and many churches were established in succeeding months.

Thus in a measure the lovers earned their felicity. Solomon in his wisdom has left recorded in his summary of life that the greatest happiness a man can experience in this life is the joy that he feels in the society and company of the wife of his youth. It is true Grimley and Gertrude were not yet married, but their souls

were gaining an intimacy which was to last through a long and happy life, whose beginning was so inauspicious.

One word as to Eric. The education that he received during the winter was the means of his securing an advance in position, satisfactory to himself and his faithful wife. Eric was in the transportation business for life. He became the head of the Great Western Transportation Company and was known throughout the Lake regions as a most urbane gentleman.

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"So the story which I have told you endeth in this fashion, in accordance with the truth, and to your pleasure."

THE END